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History of England.

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Queen Elizabeth in one of her Progresses.

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A

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE FIRST INVASION BY THE ROMANS DOWN
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

WITH CONVERSATIONS AT THE END OF EACH CHAPTER.

BY MRS. MARKHAM.

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

AUTHOR'S EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED, AND CONTINUED
DOWN TO THE YEAR 1880.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1911.

942.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little work, which was originally begun for the use of my own children, is now offered to the public, in the hope that it may prove not unacceptable to those parents who, in putting a History of England into the hands of their children, are desirous to give them something more than a mere chronicle of events. It has been my object to relate, with as much detail as might be allowable, the most interesting and important parts of our history; and in the Conversations annexed to each Chapter I have endeavoured to trace, in some degree, the successive changes which have taken place in manners, arts, and civilization.

I have dwelt little on scenes of cruelty and fraud, as being objects which it is hurtful to a young mind to contemplate; and I have made but few observations on the good or bad motives of actions. A child whose mind is imbued with right feeling, will naturally see what is wrong and what is right, without having either expressly pointed out. I trust, however, that it will be easily seen to be the sincerest wish of my heart that my young readers may be taught to think and feel in the true spirit of religion and virtue.

I have in general avoided saying the worst of a character, because few people are in reality so bad as they are often made to appear.—In the reigns subsequent to the Revolution, I have been altogether silent on party politics, which, after that period, become exceedingly complicated, and afford to children no interest whatever, and which they cannot in the least comprehend.

Many of the observations which I have put into the mouths of the children, and especially into that of the little girl, may, I fear be thought frivolous; but I have thought it best to incline to the extreme of explaining too much, rather than to that of leaving too much unexplained.

The little engravings with which this volume is accompanied will easily be recognised as taken from Mr. Strutt's work, and from other books of acknowledged authority.

* * * * * *

These asterisks were originally inserted for the purpose of show-

ing that the name of Mrs. MARKHAM was merely *assumed*. The author was Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. John Penrose, and lived at Bracebridge, near Lincoln. There can now be no reason why the natural and kindly desire which has been expressed by many young readers of her Histories to have this information should not be gratified. It was, at first, suppressed by the writer's unwillingness to protrude herself in any degree on the public. Mrs. Penrose was second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, and author of 'Armine and Elvira,' and other poems. She died at Lincoln, January 24, 1837, after a long and painful illness, which she supported with the greatest and most Christian cheerfulness.

MARKHAM'S ENGLAND has undergone from time to time scrupulous revision, with the aim of correcting any errors. Many passages relating to the early History—especially to the period of the Saxon and Norman Annals—have been re-written, in order to make them conform more closely to the testimony of the original authorities, and to the results established by modern research. The History has also been carried down to the present time.

Specimen of early engraving, from the "Mirror of the World," printed by W. Caxton, 1481.

See p. 196

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INTRODUCTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham had three children, whom they took great pleasure in instructing. Richard, the eldest, was a sensible, clear-headed boy, who was always eager to obtain information on every subject that came in his way. When he was about ten years old he became very inquisitive about the history of his own country, and begged hard to be allowed to read Hume's 'History of England.' His father consented, and he began it accordingly: but he soon found in it so many words and things he could not understand, that he was quite discouraged; and, bringing the book back, said, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he had better give it up till he was older.

On this, his mother, who was present, laid by her work, and said,—"My dear boy, rather than that you should be disappointed in your ardent desire to learn something of English history, I will try what I can do for you myself; and, perhaps, I may be able to compile from other histories one that you may find easier to comprehend."—"Thank you, thank you, dear mamma," cried Richard, in a transport of joy: "will you begin to-day?"—"You must not be too impatient," said Mrs. Markham; "you must remember that I shall have a great deal to do. I must read over several books very carefully, and I must then select, as well as I can, what I think will entertain and instruct you. However, I promise to begin as soon as possible; and whenever I shall have finished a chapter, I will read it to you in the evening, instead of telling you one of those stories which you have heard so often. After every chapter I will answer any questions you may ask concerning the subject of it, and the period to which it relates:—but you must not interrupt me while I am reading."

Richard ran to inform his brother of this kind promise; and as soon as the first chapter was completed, and the welcome hour was

arrived of their mother's coming into the drawing-room after dinner, the two boys eagerly placed themselves by her side. Even little Mary, too, though she was very young, seated herself on a footstool at Mrs. Markham's feet, and listened with great attention.

NORMAN ARCHITECTURE.

The Chapel in the White Tower of London.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

INVASION OF BRITAIN BY JULIUS CÆSAR.

YEARS BEFORE CHRIST, 55—54.

OLD COINS.

British.

Alfred.

Canute.

YOU see what a beautiful and pleasant country England now is; what good roads we have; what useful bridges over rivers; what comfortable houses we live in; and what convenient shops there are, where we can buy all we want: but there was once a time when there were neither roads, nor bridges, nor houses, nor churches. The country was nothing but one overgrown forest. The people lived in holes in the ground, or in any miserable huts they could contrive. They had no clothes, except the skins of the animals they killed in the chase; for hunting was their chief employment. They could neither write, nor read, nor sew, nor weave. They, however, still liked to make themselves fine; so they used to paint their skins in patterns with woad, a plant that produces a blue dye. It appears, indeed, that the inhabitants of the south coast were, at the time of the first invasion by the Romans, beginning to improve; and we know that at that time they had corn fields and practised agriculture. This, their first improvement, they owed to the coming of some people from Gaul (which was the name France was then called by), who settled among them, and carried on some sort of trade; but what we call education had not as yet made any progress among them, and they have not left us any history of themselves. The first account we have of them is from the Romans, who were a very brave and restless people, and who conquered almost all those parts of the world which were in their time known to Europeans.

Mary. O mamma, how I wish we had one on our pond!

Richard. I think, mamma, I shall like history very much. I hope you will tell us a great deal more of it.

Mrs. M. History is a very delightful study; but to read it with pleasure and profit, it is not enough to attend merely to names and dates.

Mary. Dates, mamma! What are dates?

Mrs. M. The date of any event is the exact point of time at which the event happens. To-day is the 6th of December, 1820, and this is the date of our first beginning the History of England.

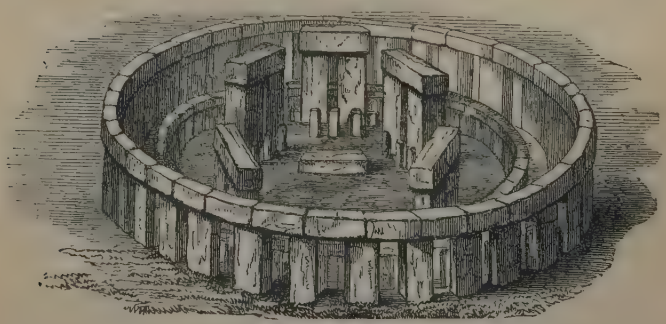
George. But is history of any use, besides being very entertaining?

Mrs. M. The older you grow, and the more you read of it, the better you will be able to understand its use. I shall only say now, that the greatest and best use of it is to show us, by observing events as they follow, the greatness and wisdom of God, and "how wonderfully He ordereth the affairs of men."

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 43—420.



Stonehenge restored.

THE Britons had a long respite of nearly a hundred years before the Romans again thought of invading them. There is a story told of Caligula, who was afterwards an emperor of Rome, and who thought it a noble project to invade Britain as Cæsar had done. He assembled an immense army on the opposite coast; but instead of crossing the

sea, he only gathered some shells from the shore, and sent them to Rome, calling them "the spoils of the conquered ocean."

At last, in the year 43 after the birth of Christ, and 97 years after Cæsar's invasion, Claudius being then emperor, the Romans determined on making another attempt to conquer Britain; but there was much difficulty in getting any soldiers to go there, they had such a frightful idea of the country and its inhabitants. It was so far off, they said, that it was like making war beyond the limits of the world. At length an army of fifty thousand men was collected, which was sent to Britain under the command of Aulus Plautius. The Britons defended themselves and their country with great bravery; but their imperfect skill in the art of war could not withstand the Roman power and discipline. After fighting many battles, the Romans at length took prisoners a British king named Caractacus, and his family. They were all sent to Rome; and the king, with his wife and two daughters, were made to walk through the streets, loaded with chains, while the emperor and empress, and all the people, were assembled to look at them, as if they had been so many wild animals. Poor Caractacus, as you may suppose, was very indignant at this treatment, and made such a moving speech to the emperor, which you will hereafter read in other histories of England, that he immediately ordered his chains to be taken off, and treated him with great kindness ever after.

The Romans, notwithstanding their victories, advanced but slowly in gaining possession of Britain: they had only been able to build a few castles, and establish one colony, when Suetonius Paulinus, one of their greatest generals, resolved to possess himself of the little island of Anglesea, which was the chief seat of the Druids. These Druids were the priests and lawgivers of the Britons, and were held by them in the greatest respect; and Suetonius thought that, if he could destroy the Druids, he should more easily conquer the rest of the people. In this enterprise against Anglesea he succeeded without much difficulty; but the Britons, during the time of his being engaged in it, took advantage of the opportunity which was so afforded them, to attack and destroy the colony. Suetonius, on this, returned immediately, and found all the Britons under arms, commanded by a brave queen, Boadicea. A great battle ensued; and though the Romans were only 10,000, yet, having been better taught the art of war, they defeated the Britons, and killed 80,000. Boadicea, for grief of this defeat, poisoned herself. The earliest mention of London contained in history is in connection with this rising. Tacitus, a Roman historian who flourished about 90 years after Christ, tells us that Suetonius abandoned London, "a place of busy

traffic and thronged with traders," to the British insurgents, because he did not feel strong enough to defend it.

The Romans now easily established themselves all over Britain, and built towns and castles, and were entire masters of the country. Agricola, one of their generals, was a very good as well as a very brave man, and prevailed with the natives to learn a great many useful arts, and encouraged them to live in towns and to build comfortable houses, and did all he could to civilize them. He also marched into Scotland, then called Caledonia. The inhabitants fled into the mountains, thinking that when winter came he would go away. Instead, however, of going away, he built a line of forts quite across Scotland, from the Frith of Forth to the mouth of the Clyde. The Caledonians, when they found themselves thus shut in, came down from the mountains, and ventured a battle, but were defeated; and then, overwhelmed with despair, they set fire to their dwellings, and killed their wives and children, for fear of their being made slaves to the victors. During this expedition the Roman ships sailed quite round Great Britain, and so ascertained it to be an island.

For many years afterwards the country was in peace. During this period the Romans occupied themselves in making roads, of which many are still remaining, and in building castles, of which many vestiges are still left, and of which the ruins are so strong and massive, that they promise to outlast most of our modern buildings.

In the year 207, the Emperor Severus, though a very old and infirm man, came to Britain with the determination to conquer Caledonia. He could not, however, succeed, owing to the nature of the country and the bravery of the people: so he contented himself with employing his army to build an immense stone wall quite across from the Tyne to the Solway Frith, many parts of which are still to be seen. He soon after died at York.

For seventy years after the death of Severus we are quite ignorant of the affairs of Britain: we may hope, therefore, that everything went on quietly. At last the Emperor Constantius came from Rome to take up his residence in this island. He did not live long, but died at York in the year 309. His son, Constantine the Great, succeeded him; and being in Britain at the time of his father's death, here assumed the rank of Emperor. While he lived this country was at peace. He died in 337. I shall not attempt to tell you the names of all those who came in succession from Rome to govern Britain, and who were called legates, and sometimes vicars of Britain; but I shall pass on to the year 418, when the Romans found themselves attacked by so many and such dangerous enemies nearer home, that it became necessary to recall the legions that were in Britain.

The Britons had been so long used to have all their battles fought for them, that when the Romans were gone, they felt themselves quite defenceless. They were soon invaded by the Scots and the Picts, who inhabited different parts of Caledonia. On this they sent to entreat the Romans to come back again. One legion accordingly came back for a short time, and quickly drove away the Caledonians; but no sooner was it gone, than the Caledonians returned in greater numbers than before. broke down the Roman wall, and would have overrun all the country, if the Britons had not again sent to beg assistance from the Romans. Another legion was sent which drove back the Scots, and helped the Britons to repair the wall. The Romans then departed, telling them that, as they would never again have any assistance from Italy, they had better learn to take care of themselves. Thus the Romans entirely quitted the island, after having had possession of it for about 380 years, reckoning from the first establishment of their power in the reign of Claudius.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER II.

Richard. How extraordinary it is that all the things you have been telling us of really happened, and in this very country where we live? But, mamma, I should like to know the meaning of the word colony?

Mrs. Markham. The word colony is used to express a settlement made by a number of people who leave their native country to live anywhere else. The Roman colonies differed from colonies in later times; because, though the Roman soldiers had lands given them to live on, yet, when they died, they could not leave them to their children; for the lands were then given to be held by other soldiers. The Roman settlers, therefore, could never feel as if what they had really belonged to them; which was the reason that, when they finally quitted Britain, the whole body of them went away together, and left none of their people settled in the island.

Richard. I think I remember, when I saw Stonehenge last year with papa, he told me something about the Druids having lived there.

Mrs. M. Stonehenge is supposed to be the remains of a Druids' temple. The Druids were a very extraordinary set of people, who lived in woods, and used to pray to the sun and moon, and to fire and water, believing them to be gods.

George. Pray, mamma, are any of those Druids to be seen now?

Mrs. M. No. They have all been dead and gone long ago; but some of their buildings, if one may call them so, like that your

papa and Richard saw at Stonehenge, remain. Many strange things are told of the Druids, and you shall read the account of them when you are older.

Richard. You said, there are many remains of Roman castles and roads still left. Did I ever see any of them?

Mrs. M. Do you recollect, when we went to see your uncle in Yorkshire, that in our way to Hull we passed through Lincoln?

George. Yes, mamma, I remember it very well; for you know we walked about Lincoln, and saw the great church there.

Mrs. M. And do you remember our passing under an arch of very large stones, called Newport Gate: which your papa told us was built without any mortar: so that if one stone was to come out the whole would fall down; and yet it has remained firm and strong ever since it was put together by the Romans?

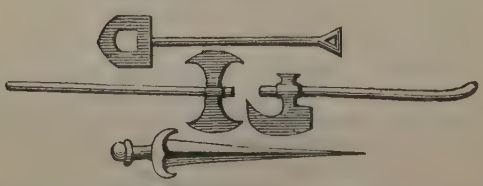
George. Yes, mamma, and I have not forgot that long, straight, tiresome road that we went for so many miles afterwards.

Mrs. M. That long, straight, tiresome road was one of the principal roads of the Romans. Watling Street, which ran from London to Chester, and which to this day forms the boundary between Warwickshire and Leicestershire, is another. As their soldiers had nothing else to do in time of peace, their leaders used to employ them in these great works. The Roman roads may generally be known by being, as George would say, "long, straight, and tiresome."

CHAPTER III.

THE COMING OF THE SAXONS.[1]

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 449—871.



Saxon Sword, Spade, and Battle-axes.

WHEN the Romans quitted Britain, the poor helpless inhabitants were left without leaders, governors, or magistrates, like so many

[1] Mr. Freeman, in his excellent little book, "Old English History for Younger Students," contends that the names "Saxon" and "Anglo-Saxon" should be replaced by "English" or "Old English." Perhaps, however, without more explanation than is compatible with the limits of a brief sketch, the change would tend to confuse rather than to enlighten the minds of the readers of this book.

wild animals, without reason and without laws. They committed all kinds of wickedness, and were so improvident, that at last they left off cultivating the land and sowing corn. Of course a famine very soon succeeded; and multitudes died of hunger and of an infectious disorder that broke out in the southern part of the island.

The land being now barren, and there being nothing to be got, the Scots and Picts left off coming for some years. Those Britons who had survived the calamities of the country once more began ploughing and sowing, and the next year there was an abundant harvest; but no sooner did the rapacious Scots hear of it, than they all came rushing into Britain. The Britons once more sent to beg the Romans to come and help them; and I will repeat to you the letter they wrote to Ætius, the Governor of Gaul:—"*To Ætius, thrice Consul. The groans of the Britons.* The Barbarians drive us to the sea. The sea throws us back on the swords of the Barbarians; so we have nothing left but the wretched choice of being either drowned or butchered." But this melancholy letter did no good. No Romans came.

In the year after Christ 448, a prince of the Britons, named Vortigern, when he found that the Romans would no longer grant any assistance, most unwisely advised his countrymen to entreat aid from the Saxons. The Saxons were a nation of pirates, much given to war by sea and land, living on both sides of the river Elbe, near where it flows into the sea. To the north of the Saxons, in the districts now called Holstein and Schleswig, dwelt the Angles. A third kindred tribe was that of the Jutes, who perhaps came from the northern peninsula of Denmark, now called Jutland; but this is uncertain. Many adventurers from these three tribes availed themselves gladly of the invitation sent by Vortigern; and there presently arrived three large ships under the command of Hengist and Horsa, two brothers, who landed their troops somewhere in the east of Kent, and being joined by the Britons, marched against the Picts, and defeated them. The strangers soon saw the value and agreeableness of the country they had been invited to defend, and began to covet the possession of it for themselves. They were, in fact, as I have told you, a warlike nation; and without regarding the wickedness and cruelty of such conduct, they sent for some more of their countrymen, and fell upon the unfortunate Britons, and defeated them in many battles. In one of these Horsa was killed, and Hengist then took possession of Kent, and made himself king of it. This happened somewhere about the year 460; but it is very difficult to ascertain the exact dates of events that happened so long ago, when there were but few writers to give any account of them. Gildas, however, the

oldest British historian we know of, was a writer of this period. From him we learn that, after this success of the Saxons under Hengist, new swarms of them kept pouring in from time to time, and by degrees got possession of almost all South Britain; and as each of their chiefs took possession of what he conquered, there thus at last arose seven different kingdoms,[1] which are commonly called the Saxon Heptarchy. Though I do not often try your memories with strings of names, I wish you to learn by heart the names of the seven Saxon kingdoms:—

KENT—containing Kent and part of Sussex.

SUSSEX—Surrey and part of Sussex.

WESSEX—including at first not much more than Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, but extending gradually, on the north into Gloucestershire, on the west to the borders of Cornwall.

EAST SAXONY—or Essex and Middlesex.

EAST ANGLIA—Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire.

MERCIA—the midland part of the island, from the Thames to the Humber.

NORTHUMBRIA—from Mercia to the Solway on the west, and the Frith of Forth on the east.

Of these kingdoms, Kent was founded by Jutes; Sussex (South Saxons), Wessex (West Saxons), and Essex (East Saxons), by Saxons; and East Anglia, Mercia, and Northumbria, by Angles.

It was now that Britain began to be called, from one of the invading tribes, Angla-land, and from thence England. Of the native Britons the numbers were fearfully reduced. Numbers had been slaughtered by the perfidious Saxons. Some fled to Gaul, where they settled in the north-western corner of that country, which has since from them been called Bretagne, or Brittany. Many sank into the condition of slavery, and in this way, as is now generally agreed, transmitted their blood, and the characteristics of their race, to the present English in a very considerable degree. The rest took refuge in the western side of our own island, from the Land's End to the Frith of Clyde, which is, for the most part, hilly and mountainous. The present inhabitants of Wales, and of a part of Cornwall, are descended from these ancient Britons. In Scotland there were, till the middle of the ninth century, three separate kingdoms, that of the Scots, who had come over from Ireland about the year 500, that of the Picts in Perthshire and the adjoining districts, and that of the Strath Clyde Britons, who held the valley of the Clyde, or the counties now called Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire. So that you see our island must, at that time, have contained at least eleven different states.

[1] There were, in fact, *eight*; but two of these, Deira and Bernicia, are commonly included in Northumbria.

From the year 600 after Christ, to the year 800, there seems to have been continual fighting and disputing amongst the various Saxon and Angle kings, who could not live together like good neighbours. The little British kingdom of Cornwall was obliged to pay tribute to England in the time of king Athelstan (926), and soon after that seems to have lost all shadow of independence; so that the Britons had nothing remaining to them but Cambria, now called Wales, which they kept possession of till the year 1282, when it was conquered by Edward I., king of England, as I shall hope to tell you in its proper place.

During this dark and stormy period, we have one bright object to look at with pleasure and thankfulness, and that is, the revival of Christianity. The Britons, as I before told you, had been instructed in the true faith by the Romans; but the Saxons, being Pagans, persecuted the Christians, and seem at length to have nearly extirpated their religion. The invading tribes continued to worship their false gods, Thor, Odin or Woden, Freya, and many others, till about the year 600, when St. Augustin arrived in England.[1] There was, at that time, a king of Kent, called Ethelbert, who had married Bertha, a Frankish princess, daughter of Charibert, king of Paris, who was a Christian. And when St. Augustin came into England, Ethelbert received him with great respect, became a Christian, and settled both him and the priests who came with him at Canterbury, where the magnificent ruins are still to be seen of an abbey, which is called after his name, and is believed to have been originally founded by him. From this beginning, the whole island was soon converted to Christianity; and the hearts and minds of the people began to be enlightened and improved, and civilization and morality, as is always the case, advanced hand in hand with religion.

The Heptarchy was at last put an end to by Egbert, who is commonly considered as the first king of all England; but, in fact, some of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy still remained, though he made them tributary. Some years before he came to the throne, —the first landing mentioned in the old Saxon chronicle falls in the year 787,— the Danes or Northmen began to make irruptions into England; and during the reigns of Ethelwulf, the son, and Ethelred, the grandson, of Egbert, they came so frequently and in such formidable numbers, that they nearly overran the whole kingdom. Ethelred was killed in a battle with them, and left his kingdom, in 871, to his brother Alfred, one of the best and greatest kings we have ever had.

[1] This Augustin was not the *great* Augustin. Augustin the Great was Bishop of Hippo, in Africa, and died in the year 430.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER III.

A Saxon Cook.

Richard. How could the Britons be so foolish as to send for the Saxons to come and fight their battles for them? But why do you call the Saxons pirates?

Mrs. Markham. Because pirates are people who rob and pillage by sea. And these Saxons, having a very barren, unproductive country of their own, were commonly brought up to a seafaring life, and used to commit all sorts of depredations on whatever ships they met with; and often used to land on the coasts of other countries, and plunder the inhabitants and carry off their provisions and cattle.

Richard. Why, then, mamma, the Danes only served them as they served other people.

Mrs. M. Indeed, there was no great difference between them. It was doubtless some such pillaging excursion which led the Danes to make their settlement at Flamborough.

George. Dear mamma, was that the same Flamborough we went to see near Burlington, where there was that beautiful cave among the rocks, and that curious lighthouse?

Mrs. M. Yes, my dear, it was.

George. O! how glad I am! I remember very well our crossing a deep hollow, with a short but steep hill on each side, and the coachman told me (for I was on the barouche seat) that it was called Danes' Dyke, but he did not know why. Now, if we should ever go there again, I can tell him.

Mrs. M. You already perceive the advantages of knowledge, and how much pleasure we lose in travelling, by being ignorant of the history of the places we pass through.

Richard. You said that, after the Romans went, the Britons had no magistrates. What are magistrates?

Mrs. M. They are the persons who are appointed to enforce the laws.

Mary. Are there any magistrates now in England?

Mrs. M. Yes, my dear; our neighbour, Mr. Smith, is one. Don't you remember, when we were last week at his house, we saw a wretched-looking man brought there, who was suspected of having stolen some sheep?

Mary. O yes, mamma, and I saw the man afterwards taken away to prison. And will he always be kept there?

Mrs. M. No, not always: he will be kept there till the assizes, which is the time when the judge who is to try the prisoners comes to the town. He will then be brought out into a large room, called the court, where he will stand up, that the judge and the lawyers, and all the people that come to hear the trials, may see him.

Richard. I think, if he really *has* stolen the sheep, he will be very much ashamed to stand there to be looked at: but you know, mamma, if he has not taken them, then he need not so much mind it.

George. Do you think, mamma, that he really did steal them?

Mrs. M. That we shall not know till the trial, when one of the lawyers, who will be called the counsel for the prosecution, will stand up, and state the reasons he has for thinking the man guilty, and will summon those persons who know anything about the matter, to come and tell what they know of it. The persons thus summoned are called witnesses, and the lawyers and the judge will ask them a great many questions. The prisoner may then, in his turn, ask any questions he pleases, and assign all the reasons he can why he should not be convicted of the theft. He also will call witnesses, if he knows of anybody who can say anything in his favour. The judge will then sum up the evidence, that is, will repeat over again the substance of all that has been said, and he will desire twelve men, who are called the jury, to declare whether they think the man guilty of having stolen the sheep or not. If they say he is "not guilty," then there will be an end of the trial, and the man will be at liberty to go where he likes; but if the jury should say that they think him "guilty," he will, for a time, be taken back to the prison. But he will be brought again into the court for the judge to pass sentence upon him. The sentence may be, to be kept longer in prison, or perhaps to be sent to Botany Bay;[1] or if he should prove to be a hardened offender, the law is, or at least was, that he may be hanged. Many years, however, have, I believe, now passed since any one was actually hanged for this offence.

Richard. O dear! how terrible to be brought to trial, and then to be hanged?

Mrs. M. It is, indeed, very shocking to think of that poor wretch going through so much, with the sense of guilt upon his mind. And then to recollect that he was once an innocent child like any of you, and probably never supposed it possible that he could be brought to commit any such wickedness, makes it still more sad.

Mary. Then how could he become so wicked?

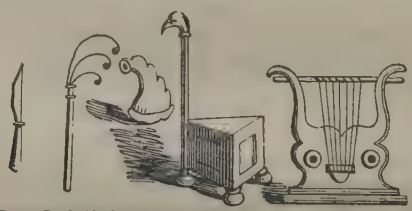
Mrs. M. Mr. Smith told me he had always been too fond of play and idleness, and used to neglect his work and his duty; and so

[1] A bay on the eastern coast of New South Wales, near Sydney, which, after its discovery by Captain Cook, in 1769, was used for many years as a penal settlement, to which English criminals were transported.

from little faults he got on to great ones, till at last he committed this crime. No one can ever tell, when once he allows himself to do wrong, how bad he may come to be.

George. But it is a comfort to think *we* need not be afraid of being hanged; for you know gentlemen never steal sheep.

Mrs. M. Because their temptations to it are not so great. Besides, it is to be hoped they have a better knowledge of what is right and wrong than these poor creatures, who have, perhaps, no kind friends to teach them their duty. Yet many who ought to know better, do many very wrong things: and though we may escape being brought to trial for them here, there is a far more awful trial which we shall be brought to when we die. And if we shrink at the thought of standing up before an earthly judge, how much more shall we shrink when we come to stand, at the last day, before our heavenly Judge, if our conduct has not been according to his laws!



Saxon Penknife, Riding-whip, Servant's Cap, Chair, and Harp.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HISTORY OF ALFRED.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 871—901.

A Saxon Ship of the Ninth Century.

I HAVE now related to you the chief occurrences in England from fifty-five years before Christ to the year 871 after Christ, a period

of above nine hundred years; and you may suppose that during that period great changes must have taken place in the face of the country and in the manners and habits of the people. At the time to which I have now brought down our history, there were roads, and houses, and towns: the houses not, perhaps, exactly like those we at present see, but still comfortable dwellings. The people had learned most of the useful arts; and, though probably their tools and machines were clumsy and ill-contrived, still they tilled the ground, and wove clothing; and most of the arts of life began to be cultivated. They universally wore woollen clothes; some few of the rich had also linen; and the skins of animals were chiefly used for bedding. The oldest kind of cloth was a sort of plaid, such as we see in the Scotch tartan at this day. Clothing at first seems to have consisted of one large piece of cloth, thrown loosely round the body; but in Alfred's time our ancestors had found out the convenience of having clothes made to fit their bodies and cover their limbs. The arts of reading and writing were now practised, though chiefly confined to the monks: so that the country was in a very different state from that in which we first began our history. Christianity also had recovered from its early blight, and flourished ever since the time of St. Augustin; and when Alfred began to reign, it was the professed religion of the country.

I must now tell you something about this great king, who was brought up, like the young Saxons in general, in so much ignorance, that he was not even taught to read; but when he was about twelve years old, his mother Osburga, who must have been, for those days, a very learned woman, one day showed him and his brothers a book of Saxon poetry, which was beautifully written and ornamented; and told them she would give it to the one who should soonest learn to read it. On this Alfred applied himself with so much ardour, that in a very short time he was able to read the poem to the queen, who gave it to him as his reward. From this time he had the greatest delight in study: but he had two great difficulties to struggle with; one was, that there were so few books to be had; and the other, that there were so few people among the Saxons who could teach him anything. However, notwithstanding all these obstacles, he soon became one of the most learned men of his time. Even when he was king, he always carried a book in his bosom, that, whenever he had a spare moment, he might be able to profit by it; and thus, without neglecting any of his duties, he acquired a very extensive knowledge.

Alfred was about twenty-two years old when he succeeded his brother Ethelred; and we are told by some authors that, on his first coming to the throne, he did not conduct himself towards his subjects like that good and benevolent prince he afterwards was:

but, if this were so, his good understanding enabled him to amend his faults, and profit by adversity. During the first eight years of his reign he suffered continual persecution from the Danes, who at one time had got almost entire possession of the kingdom; and Alfred, to conceal himself from them, was obliged to disguise himself like a servant, and hire himself to a cowherd. One day when he was in a cottage trimming his bow and arrows, the old man's wife, who did not know that he was the king, told him to watch some cakes that were toasting by the fire. Alfred, who had many other things to think of, forgot to turn them at the proper time, and they were all spoiled. The old woman was very angry with him, and told him he was a lazy fellow, who would eat the cakes, though he would not take the trouble to turn them. After a time, the king went to a place in Somersetshire, called Athelney, where he built a fort, and where many of his bravest nobles came to him. He soon had an army under his command, and determined to venture out and fight the Danes. It was necessary for him first to know something of the state of the Danish army; but having no trustworthy person whom he could send to gain intelligence, he disguised himself like a harper, and went to the Danish camp. When Guthrum, the general of the Danes, heard him play and sing, he was so much pleased with him, that he made him stay for some days in the camp, supposing him to be some poor minstrel. You may believe that Alfred was not very comfortable all this time, for fear of being discovered. However, he did not the less look about him, and see what was going on; and he observed that the Danes, not supposing that the English could muster an army strong enough to attack them, were quite off their guard, and were dancing and singing, and thought of nothing but amusing themselves. The king, having thus gained the knowledge he wanted, took an opportunity of slipping out of the camp, and then summoned all his faithful subjects to meet him near Selwood Forest. He soon collected a large army: and, falling unexpectedly upon the Danes, obtained a complete victory over them, and made many prisoners. This was a good opportunity, and one which Alfred did not let slip, of making a lasting peace with these barbarians. The treaty which was concluded is on record; according to its terms all the south-western portion of England was assigned to the English, and all the north-eastern to the Danes, the boundary commencing with the mouth of the Thames, following for a long distance the line of Watling Street, and coming out again on the sea at the estuary of the Dee, near Chester. Thus all Northumbria and East Anglia, with part of Mercia, fell under the rule of the Danes; on the other hand, Alfred retained London. Another condition of the treaty was, that Guthrum and his followers should become Christians and receive baptism; which they accordingly did. After this treaty, which

was made in 878, there was peace between the Danes and English for many years. But they and their descendants were very un quiet subjects, both to Alfred and to the Anglo-Saxon kings who succeeded him; and were perpetually joining with those Danes from abroad who, from time to time, renewed their invasions.

Alfred, however, after the victory which he had obtained over Guthrum, enjoyed several years of peace and tranquillity; and he employed the time in rebuilding his ruined castles, and repairing the mischiefs which had been done by the Danes, who had destroyed almost all the monasteries and schools. He also applied himself to the regulation of the laws, republishing many of the best laws that had been framed by the kings his predecessors, anc adding to them some few enacted by himself, with the consent of the Wise Men (*Witan* in Anglo-Saxon) of his kingdom. Alfred also took great pains to improve his subjects in useful and ingenious arts, and invited several skilful workmen into his kingdom to instruct his people. The English goldsmiths, in particular, soon became very expert. Little ornamented gold cases, which they made for relics, were known to foreigners by the name of *opera Anglica*, or English works. There was found at Athelney, in the seventeenth century, a very curious ornament, which is supposed to have been worn by Alfred; it is now kept in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It is a thin plate of gold, beautifully engraved with various figures; and round it is an inscription in Saxon characters, "Alfred commanded me to be made."

This wise monarch was, above all things, desirous to improve the condition of his navy, considering it as his best security against his Danish enemies; but he had great difficulties to contend with before he could procure an effective fleet. His subjects knew nothing of ship-building, so that he was obliged to get foreign shipwrights. These foreigners built some ships, and in time taught the English how to build them; but, even when this was done, Alfred found his people so inexpert that he was obliged to get sailors from other countries. At last, by constant exertion and perseverance, he overcame all his difficulties, and got together a considerable fleet.

After the country had enjoyed fifteen years of peace and happiness, its tranquillity was again disturbed by the Danes, who came with a fleet of 330 ships, under a famous leader named Hastings. They landed in Kent, and made Appledore their headquarters; and a long contest ensued before Alfred could drive them out of the country. At last, the wife and children of Hastings being taken prisoners, Alfred gave them back to him on condition that he and all his Danes should leave the country. This they

agreed to, but some remained in the island till the year 897; from which time till 901 Alfred reigned in great prosperity, feared by his enemies, beloved by his subjects, and admired by all mankind. He died at the age of forty-nine, of a complaint in the stomach, to which he had all his life been subject, leaving behind him a name which will ever be remembered by Englishmen with gratitude and veneration.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER IV.

Richard. Instead of wishing, as George did, to be a general like Julius Cæsar, I should wish to be a king like Alfred.

Mrs. Markham. If you could be exactly such a king as Alfred yours would be a very wise choice.

George. But I think, Richard, I should not choose, if I were you, to be the king of such a stupid set of people as the Saxons. Why, they could not do anything for themselves; and Alfred was obliged to send for people out of other countries to make his ships and everything he wanted!

Mrs. M. The English certainly seem to have been at that time inferior to most of the other nations of Europe. But I suppose this may be attributed to the constant state of warfare they were in among themselves. When people are quarrelling and disputing, they seldom find time for improving themselves.

Richard. You said something about monasteries: what were they?

Mrs. M. They were houses where the clergy, or rather the monks, lived all together; and at first they were poor, and lived very humbly; though afterwards many of these houses had large estates given or left to them. The monks were almost the only people who in those days ever thought of cultivating their minds; but even among them there were not many who could do more than read and write.

Richard. Were there, then, no learned men in England till Alfred's time?

Mrs. M. There were very few. I have already told you of Gildas, a British writer, who wrote the earliest History of England we have. There was also a very learned man in the seventh century named Aldhelm, a monk of Malmesbury; but all I know about him is, that he was a poet. Bede also, or, as he is usually called, the *venerable* Bede, was of that age. He was an Angle, a native of Northumbria, and wrote in Latin an *Ecclesiastical History of the English nation*, besides many other works. After Bede lived John Scotus Erigena, an Irishman, who, besides being a philosopher, was also a wit. It is said that the then king of France was very fond of him; and

that one day, when they were sitting at dinner, one on each side the table, the king said, meaning to laugh at John Scotus, "What is there between a Scot and a sot?"—"Only the table," he replied, meaning that, though he was the *Scot*, the king of France was the *sot*. I must not, however, forget to mention Asser, a learned British bishop, who was the friend and companion of Alfred, and who wrote some account of his life.

Richard. How much I should like to read it!

Mrs. M. You will find in it some curious and interesting particulars of Alfred's conversations and private life.

Richard. I wish I knew what Alfred's ships were like.

Mrs. M. I can show you a copy of a Saxon drawing of a ship; but I can scarcely think that such a strange, ill-shaped thing can be by any means an exact representation (see page 14).

Richard. Pray, what is that sharp point that projects from it?

Mrs. M. It is an iron prow which the ships of war were armed with, for striking one another. It is worth mentioning to you, that the ship in this drawing bears a great resemblance to the figures which have come down to us of some of the galleys of the Greeks and Romans.

Mary. How could Alfred manage to carry a book in his bosom?

Mrs. M. In those days pockets were not thought of; but as the upper dress, or tunic, as I believe it was called, was made very wide and loose, and was bound in round the waist by a belt, it was easy to carry things in the folds of the dress.

Mary. Their purses, I suppose, they carried in that manner.

Mrs. M. I don't imagine they had much occasion for purses. At that time there was very little money in use. Things were bought and sold in the way of barter or exchange; and rents, till long afterwards, were paid in corn and cattle, instead of in money.

Richard. Then what was that very old piece of money the gardener found to-day when he was digging?

Mrs. M. That was a Roman coin—a coin of that good emperor I told you of, Constantine the Great. The Romans made use of money as we do; and though it is so long since they left the island, we are to this day continually finding their coins, and the more frequently because they had a custom of burying money with the dead.

Richard. When I was in London, you know, mamma, you showed me the king's palace. Was that the palace King Alfred lived in?

Mrs. M. No, my dear. I don't suppose Alfred's palace was a very splendid one. Most houses were in his time made of wood. There is an account of the chief palace of the kings of Wales, called the *White Palace*, which was made of peeled rods woven together.

Mary. What a droll house! It must have been like a great basket.

Mrs. M. Houses were then never built of stone, which was only used in constructing castles and strong places for defence. Even the churches were commonly of wood. William of Malmesbury, an historian of the twelfth century, says that the first Christian church in Britain, that of Glastonbury, was built of wattle-work, that is, of stakes interwoven with osiers, and plastered with clay. We are told that the first stone church was built at Lincoln,—I forget in what year,—and that it was thought a great curiosity. The first glass that was ever seen in England was at Hexham Abbey, in Northumberland, and was made by some workmen who came from France, and taught the English how to make it; but it was a long time before it became general. At first it was only used for the windows of churches.

George. Then had they no windows to their houses?

Mrs. M. The windows of their houses were covered with cloth to keep out the wind, or else with lattice-work.

Richard. How many things Alfred did! I cannot think how he found time for them all.

Mrs. M. He found time by never wasting it. One third of his time he devoted to religious exercises and to study, another third to sleep and necessary refreshment, and the other to the affairs of his kingdom. Thus everything was attended to, and nothing neglected; and he was so much afraid of losing a moment, that, as there were no clocks or watches, he contrived a sort of candle, by the burning of which he could measure time.

Richard. I cannot think how that could be done by a candle.

Mrs. M. I will try to explain it to you. These candles were painted in rings or belts of different breadths and colours, so many colours as he had things to attend to; and thus he knew by the burning of these candles when he had been employed long enough about any one thing.

Mary. Why, mamma, that is something like you, when you turn your hour-glass, and tell me I may go and play in the garden for an hour. When I see the sand all run out, I know that I have been out long enough.

Mrs. M. But in one respect Alfred's candles were not so good as an hour-glass, for when the wind blew upon them they burnt quicker; and so to remedy that inconvenience, he invented lanterns to put them in.

George. Invented lanterns! I don't think I shall ever see a lantern again without thinking of King Alfred.

Mrs. M. The benefits he bestowed on his country were so great and so various, that, even to this day, we are surrounded by them.

Richard. When papa comes in to tea, I will ask him when he thinks I shall be old enough to read all the books that have ever been written about king Alfred. I want to know everything about him.

CHAPTER V.

THE SAXON KINGS AFTER ALFRED.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 901—959.

St. Dunstan.—From a drawing said to be by himself.

ALFRED was succeeded by his son Edward, who had a turbulent reign of twenty-four years, the early part of which was disturbed by the attempts of his cousin Ethelwald to wrest the kingdom from him. This Ethelwald was the son of Alfred's elder brother; but, being an infant at the time of his father's death, the nobles passed him by, and made Alfred king. The nephew, now that his uncle was dead, naturally put in his claim to the crown. After much fighting, and the loss of many of his adherents, he was killed, and then Edward's right remained undisputed.

Edward was a man of great abilities, but was fonder of war than of peace and quietness. He had also a sister named Ethelfleda, who was as fond of war as himself, and who assisted him in many of his enterprises. She inherited a great share of her father's talents, and would have made a better prince than princess. Edward, besides defending his kingdom against the Danes, and recovering from them, with his sister's help, a great deal of the territory which Alfred had been forced to surrender, received, towards the close of his reign, the submission of the kings of Wales. He died in the year 925, leaving behind him five sons and nine daughters. He is commonly called Edward the Elder.

Athelstan, his eldest son, succeeded him. His reign, like that of his father, was a continual conflict with the Danes. One of their generals, a prince called Anlaf, tried the same stratagem that had been practised with so much success by Alfred. He disguised himself like a minstrel, and went into Athelstan's camp. The king was much pleased with his music, and, thinking he was a poor boy, gave him a piece of money. Anlaf was too proud to keep it, and when he got out of the king's tent, and thought nobody was in sight, he buried it in the ground. It happened that a soldier

saw him, and, thinking this very strange, examined the pretended minstrel's face, and knew him to be prince Anlaf, but did not attempt to obstruct his departure.

When the Danish prince had got some distance from the camp, the soldier informed Athelstan of the discovery he had made. The king reproved him for letting such a dangerous enemy escape. "I once served Anlaf," replied the man, "and gave him the same faith that I have now given to you; and if I had betrayed him, what trust could you have reposed in my truth? Let him die, if such be his fate, but not through my treachery. Yet now he has escaped, secure yourself from danger, and remove your tent, lest he should assail you unawares." Athelstan was pleased with the honest soldier's answer, and took his advice; and it was well he did; for a bishop who came the next day, and pitched his tent in the same spot where the king's had stood, was in the night attacked by the Danes, and both he and all his servants were killed.

In a great battle fought at Brunanburh, Athelstan and his brother Edmund utterly defeated Anlaf, a Danish king from Ireland, and Constantinus, king of the Scots, and compelled them to take refuge in their ships and sail away. In his patriotic pride the old chronicler *sings*, instead of merely relating, the story of this great victory, in rude Anglo-Saxon verse. After Brunanburh Athelstan ruled his kingdom in tranquillity. But he did not enjoy it long, for he died three years afterwards, in 941.

Athelstan was succeeded by his brother Edmund, who was at first molested by the persevering Danes, collected together under the command of Anlaf, who had escaped from the late battle. They, however, were soon subdued. In the year 945 Edmund overran the British kingdom of Cumberland, expelled most of the inhabitants, and then granted it to Malcolm, king of Scotland, on condition that he would be his faithful ally by sea and land. The traditions of Cumberland tell us, that on this occasion Dunmail, the king of the Cumbrian Britons, met Edmund on the top of the Raise Gap, the pass which divides the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland,—that he fell in the battle, and that his bones lie under the enormous cairn, or heap of stones, which the traveller sees on his left hand on reaching the summit of the pass. Edmund displayed so much bravery and wisdom, that there was every hope his reign would be a happy one, when a sudden end was put to it. He was sitting at a feast with all his nobles about him, when a daring robber, named Leolf, came into the hall. The attendants tried in vain to turn him out; and the king, getting very angry, rose from his seat and, seizing him by the hair, threw him down. The robber upon this drew his dagger, and stabbed the king to the heart; and thus this

hopeful young prince died, when he was only twenty-four years old, in the year 946.

He left two little sons, named Edwy and Edgar, but they were so young that Edred, his brother, was chosen king. The Northumberland Danes revolted, as they usually did, at the beginning of the new reign; but Edred soon subdued them; and, no longer allowing them to have a prince of their own, he appointed one of his own nobles to be their governor: by which means he prevented them from any more disturbing the peace of the kingdom.

This king would have led, on the whole, a quiet life, if he had not suffered himself to be governed by an ambitious priest called St. Dunstan. Before I tell you who this St. Dunstan was, it will be necessary to give you some account of the state of the church at the period I am here speaking of. There were then two archbishops, as there are now, of Canterbury and York, at the head of the bishops. Of the body of the clergy a large portion were monks, who took on themselves some particular vow of living by a certain system or rule. Their ordinary practice was to live in *monasteries*, under the government of some superior; and they are often called the *regular* clergy. Another portion of the clergy were *seculars*, who did not take on themselves any monkish vows. The way of life of the secular clergy has, in later periods of our history, been altogether different from that of the monks or regulars. At first, however, both these classes lived chiefly in religious houses or monasteries, in which they preached regularly, and established schools. There were also nunneries. The nuns were religious women, who lived retired from the world, and spent their time in prayer and fasting.

The monasteries, being quite defenceless, were in general the first objects attacked by the Danes, who, after killing or driving out the inhabitants, carried off all the plunder they could find, and commonly destroyed the monastery. Of those who escaped, many took refuge in the neighbouring villages; and this occasioned a great increase of parish churches, almost all the churches till now having been either cathedrals or annexed to religious houses. After a time many of the new parish priests became attached to the homes which they thus acquired, and married, and, in short, lived among their parishioners as clergymen do now. When Alfred rebuilt the monasteries, and wanted their former inhabitants to go back to them, many refused to return; and he was, therefore, obliged to invite monks from other countries to come and live in his monasteries. Perpetual quarrels and jealousies ensued, and the two parties thus formed of the regular and the secular clergy did all they could to injure one another.

St. Dunstan was an English monk, of good interest and connexions. He had been at first abbot of Glastonbury; and at last came to be

archbishop of Canterbury. A great many ridiculous stories are told of him; but they are so absurd that I shall not repeat them. He was a very proud, meddling man, and was more violent than anybody else against the secular clergy, and persuaded King Edred, over whom he had great influence, to treat them in a very harsh manner. Edred, in the latter part of his life, which ended in 955, became indolent and helpless from bad health, and let St. Dunstan do whatever he pleased.

Edwy, the eldest son of King Edmund, and nephew to Edred, then succeeded to the throne. He was only eighteen years old, and was naturally well disposed; but the cruelty and hardheartedness of this St. Dunstan destroyed not only the happiness of his life, but also his life itself, as you shall hear. Edwy had a beautiful cousin, Elgiva, whom he loved very dearly, and married. St. Dunstan, and Odo, at that time archbishop of Canterbury, declared it to be sinful for a man to marry his cousin, and did all they could to disturb their mutual happiness. On this the king sent St. Dunstan out of the kingdom; but Odo contrived to seize on the poor queen, cruelly burned her face with hot irons, in order to destroy her beauty, and then had her carried away into Ireland, where she was kept a prisoner. He then instigated Edgar, who was still a boy, to raise a rebellion against his brother. St. Dunstan also returned from his banishment, and joined in Edgar's rebellion. To complete Edwy's afflictions, his beloved Elgiva, having made her escape from Ireland, got as far as Gloucester in her way back to him; but she was there discovered by her savage persecutors, who put her to death. Edwy, not able to support such an accumulation of misfortunes, died of a broken heart in 958 or 959. It is right to notice, however, that the evidence on which this horrible story rests is to some extent imperfect.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER V.

Mary. You said there were many ridiculous stories about St. Dunstan: I wish you would tell them to us. I love droll stories.

Mrs. Markham. These stories are ridiculous from their absurdity, more than because they are really droll. However, I will tell you some of them. When he was a boy, he was so ill as to be considered at the point of death. An angel then appeared to him and gave him a medicine that quite cured him. He directly jumped out of his bed, and ran, as fast as he could, to a neighbouring church, to return thanks for his cure. The devil, with a number of great black dogs, met him by the way, and tried to frighten him back. But St. Dunstan, caring neither for him nor his dogs, drove them all away with his stick. He then got safe to the church, but the doors were shut. An angel, however, taking him up, popped him down through a hole in the roof, and so enabled him to perform his devotions.

Another time, after he became a monk, he built himself a little cell on the outside of the church wall at Glastonbury, and here he amused himself with making many useful and ingenious things in iron and brass. One day, while he was busily at work, the devil, assuming the appearance of a human figure, put his head in at the window of the cell, and asked him to make something for him. St. Dunstan, soon finding out who it was, seized the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot tongs, and made him roar horribly.

Richard. Did the monks invent these stories by way of fun?

Mrs. M. I am afraid, my dear, it was more from knavery; and the people were so ignorant and foolish that they would readily believe anything.

Mary. In one of the pictures you showed us yesterday there was a figure of a Saxon cook. What is he supposed to be doing? (see page 12.)

Mrs. M. He is going to take a piece of meat out of the cauldron with a hook of a peculiar construction. The Saxons seldom dressed their meat in any other way than boiling. It should seem that they had no grates or fire-places; but they made a fire on the ground, and placed a trivet over it with a boiler. Though their cookery was very simple, they were very nice in the setting out of their dinner-tables, which were covered with clean table-linen; and every person had a separate drinking-horn (there were no such things as glasses) and his own mess of pottage to himself. They had knives and wooden spoons, but the luxury of forks was unknown.

Mary. That was a very diverting story about the man who buried the money.

Richard. So it was, Mary; but mamma, I don't think I quite know what a minstrel is.

Mrs. M. I have already told you that the Saxon nobles were very ignorant, and could neither write nor read. So you may suppose a great deal of their time hung heavy on their hands, namely, the time when they were neither hunting nor fighting; and they were not fighting every day in the year, nor hunting every hour of the day. And in rainy weather, and winter evenings, when they had played with their dogs, and sharpened their arrows, and brightened their spears (for to have bright arms was an essential part of a Saxon gentleman's appearance), you may suppose they often did not know what to do with themselves. Anybody who could sing a song, or play on the harp, or tell an entertaining story, was consequently much courted and valued; and this occasioned some persons to make it their business to learn all these accomplishments. These persons, whom the Saxons called glee-men, but who now go usually under the name of minstrels, used to rove about the country from house to house, and from castle to castle, singing their songs, and

telling their stories, which were commonly in verse; and everybody made them welcome, and was glad to see them. And even when the country was in a state of warfare, and other people could not travel without danger, they went everywhere without molestation, for nobody would hurt or molest the poor minstrel, who was always so acceptable and amusing a guest. I should not forget to tell you that the Danes were acquainted with the game of chess. Backgammon was also played in England, having been invented, it is said, by the Welsh, and called by them, from two words in their language, *bach cammon*, or little battle.

George. I am sure, mamma, if you had lived in those times, you should have been a minstrel, for you can tell a great many entertaining stories.

Mrs. M. I am glad you think them so; and, before we have done our history, I hope to tell you a great many more.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SAXON KINGS—IN CONTINUATION.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 959—1017.

Saxon Slave, Saxon Nobleman, and Lady.

EDGAR, the next king, was only sixteen years old when he succeeded his unfortunate brother Edwy. He was completely governed by St. Dunstan, and other vehement monks, who, in return, wrote the history of his life, and praised him as the best king that had ever lived. We are not able, at this distance of time, to know how much of this praise he deserved. We are told that justice was so well and wisely administered in his time, that travellers had no longer any fear of robbers; and that he was so much courted and honoured, that eight

kings rowed him in his royal barge on the river Dee. It appears certain that he attended diligently to the maritime affairs of his kingdom; and he had so large a fleet that the Danes never ventured to molest him. William of Malmesbury relates that, out of a desire to extirpate beasts of prey from his dominions, he commanded Judwall, king of the Welsh, to bring him as a yearly tribute the heads of three hundred wolves; the tribute was duly brought for three years, but in the fourth Judwall said that he could find no more wolves.

After having reigned seventeen years, Edgar died in 975. His reign was so free from wars and tumults, that he obtained the title of Edgar the Peaceable. He left two sons, Edward, the son of his first wife; and Ethelred, whose mother, Elfrida, was still living. Elfrida was ambitious that her son should be king, instead of his half-brother; but the influence of St. Dunstan placed the crown on the head of Edward.

This poor young man behaved kindly and gently to everybody, and respectfully to his ambitious stepmother; but this did not prevent her from contriving his death. One day, when he was hunting near Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, where Elfrida lived, he rode to the Castle, unattended by any of his retinue, and unsuspicious of any ill, to make the queen a passing visit. Elfrida received him with much pretended kindness, and, as he declined dismounting from his horse, she presented him with a cup of wine. While he was drinking it, she caused him to be stabbed in the back. Nay, some writers say she stabbed him herself. Edward, finding himself wounded, put spurs to his horse and galloped off; but, becoming weak from loss of blood, he fell from his horse, and was dragged in the stirrup till he died.

Ethelred then (979) succeeded to the throne; but though his wicked mother had now obtained her utmost wish, she found it impossible to be happy. She founded monasteries and performed penances, according to the superstitious notions of those times; but, as you may well believe, could never regain her peace of mind. Edward, whom she had murdered, was, on account of his tragical death, called Edward the Martyr. Ethelred had the name of *Ethelred the Unready;* for, when the Danes made an attack upon his kingdom, instead of being prepared to drive them off, he bribed them with a large sum of money to go away. This, to be sure, at that time they did; but it was only to return again the next year, in hopes of being again bribed. Ethelred, however, was now ready for them, and would have blocked up and destroyed their fleet, had not one of his own commanders, Ealfric, the alderman of Mercia, deserted to them, after having first given them notice of the intended attack. By this means they escaped with only the loss of one ship.

In the year 994 the country was again invaded. Sweyn, king of Denmark, and Olaf, or Anlaf, king of Norway, commanded this expedition. They first made an attack on London, but were repulsed; then they spread themselves through Essex, Kent, and Sussex, burning and plundering wherever they went. The English, it seems, were unable to meet them in the field, so Ethelred sent to them, offering them tribute on condition that they should cease from plundering. The invaders accepted the offer, and received the sum of sixteen thousand pounds, which was raised by a general tax levied on the country. This is the first mention of the Danegelt, a tax which, except under Edward the Confessor, continued to be levied almost uninterruptedly down to the reign of Henry II. Olaf, during his stay in England, consented to be confirmed by Bishop Alphege; after which he promised Ethelred that he would invade the land no more, and faithfully kept his word. This Olaf afterwards converted many of the Norwegians and other rude northern tribes to Christianity, and after his death was canonized as a saint.

About the year 913, a body of Danes, under the command of a leader named Rollo, had made an incursion into France, and obtained possession of a fertile district, which has since been called Normandy. Richard II., duke of Normandy, a descendant of Rollo, was a very powerful prince at the time I am now speaking of; and the improvident Ethelred, who had entirely exhausted the resources of his own kingdom by those repeated bribes to the Danes, thought that the making a friend of this duke, who was, as I have told you, himself of Danish origin, would be his best protection against them in case they should return again. To cement this friendship, he prevailed on the duke to give him in marriage his daughter Emma, who was accounted the most beautiful princess in Europe.

This marriage might, through the duke of Normandy's influence with the Danes, have been some security to the English, but for an act of barbarity, not less unwise than wicked, of which they were guilty. In revenge for the repeated sufferings which the foreign Danes had brought upon them, they made, in the year 1002, a general massacre of the Danes settled in England. Amongst others, a sister of the king of Norway was killed, with her husband and children. When the news of his sister's murder reached Sweyn, he vowed to make a bloody retaliation; and accordingly, in the year 1003, he brought a large army to England, where he established himself successfully. In the course of ten years he got entire possession of the kingdom; and Ethelred and his queen Emma, with their two young sons, fled into Normandy. But Sweyn, before he could be crowned, died at Gainsborough. As

soon as Ethelred heard of his death, he came back into England, and conducted himself with such unexpected activity and courage, that he compelled the Danes, with their young king Canute, to return home.

If Ethelred had been wise and prudent, he might now have reinstated himself; but he suffered himself to be governed and misguided by one of his traitorous nobles, and caused some of his more faithful adherents to be unjustly put to death. Canute now returned; and Edmund, the eldest son of Ethelred, a brave and active young prince, struggled hard to preserve his father's kingdom, amidst the many and great difficulties occasioned by the cruelties of the Danes, the weakness of his father, and the wickedness of the nobles.

This prince, on the death of his father in 1016, became king, and from his hardihood and invincible valour was called Edmund Ironsides. He fought no less than five pitched battles with the Danes. After the last of these, which was fought at Assandun, now Ashington, in Essex, Canute and he came to an agreement to divide the kingdom between them, and to live in peace if they could. It was settled that Canute should have Mercia and Northumberland, and that Edmund should keep all the rest. But a few days after this agreement had been made, Edmund was murdered at Oxford by one of his own nobles, and thus Canute became sole king of England in the year 1017.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER VI.

Richard. I cannot help thinking that, though Alfred was so wise a king, it was not a very wise thing to let Guthrum and his Danes settle in Northumberland; for how much trouble they were always giving!

Mrs. Markham. Had all Alfred's successors been as wise as himself, it would probably not have occasioned so much mischief; but Alfred could not foresee that any of his descendants would be as weak and foolish as Ethelred the Unready. At the time Alfred granted the conquered Danes that privilege, he was doing a good and merciful action; for in those times prisoners who were taken in battle were commonly either slain or made slaves of.

Mary. Slaves, mamma! I thought only negroes were ever slaves.

Mrs. M. All the slaves we used to hear of, as belonging in any way to English people, were the negroes in our West Indian colonies; and it is to the honour of England that even they have now been made free. But you will be shocked to hear, that, in the early period of which we are now speaking, slavery was very frequent in England, and that even parents were known to sell their own children; but as God, for his own wise purposes, often allows evil that good may come of it, so the coming of St. Augustin

into this island arose from the circumstance of there being some English slaves who were sent from hence to Rome.

George. Dear mamma, how could that be?

Mrs. M. It happened one day, when Pope Gregory I. was walking in the streets of Rome, that he saw some very beautiful children exposed for sale. Asking where they came from, he was told from England; on which he said, they would not be *Angli*, but *Angeli*, if they were but Christians. *Angli*, you know, Richard, is the word for *English*, and *Angeli* that for *Angels*, in Latin; and it was this circumstance which occasioned him first to think of sending St. Augustin to England, who, as you may remember I have already told you, converted the English to Christianity. The monks used, from the beginning, every exertion to put an end to slavery in this country.

Richard. What a pity it was those monks were so meddling, for they seem often to have done very good things!

Mrs. M. They were, I am afraid, no better than other men, and as little able as the rest of mankind to resist pride. They were at that time the only people who had any learning, and were consulted and looked up to on all occasions, as being wiser and better than the rest of the world. It seems, therefore, to be very natural that human infirmity should have yielded to such great temptation, and that many of them should have become proud and overbearing; and this ought to be a warning to us not to give way to pride, to spiritual pride especially.

George. Pray, mamma, what became of St. Dunstan? You have told us nothing about him for a long time.

Mrs. M. There is very little more to tell you about him. After the death of Edgar, some of the nobles took the part of the secular clergy against the monks, and St. Dunstan went on to the end of his life, disputing and squabbling for the interests of his order. He lived till the early part of Ethelred's reign.

Richard. I have been puzzling myself with thinking where the Welsh people could get those three hundred wolves' heads, to pay to King Edgar.

Mrs. M. You will be surprised to hear that they got them from their own mountains. Wales, and great part of England, were at that time much infested by these fierce animals; and Edgar imposed this tribute for the sake of clearing the country of them. The plan succeeded so well that the whole race was at that time almost extirpated. Some, however, must, I suppose, have escaped this general slaughter, for we are told that, three hundred years afterwards, their number was again become so great, that Edward I. issued mandates for their destruction. Some estates were held in Derbyshire on the condition of hunting and destroying them. The last which was known to remain in this island was

killed in Scotland, in the end of the seventeenth century, by Sir Ewan Cameron, of Lochiel; and they were to be found in Ireland little more than a hundred years ago.[1]

Richard. What is the meaning of that wicked queen Elfrida's doing penance?

Mrs. M. In proportion as people are ignorant, they are also commonly superstitious; and the more ignorant they are, the more strange and out of reason are their superstitions. No one, whether he be learned or ignorant, can be out of the reach of his conscience; but in those superstitious times, when any one had committed a crime, the monks, instead of urging him to repent of it in a proper way, used to persuade him to do penance. Penance is, in its origin, a punishment imposed on people for their faults, intended to produce real repentance and good resolutions. But in process of time, this its original meaning came to be too commonly forgotten. To do penance was often to go barefoot, or to sleep on a hard board instead of a bed, or to do something else which should vex the body, but which would not make the heart or temper, from which the fault arose, at all the better. And moreover, as a liberty was given to buy off even these punishments, they fell very easily on the rich. For instance, if a rich man was ordered, as a penance for any crime, to fast for a week, it was supposed that, if he could hire seven men to fast a day each, their fasting would do his soul as much good as if he had fasted himself. It was common to exhort rich sinners to leave their money at their death to build churches and monasteries. This, you must see, was no punishment at all. There were also such things as indulgences, which were abused in the same manner. For example, it was against the rules of the Church to eat butter during Lent; and in some Travels in France that I was looking at to-day, I found an account of one of the towers of the cathedral at Rouen, which is called the *Butter Tower*, because it was built with the money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent.

George. Then I suppose those people who were rich could always afford to be as wicked as they pleased? I do not mean that there was anything wicked in eating butter in Lent; but, if they could buy leave to do that, they might, I suppose, buy leave to do what was really wrong? Well, I am very glad we do not now live in such times as those.

Mrs. M. We have, indeed, a great deal to be thankful for in that, and in many other respects, and the more we read of history, the more thankful we shall feel ourselves disposed to be for the many comforts and advantages, and particularly for the moral and religious privileges, which we enjoy.

[1] This was written (see p 4) in 1820.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM CANUTE TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1017—1066.

A Saxon Bowman.

THE English showed, at first, some repugnance to accept for their king a foreigner and an enemy, in exclusion of the sons of Edmund Ironsides; but Canute, who was a wise and powerful prince, reconciled all their differences, and peaceably ascended the throne. His first care was to endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between his English and Danish subjects;—in which difficult undertaking it is said he succeeded; and although he had profited by the wicked arts of those Saxons who had betrayed their country to him, he nevertheless inflicted on them the just punishment of their treachery, putting some of them to death, and banishing others.

Canute's conduct towards the family of his predecessors is the great stain on his character. He not only caused Edwy, the brother of Edmund, to be murdered, but also sent away Edmund's two little sons to the king of Sweden, meaning, it is supposed, that he should put them to death. But the king of Sweden took compassion on them, and sent them to Stephen,[1] king of Hungary, desiring him to take good care of them. Edmund, the elder, died young, but the younger, who was called Edward, lived to grow up,

[1] This was St. Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary.

and married Agatha, sister of the queen of Hungary; and you will hear of him again. Canute, when he was thoroughly settled in England, being desirous to show his new subjects that he had a real confidence in them, sent almost all his Danish fleet and army back again to Denmark, keeping only forty ships.

He next offered himself in marriage to Emma, the widowed queen of Ethelred; and you will be surprised to hear that she actually married him, although he had been her children's greatest enemy. It was, however, a very fortunate marriage for Canute, as it prevented the duke of Normandy from attempting to place on the throne of England his nephews, Alfred and Edward, the two sons of Emma and Ethelred.

The conduct of Canute was so wise and prudent, that he has been called by historians Canute the Great. In a voyage to Denmark, to repel the Swedes, who were making an attack upon that country, he took with him some English under the command of Earl Godwin; and they attacked the Swedish army with so much bravery, that Canute was greatly pleased with their conduct, and Godwin became one of his greatest favourites. He stayed in Denmark about a year; and when he returned to England he found the country in great tranquillity, in which it continued for some years. During this time Canute employed himself in making new laws and regulations, and in building churches and monasteries: neither did he disdain the character of a poet; and the first stanza of a poem written by him on the occasion of his hearing the monks of Ely chanting mass, as he was passing by on the water, is still on record.

> Cheerful sang the monks of Ely,
> As Cnut the king was passing by;
> Row to the shore, knights, said the king,
> And let us hear these churchmen sing.

This poem was afterwards sung in the churches, which gives us a very odd notion of the sacred poetry of those times.

Except in a dispute with the king of Scotland about the tribute called Danegeld, which he demanded for a part of Cumberland that had at some former time been given up to the Scots, Canute preserved England in peace during the whole of his reign, a term of eighteen years. He died at Shaftesbury in 1035, and left three sons, Sweyn, Harold, and Hardicanute.

The succession had been settled on Hardicanute, who was Queen Emma's son; but he being in Denmark when his father died, Harold seized on the crown, and took possession of the late king's treasures. Earl Godwin and the greater part of the English declared for Hardicanute; and the country seemed on the verge of a civil war, when it was prevented by an arrangement entered into for dividing the kingdom between the two brothers. Harold was to keep London and the counties north of the Thames. All to the south of that river was

to be Hardicanute's; and his mother, Queen Emma, was to live at Winchester, and govern the country for him, till his return from Denmark. Emma then sent for her two sons, whom she had had by Ethelred, to come to England from Normandy, where they were living under their uncle's care. Alfred, on his arrival, fell into the hands of Earl Godwin, who had been secretly gained to Harold's interest, and was carried to Ely, where he was either actually murdered, or died in consequence of the cruel treatment he suffered. As soon as Emma heard of his fate, she fled into Flanders, and Harold took possession of the whole kingdom. He did not, however, long enjoy the fruits of his cruelty and ambition, for he died in 1039. He was remarkable for his swiftness in walking and running, which obtained for him the name of Harold Harefoot.

As soon as Hardicanute, who had joined his mother in Flanders, heard of the death of Harold, he came to England, and was received by the people with the greatest joy. But their joy was of short duration, for the young king soon showed himself to be of a very ferocious and vindictive temper. He had the dead body of Harold, who, you know, was his half-brother, taken out of its grave, and thrown into the Thames. Soon afterwards he levied a heavy tax on his English subjects to pay his Danish fleet and army. His reign, however, did not last long, for he died in 1041, having shortened his life by his excessive intemperance in eating and drinking.

The violences of Harold and Hardicanute had so much disgusted the English with their Danish sovereigns, that they now resolved to restore the line of their own Saxon princes, and they looked about amongst the descendants of Ethelred for a successor to the vacant throne. Edward, commonly called Edward the Exile, that son of Edmund Ironsides who, I have already told you, was taken care of by the king of Hungary, was undoubtedly the next heir to the crown; but he was so far off, and so little known, that they passed him by, and invited Edward, afterwards called the Confessor, the son of Ethelred and Emma, to ascend the throne. Edward, being of a timorous and unambitious temper, did not desire to be king, and would have declined the offer, had not Earl Godwin, who was now become the most powerful person in the kingdom, prevailed on him to suffer himself to be crowned. This restoration of the Saxon line caused great joy throughout the kingdom, and was long celebrated by an annual festival called Hokeday.

Edward married Edgitha, daughter of Earl Godwin, and began his reign by seizing on the treasures of Queen Emma, who, he pretended, had treated him very unkindly during his adversity; he left her, however, enough to live on. He also revoked many grants which the late king had made to the Danes, and took off the Danegeld.

Edward, having been brought up amongst the Normans, had

many friends and favourites of that nation, who came flocking over to him, and were loaded by him with favours and benefits. This gave great offence to the English nobles, particularly to Earl Godwin, who considered himself as having a right to govern and direct the king, and who was indignant at the influence which the Normans had over him. These jealousies became at length so violent, that the king banished Earl Godwin, and gave his possessions to Norman favourites. Even the queen, because she was the earl's daughter, was very harshly treated, and was obliged to go into a nunnery. However, after a time, Godwin and his sons returned with a great fleet, and boldly sailed up the Thames towards London. The king was then persuaded by the rest of the English nobles to restore Godwin to his possessions, and to banish the Normans.

Soon after this, Earl Godwin died suddenly as he was sitting at table with the king. Godwin had married a Danish wife, Gytha, who was a relation of Canute the Great; and Harold, his eldest son, had set his heart on succeeding Edward, who had no children, in the throne of England. But the king, who was aware of his ambitious designs, sent Aldred, bishop of Worcester, into Hungary, to bring the long-forgotten prince, Edward the Exile, to England. The prince obeyed the summons, but died a few months after his arrival, leaving a little boy, named Edgar Atheling, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina, friendless orphans in a country from which he had himself been banished for forty years.

The death of Edward the Exile strengthened Harold yet more in his hopes; and on the death of Edward the Confessor, which took place in 1066, he was crowned king. He did not, however, find the throne a peaceable possession; for William, duke of Normandy, immediately asserted his own claim to it, under various pretences,—one, that he was next of kin to Edward, another, that Edward had promised that he should be his successor, a third, that Harold had himself sworn upon certain relics of saints to help him to the English crown. William, in aid of his own preparations, excited Harold Hardrada, also called Harfager, king of Norway, and Tosti, the brother of Harold, to make a descent in the north of England. At Stanford bridge, near York, Harold gained a great victory over these invaders; but was then obliged to make a speedy march to the south coast, to oppose the Duke of Normandy, who had landed with a great army, in Pevensey Bay, in Sussex, on the 28th of September, 1066. On the 14th of October was fought the great battle of Hastings, a battle that completely changed the fate of England. Harold was killed by a wound in the eye from an arrow, and William gained a signal victory.

An entirely new race of princes now ascended the throne; and, as we are come to such an important period in our history, I will give

you a little table of the Saxon kings, which you will find it useful to study at your leisure.

THE SAXON LINE.	Began to Reign.	Reigned Years.
Egbert	827	9
Ethelwolf, son of Egbert	836	21
Ethelbald,	857	3
Ethelbert, sons of Ethelwolf	860	6
Ethelred,	866	5
Alfred,	871	30
Edward the Elder, son of Alfred	901	24
Athelstan,	925	16
Edmund, sons of Edward	941	5
Edred,	946	9
Edwy, sons of Edmund	955	3 or 4
Edgar,	958	or 959 17 or 16
Edward the Martyr, sons of Edgar	975	3
Ethelred the Unready,	978	39
Edmund Ironsides	1016	1
THE DANISH LINE.		
Canute the Great	1017	19
Harold Harefoot, sons of Canute	1036	4
Hardicanute,	1040	2
SAXON LINE RESTORED.		
Edward the Confessor, son of Ethelred the Unready	1042	24
Harold, son of Earl Godwin, usurped the crown, though Edgar Atheling, grandson of Edmund Ironsides, was the natural heir	1066.	

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER VII.

George. I cannot help being sorry that we shall have no more of the Saxon kings. I do not feel as if I should like the Normans at all.

Mary. Do you know, mamma, I have been thinking all the time of the beginning of that song you once tried to teach me: —

> The Romans in England long did sway,
> The Saxons after them led the way;
> They tugg'd with the Danes, till an overthrow
> They both of them got from the Norman bow.

Richard. As we have quite done with the Saxons, I wish, mamma, you would be so good as to tell us all you recollect about them.

Mrs. Markham. Indeed, my dear, you have set me no very easy task. I will, however, try to execute it as well as I can; but I must first tell you, you are a little mistaken in supposing you have quite done with the Saxons. Your papa and I are Saxons.

Mary. You a Saxon, mamma! Why I thought you were an Englishwoman!

Mrs. M. So I am; but, as the Saxons continued in the country after the Conquest, and were much more numerous than the Norman settlers, we are still almost all of us chiefly of Saxon descent; and our language, and many of our habits and customs, sufficiently declare our origin. But I think you wished to know what the Saxons were like in the interval between the time of Alfred and the

Norman Conquest, which was a period of about 165 years. During the greater part of that time they were in such a continual state of warfare with the Danes, that they did not make much progress in any peaceful arts. Books were so very scarce and dear, that they were only to be found in royal libraries. Paper was not then invented, and it was not possible to procure parchment enough for a great supply of books. Besides this, there were only manuscripts (printing not being invented till a long time afterwards), and but few people could write. Some, however, of the few manuscripts remaining to us in the Saxon character are very beautifully and carefully written. The Saxons had also another difficulty in the way of their acquiring knowledge. They had not any signs, or *characters*, to express numbers except the Roman letters M. D. C. V. I., which are still, you know, occasionally in use; and till the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,[1] &c., were brought into Europe by the Saracens, by whom, it is said, they were invented, there was great difficulty in learning and practising arithmetic—insomuch that Aldhelm, a learned Saxon, pronounced the study to be almost too difficult for the mind of man.

George. I wish that learned Saxon had seen me do my sum to-day.

Mrs. M. He would have said you were a stupid boy if you had not done it, and a very conceited one if he had heard you boasting of it.

Richard. Were the Danish kings friends to learning?

Mrs. M. I believe they were still less so than the Saxons, who, many of them, and particularly Edward the Confessor, were fond of having learned men about them. Canute's conversion appears to have taken place not long before he became king of England; but when once on the throne he acted, in many respects, as a sincere Christian, and, as I have already said, built many monasteries and churches. The Danes and Saxons resembled each other very much in dress and language; but the Saxons, though equally brave and warlike, appear to have been a less savage and more social people than the Danes. They were not, however, very polished in their manners. They sat at their feasts on long benches, at large square tables, and every person took his place according to his rank. But if any one took a higher place than he was entitled to, he was degraded to the bottom of the table, and all the company were permitted, without its being considered any breach of civility, to pelt him with bones.

Richard. If the Saxons were brave and warlike, I cannot think how they could let themselves be conquered by the Normans.

Mrs. M. At the time of the Norman invasion, nearly a third part of the land is said to have belonged to monasteries, nunneries, and the clergy; and this is supposed to have been one great cause of the duke of Normandy's easy victory.

[1] Still called the *Arabic* numerals.

Richard. You said we were still like the Saxons in many things. Do we dress like them?

Mrs. M. In some respects we do. At least I believe that the loose dress called a carter's frock very much resembles the tunic which was worn by the Saxons. These tunics were bound in by a belt round the waist, and usually came no lower than the knee; only kings and nobles wore them down to the feet. People of rank wore, over the other, a short tunic or *surcoat*, made of silk, and richly embroidered and ornamented; a linen shirt also, shaped much like a modern shirt, was now an indispensable part of dress amongst the higher orders of people.

George. But how did the poor people dress?

Mrs. M. They wore no shirt, and had only a tunic made of coarse materials. The slaves wore an iron collar round the neck, and were clad in tunics open at the sides. To judge by the pictures we have of the Saxons, they appear generally to have gone bare-headed; though they occasionally wore fur caps, shaped like a Phrygian bonnet. The hair was worn long, and parted on the forehead, and hung in straight locks on each side of the face. The beard was shaven on the upper lip and top of the chin: the rest grew long, and was kept very smooth and neat, and was usually divided in the middle, and hung down in two points. Their shoes came up high, and were more properly a sort of buskin.

Richard. But you have said nothing of the ladies' dress.

Mrs. M. They wore a linen under-dress with long, tight sleeves; and over that a wide robe or gown fastened round the waist by a belt, and long enough to conceal the feet. Their head-dress was a square piece of linen or silk, so put on as to conceal the hair and neck, showing only the face. Historians talk of their curls and crisping-pins; but their pictures show us nothing but the face peeping through the folds of their *cover-chief*; and it ought to be remembered to the honour of the Saxon ladies, that, while the men were continually adopting new fashions in their dress, there was in 300 years little or no change in that of the women. Both sexes wore mantles, more or less splendid according to their rank, and a profusion of gold ornaments, fringes, and bracelets.

George. Then did they wear all these fine things, and go bare-legged?

Mrs. M. I forgot their stockings, which were of gay colours, often red and blue; and at one time the Saxon beaux cross-gartered their legs, in the same manner in which the Scotch Highlanders still do. Loose trousers were also worn latterly; but this, perhaps, was more of a Norman than a Saxon fashion. It appears to have been introduced with many other changes by Edward the Confessor, whose early education had made him much attached to the Norman dress

and customs. Amongst other changes Edward caused his nobles to be called *barons*, instead of by the old Saxon name of *thegn*.

Richard. You never told us why he was called the *Confessor*.

Mrs. M. The title of Confessor has nearly the same meaning with that of Saint, and was conferred on him by Pope Alexander III., about a century after his death.

George. I remember papa once showed me two pictures: one was of King Canute sitting by the sea-side; and the other was a picture of Earl Godwin at dinner. Pray what is the meaning of them?

Mrs. M. The picture of Canute represented him rebuking his courtiers for their flattery. They had been extolling him as the greatest and most powerful king in the world, and added that it was impossible for anything to resist his commands. Canute ordered a chair to be placed on the seashore at the time when the tide was rising, and, sitting down, commanded the waves not to rise beyond such a mark. Still the water kept rising higher and higher, till at last it touched the king's feet; when, turning to his courtiers, who were standing near him, wondering what he could mean, he made them observe that the waves would not obey him, and called on them to acknowledge that God only is omnipotent. The other picture is of the death of Earl Godwin, which took place as he was sitting at table with the king, who had been reproaching him with an intention to betray him. The earl, though conscious that what the king said was true, declared, with a solemn oath, that he wished the next morsel he should eat might be his last, if he had ever designed any treachery. He then took a piece of bread, which immediately choked him, and Godwin fell back dead in his chair. At least this is the story, though the truth of it is very doubtful. Some modern writers think that it was probably an invention of the Normans, who had obvious motives for vilifying the sturdy English earl, and the father of the last English king.

Richard. Have I not heard, mamma, about Goodwin Sands, and that Earl Godwin had something to do with them?

Mrs. M. Godwin's estate was on that part of the coast of Kent where the sea has since made great encroachments; and those dangerous sands which are called the Goodwin Sands, and which are now entirely under water, are supposed to mark the place where the possessions of that haughty and ambitious noble were formerly situated.

Richard. I do not see the name of King Arthur on the list of kings that you have given us. I thought he had been a very famous king.

Mrs. M. He has been made famous by the ballads and songs that have been written about him; but some people suppose his whole history to have been a fable. I believe, however, that Arthur

lived in reality. In the ancient *Annals of Cambria*, it is said, that in a great battle fought at Bath, in the year 516, Arthur and the Britons gained the victory over the Saxons.

Silver Penny, Great Seal, and Armorial Bearings of Edward the Confessor.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIAM I.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1066—1087.

Early English Helmets from the Painted Chamber, Westminster.

IT is the custom of most writers not to describe people's persons and characters till after they have given a relation of their deaths; but I shall begin my account of William of Normandy by telling you that he was of middle height, and stoutly made, with great strength of body. He had strongly-marked features, and a stern countenance; he was a shrewd, clear-headed man; and I should imagine him to have been of a grave and thoughtful temper; for I cannot find out that he ever indulged in any gaieties or amusements (except indeed in hunting, of which he was particularly fond); and it is said, he never

admitted anybody to intimacy or familiarity—not even those in whom he placed confidence, and for whom he professed friendship. He had a few favourites, and those he had were well chosen, which was a strong proof of his wisdom. He was considered religious, being very exact in the performance of all religious observances; but what influence these had on his conduct is more than we can pretend, or ought, to say. He certainly showed some great instances of generosity; but he suffered ambition to be his ruling passion.

By the fatal termination of the battle of Hastings, in which, as I have already said, Harold was killed, and William of Normandy completely victorious, the English were thrown into the utmost consternation. Some of the nobles assembled in London to deliberate on placing Edgar Atheling on the throne; but before they could come to any settled determination, the Conqueror was already at their gates. Some of the nobles fled into the North; but the rest, and amongst them Edgar Atheling, came out to meet the duke of Normandy, and offered him the vacant throne, which he, with a little pretended hesitation, accepted. He was crowned at Westminster, on Christmas-day, 1066. During the ceremony, the English, to show their satisfaction with their new king, set up loud shouts of applause. The Norman guards, who were stationed on the outside of the abbey, hearing a great noise, and not understanding what it meant, thought the English were insulting their prince. In the sudden passion into which this notion betrayed them, they set fire to some neighbouring houses, which, being of wood, burnt furiously. A violent tumult ensued, which, though it arose only from a mistake, caused much ill-will between the two nations, and there was some difficulty in pacifying it.

William, however, began his reign with so much prudence and moderation, that his new subjects thought they had great reason to be satisfied; but afterwards when he built castles at Norwich, Winchester, Hereford, and London, and garrisoned them with Normans, they began to feel themselves oppressed. On an occasion offered by his going into Normandy, they broke out into open rebellion, but without success; and William, on his return, drew the reins of government very tight. Many years passed in unavailing struggles on the part of the English to throw off the Norman yoke, and in reiterated acts of oppression on the part of the Conqueror, who deprived the Saxon nobles of their estates to bestow them on his Norman followers. He also deposed many of the English bishops, and filled their places with Normans, or other foreigners; and here I ought not to omit mentioning that one of these, Lanfranc, an Italian, who was made Archbishop of Canterbury, proved himself, by his wisdom and prudence, and by the influence he had with the king, which he used in trying to moderate the violence

of his temper, one of the best friends the poor dejected English had. But there was at least one of the English bishops, the famous St. Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, who lived such a manifestly holy life, that William did not venture to drive him from his see. During this time Edgar Atheling had taken refuge with Malcolm, king of Scotland, who had given a kind reception to him, and to several nobles who had fled out of England with him. Malcolm married one of Edgar's sisters; and, assisted by the king of Denmark, made an attempt to drive out the Normans, and place Edgar on the throne of his ancestors. But William soon obliged the Scots and Danes to retreat; and with a view, as is said, to place an impenetrable barrier between England and Scotland, he depopulated a tract of sixty miles north of the Humber, and made it quite a desert. Some of the inhabitants fled into Scotland, where they were humanely received; the rest perished miserably from cold and hunger; and the land, after this dreadful devastation, remained uncultivated for nine years. In 1071, Malcolm being about to make a fresh attempt in favour of Edgar Atheling, William marched against him with a large army. The two armies met on the borders of Scotland, and a battle was about to ensue; but the two kings made peace with each other; one of the conditions of which was, that Edgar Atheling should be given up to William, who promised, if he would renounce his pretensions to the throne of England, to give him a mark a day,[1] which was considered a very handsome allowance in those times. Edgar assented to these terms, and both he and William ever after continued true to their agreement.

It seemed, however, as if William had been destined never to enjoy repose; for now that he had no more disturbances to fear from either the English or Scots, his throne and life were endangered by a conspiracy amongst his own Norman nobles, those very persons for whose benefit he had been so often guilty of injustice and cruelty. Waltheof, a Saxon, and the only Saxon, it is said, whom William had retained in his favour, joined at first in this conspiracy, but afterwards discovered, and so enabled the king to suppress it. I am sorry to be obliged to add that he was, nevertheless, the only one of the conspirators whom the king punished for the offence.

Fresh vexations next awaited William in his own family, from the turbulent and ungoverned tempers of his sons; particularly of the two eldest, Robert and William. These princes had been in a state of enmity with each other; and it is said that a boyish frolic, in which one of them threw some water on his brother's head, was the beginning of the quarrel between them. At last Robert, who was

[1] 13s. 4d.

less malignant than William, but more passionate and headstrong, proceeded, from this quarrel with his brother, to an open rebellion against his father, whom in an encounter, not knowing who he was, he wounded, and struck off his horse. When he saw that it was the king with whom he had been engaged, his remorse and horror, at the thought of having been so nearly guilty of killing his own father, subdued in a moment all his rebellious and proud feelings; and he sprang from his horse in an agony of grief, and threw himself on his knees at the king's feet. William was then too much offended to forgive him, and, saying many bitter words to him, remounted, and returned to his own army; and it was some time before he would listen to Robert's contrite entreaties. At last Queen Matilda, who was a very good and pious woman, and who was made very unhappy by the dissensions in her family, prevailed with the king to pardon his son.

One would have thought that, after all these turmoils, William would have been glad of some repose; but, on the contrary, on some trifling quarrel with Philip I., king of France, he marched an army into that country destroying and laying waste everything; and as it was in the month of July, when the harvest was ripe, the devastation he made was very dreadful, particularly as he burnt every town and village he passed through. But his cruelty brought on him its own punishment; for after burning the town of Mantes, his horse flinching from the smoking ashes, made a violent plunge, and the king being very corpulent, got a bruise, which in a few days caused his death. He died in 1087, at the abbey of St. Gervase, near Rouen, and was buried at Caen. He was in the sixty-third year of his age, and had reigned twenty-one years in England.

He married Matilda, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, and had four sons and five daughters:

Robert, to whom he left the dukedom of Normandy.
William, king of England.
Henry, to whom he left his mother Matilda's fortune.
Richard, who died young.
Cecilia, a nun.
Constance, who married the duke of Brittany.
Agatha and Alice—died young.
Adela, married Stephen, count de Blois.

It is above 700 years since the death of William the Conqueror, and there are yet remaining two remarkable memorials of his reign and character. The one is the *New Forest* in Hampshire, to make which, for the sake of enjoying the pleasures of the chase, he depopulated a large district, destroyed thirty villages, and drove out the inhabitants. The other memorial is a less painful one. It is a book which he caused to be made, called *Domesday Book*, being a survey of the whole kingdom (except Northumberland, Durham, Cumber

land, and part of Westmoreland, which at that time were under Scottish rule), giving an account of the extent of every township, with all particulars respecting it. This book is still preserved in Westminster; and all possessors of estates, who are curious to know to whom their land belonged at the Conquest, or rather in the year 1086, which is the exact date of the survey, whether it was arable or pasture, what was then its value, and in some cases, what cattle it was stocked with, may there make themselves acquainted with these circumstances.

In this reign was built the White Keep, or square central tower, in the Tower of London, the oldest portion of the existing structure.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER VIII.

Richard. I wish William had not been so cruel to the poor English. It was very natural for them to wish to get rid of those wicked Normans.

Mrs. Markham. And I fear it was quite as natural for William to wish to oppress the poor Saxons. If people give themselves up to ambition, they naturally become cruel and unjust. William had undoubtedly some great qualities; but they were shockingly sullied by his conduct to the English, at least to the upper class of them, which it seemed to be his policy to depress, or even extirpate.

Richard. How did he behave to the poorer sort of people?

Mrs. M. Except in Hampshire, and the district north of the Humber, which for reasons of his own he depopulated, I believe he suffered the labouring classes to remain very much in the condition in which he found them.

Mary. Sometimes, mamma, you call the people of the country English, and sometimes Saxons; and I am quite puzzled to know which was their real name.

Mrs. M. I am sorry, my dear, that I have puzzled you so needlessly. In strictness I should have called them *Anglo-Saxons;* and the rather in order to distinguish them from those Normans who settled in, and became inhabitants of this country, and who were called *Anglo-Normans.*

George. Were these Anglo-Normans any of them poor people, or were they all noblemen?

Mrs. M. There were many different degrees among them. The highest in rank, after the king, were the barons, who were made rich and powerful by the spoils of the Anglo-Saxon nobles. Another class was composed of Norman and foreign soldiers, who had helped to achieve the conquest of the island, and who settled on the lands that had been given to their leaders, and became their vassals and tenants. With this class became blended gradually the Anglo-

Saxon thanes, or nobles, who were all degraded from their former rank, and stripped of the greater part of their possessions, or else obliged to hold those lands as vassals, of which they had formerly been full proprietors. The Anglo-Saxon *ceorls*, whence comes our word "churl," that is, yeomen or free labourers, were reduced to the condition of serfs around the vill or mansion of some Norman lord, whence they came to be called *villani*, villeins. We may suppose, in general, that from these two classes are chiefly derived the English gentry and yeomanry. Saxon and Norman are now melted together; and the question whether we are in the greater degree of the one or of the other origin, is no longer of any moment. But it was not till long after William and his followers were all dead and gone that the descendants of the two nations could endure each other; the Normans holding in contempt the stupid, ignorant Saxons, and the Saxons detesting their tyrannical oppressors. Besides the classes I have been telling you of, the clergy also formed a distinct and numerous body. The lowest rank of the people had few, if any rights of their own. These were usually, like the Russian peasants of our own times, considered as annexed to the estate on which they lived, and were bought and sold together with it. *Domestic slaves* also were very numerous; and these were the most miserable and degraded of any. The children of these poor people were slaves equally with their parents; and thus the number of persons in the condition of slavery was very great, though there were many ways by which emancipation might be obtained, in later reigns especially; and many free labourers, who worked for hire, as the labourers of our own times do now. In towns there was another class of people called *burghers*. These were tradesmen, or merchants, who joined together in little societies; but in this reign they had not become a numerous, or at least not a powerful body.

George. Pray mamma, could William and his Normans speak English?

Mrs. M. I believe that few of them tried to learn. William, indeed, according to the testimony of Ordericus Vitalis, who was nearly of the same age, took some pains to master the English language, but, on account of his advanced age when he began the study, was unable to do so. In the courts of law, as all the judges were Normans, and understood no language but French, the causes had to be pleaded in French, or not at all; this was a pressing motive with the natives to learn French, and we find accordingly that the study was soon introduced into all the schools. At a later period there is reason to believe that systematic efforts were made to discourage the native speech, and to supersede it by the Norman French. But it is easier to conquer a kingdom than to change a language; and after an ineffectual struggle, which lasted

three centuries, the Saxon got the better at last, and, with some intermixture of the French, forms the basis of the language we now speak. And even the French words we retain are often so altered by our way of pronouncing them, that a Frenchman would not easily recognise them. Did you not hear, while we were changing horses at Doncaster, the town-crier call out "*O yes*—this is to give notice!" &c.? which you and George laughed at as nonsense, for you did not know that the crier's "O yes" is a corruption of the old French word "Oyez,"—"Hear ye."

Richard. Why should William want to make the people talk French? I thought you had said the Normans were originally Danes.

Mrs. M. They originally came from Denmark, under Rollo, the ancestor of William the Conqueror; but they soon left off all their Danish habits, and adopted those of the French.

George. What was papa saying to-day about some fine place that was built after the great battle in which Harold was killed?

Mrs. M. You must mean Battle Abbey. It was built by the Conqueror, in commemoration of his victory, near the place where the battle had been fought, and still remains a monument of it.

Richard. If ever I live to be a man, one of the first things I shall do will be to travel all over England, and see the places where great events have happened.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1087—1100.

St. Michael's Mount, Normandy.

WILLIAM, second son of William the Conqueror, was twenty-seven years old when he became king. Like his father he had great

bodily strength and activity, and he resembled him also in the sternness of his countenance. His complexion was ruddy, and his hair red, on which account he obtained the surname of Rufus. He had a stammering in his speech, especially when he was angry, which, if historians are to be believed, was very often. He was brave and active in war, like his father, and like him was ambitious and rapacious, but had not any of his nobler qualities; he was irreligious, a lover of low company and of excessive drinking, and does not appear to have had any principles of either honour or honesty.

His father was scarcely dead when he set off for England to secure the inheritance which was left him, and to seize upon the royal treasures. It is but justice to say, that with part of them he paid his father's legacy to his brother Henry. His fierce and imperious temper being well known to the Anglo-Norman barons, they were very sorry to have him for their king, and made a rebellion to place his elder brother Robert, who was a much greater favourite with them, on the throne.

William Rufus now found it convenient to make friends with the English, who composed the great mass of the people; and he promised to restore many of their rights and privileges. By their help he speedily subdued the rebellion of the barons. The fair promises which he had made to the English he very soon forgot; but he never forgot his resentment against Robert, on whom he retaliated by attacking his possessions in Normandy; and this kept the two brothers in a continual state of enmity. The only occasion on which they ever agreed (for I fear Robert was very little better than William) was when they joined to oppress their brother Henry. Henry's inheritance had been left him in money. Robert, who was always extravagant and thriftless, had been glad to sell to him a part of Normandy, called Cotentin; but afterwards, in concert with William, sought to deprive him of it. Henry, being both brave and determined, would not tamely give it up, and with a small number of men fortified himself in Mont St. Michael; but after enduring a very rigorous siege, he was at last obliged to surrender for want of provisions. Having thus lost everything, he, with a few faithful followers, who would not forsake him in his distress, wandered about, often in want of necessaries, and always in want of a home.

Two years before this, in 1089, Archbishop Lanfranc had died. The king, that he might enjoy the profits of the estates belonging to the see, kept it vacant for four years, and then appointed Anselm, another Italian, famed for the depth of his learning and the holiness of his life. This practice of keeping bishoprics and benefices vacant, and appropriating their revenues during the interval, is said to have been suggested to, and managed for, the king by his chancellor and chief minister, Ranulf the Flambard,

a dissolute Norman ecclesiastic, who, after having for years made himself useful to William by a system of legal rapine, was raised by him in 1099 to the see of Durham.

In the year 1097 Robert went on the crusade to the Holy Land; and to procure money for this expedition he lent or mortgaged his duchy for five years to his brother William for ten thousand marks. William extorted the money from his English subjects; and then, very much delighted with his bargain, took possession of Normandy. But the people of Maine, a province to the south of Normandy which had been taken possession of by Robert in the Conqueror's lifetime, refused to submit to William, preferring the rule of Helie de la Flêche, a very brave baron, nephew of the last count. Helie, however, in an accidental encounter, was taken prisoner by some of William's knights. After some time he regained his liberty, but upon condition of surrendering his right to Maine. Being thus left without resource, he came to William and made him an offer of his services. The king rejected them; on which Helie went out, saying he would be revenged for the indignity. William called after him, in a very rude and haughty manner, "to be gone, and do his worst." As soon as Helie arrived in France, he attacked William's territories there, and obtained possession of the town of Le Mans.

The news of this event was brought to William while he was hunting in the New Forest. He instantly left the chase, galloped off to the sea-coast, and embarked for Normandy. It blew so furious a storm that the sailors at first refused to put to sea. The king's impatience, however, was so great, that he would not listen to them. He insisted on their setting sail, and contrary to all expectation, landed safely at Barfleur the next morning. Helie de la Flêche was soon driven out of Le Mans, and William returned to England, to complete the preparations in which he had been engaged for taking possession of Guienne, which the duke of Guienne had mortgaged to him, in like manner as Robert had mortgaged Normandy. But a sudden end was put to all his ambitious projects; for, going to hunt in the New Forest, during the time in which he was waiting a fair wind to take his army over to France, he was shot by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, who was hunting with him. Some say it was a mere accident, and that the arrow, hitting against a tree, glanced and struck the king: others suppose him to have been shot by design; but how that was, it is impossible for any one now to say. A story is related in an old chronicle, that, while William was at dinner, before he went out hunting, he ordered some arrows to be brought him, and that, picking out six very long and sharp ones, he gave two of them to Tyrrel, saying, "You are a good marksman, and will know how to use them." He little thought that one of these

arrows was to be the instrument of his own death. William was killed in the year 1100, in the fortieth year of his age and the thirteenth of his reign. He was never married.

Odious as his name must ever be, one memorial is left of him, which is still an object of admiration; I mean Westminster Hall, which he built, though little of his work is now visible, owing to the alterations made in the time of Richard II.; a noble structure, and one of the largest rooms in Europe. I ought to mention, as one of the remarkable circumstances of this reign, that Magnus, king of Norway, made a descent on Anglesea in 1098. This was the last attempt on England by any of the northern nations. Those restless people learned about this time the art of tillage, which provided them with food and gave them occupation at home, and thus freed the rest of Europe from their predatory invasions. It was also in the reign of William Rufus that the sea overflowed the estates of Earl Godwin, and formed the Goodwin Sands, of which I have already given you some account.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER IX.

Richard. I shall be very glad, mamma, when you come to a good king. It is very disagreeable to hear about bad people.

Mrs. Markham. It is one of the great drawbacks to the pleasure of reading history, that it is such a painful record of human crimes. One cause of this is to be found in the nature of the human heart, which is so formed that rank, and power, and fortune all tend to incline it to what is wrong. Kings and statesmen, and others, who from the greatness of their station are most prominent in history, are therefore more liable to error than people in a lower and happier condition of life. And, perhaps, there is another cause why history is so much fuller of wicked than of virtuous deeds: the virtuous deeds are passed over, as not affording so much to be said about them.

George. How do you know what William Rufus and William the Conqueror were like?

Mrs. M. I can only know it from the descriptions I have read of them in books. The Conqueror, and his sons Robert and William, have been described to us from some very curious paintings on the walls of a chapel at Caen in Normandy, which are supposed to have been original portraits. Queen Matilda was also in the same picture, and was drawn with a book in her hand. There is also a very curious piece of tapestry, called the Bayeux tapestry, which is said to be the work of Matilda herself, though others suppose it to have been worked by her granddaughter, the Empress Maude. This is still in existence at Caen, and represents, in a series of pictures worked in worsted, the history of the con

From the Bayeux Tapestry.—See p. 49.

quest of England. The faces are supposed to be portraits; but it is not possible they can be very exact likenesses.

Richard. I thought St. Michael's Mount had been in Cornwall.

Mrs. M. There is a place of that name in Mount's Bay, a steep rock joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus, which, at high water, is quite covered by the sea, and makes the mount an island. On the top is a castle, which is still inhabited. A rock similarly placed in the sea, and also called Mont St. Michael, is situate on the opposite coast of France. On this rock is likewise a castle, and there it was that Henry was besieged by his brothers.

George. I was very sorry that Robert joined William in using his brother Henry so ill; for I feel a sort of liking for Robert.

Mrs. M. So do most people, I believe, when they read his history; but it is more because his misfortunes, and the ill-usage he afterwards met with, excite our compassion, than for any real merits which he possessed. He was an undutiful son, and an unkind brother.

Richard. What did his going on a crusade mean?

Mrs. M. It had long been considered an act of great piety to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to visit our Saviour's sepulchre. In the seventh century, not many years after the appearance of the false prophet, Mahomet, Jerusalem had been torn away from the Eastern empire by his Arab disciples. These Arabs were not only the bravest, but became in the course of two centuries the most civilized people of the East; and while they remained masters of the Holy City, the Christian pilgrims were permitted to pay their

devotions unmolested. But in the year 1076 the Turks, who were, as they still are, a very ignorant and brutal people, became masters of Jerusalem, and treated the pilgrims with great cruelty, and endeavoured to prevent them from visiting the sepulchre. One of these, named Peter the Hermit, born at Amiens in Picardy, though only a poor priest, has made himself more renowned than the most potent monarch of his time. On his return from the Holy Land, inflamed by zeal for religion and by resentment against the Turks, he went about from country to country, exhorting the princes and nobles of Europe to go and fight against the Pagans, and drive them from Jerusalem. The pope entered warmly into the cause, and published a crusade. The word crusade arose from the figure of a cross, which those who took up arms on this occasion wore on the left shoulder. In a short time, men of all ranks flew to arms with an almost inconceivable ardour, some selling their lands to obtain money for the expedition, and all leaving their countries and their families, to pursue the wild scheme of making war on the Turks, and redeeming Jerusalem from the hands of infidels.

Mary. And did they succeed?

Mrs. M. Most extraordinary to say, they did. After enduring hardships of every kind, and contending with numerous hosts of enemies, the crusaders, under the command of Godfrey of Bouillon, took Jerusalem after a bloody siege, in the year 1099. They elected Godfrey king; and the city remained for about a hundred years in the possession of the Christians, when it was reconquered by Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt.

George. And then, I suppose, they left off crusading?

Mrs. M. Not quite then, as you will find, when we advance farther in our history. The crusades lasted from the time of Peter the Hermit in 1095 till 1291, a period of nearly two hundred years; during which time the princes of Europe were continually undertaking expeditions to the Holy Land, often to the destruction of themselves and their fortunes, and of the poor fellows who followed in their train.[1]

[1] The crusades to the Holy Land are commonly reckoned as having been seven in number, though some writers reckon more than seven, and others reckon the seven differently.

The first crusade was that commenced in 1096, at the instigation of Peter the Hermit, and in which Godfrey of Bouillon afterwards took the command.

The second was preached by St. Bernard in 1145, and led by the Emperor Conrad III. and Louis VII., king of France.

The third was that on which our Richard I. and Philip Augustus, king of France, set out in 1190.

The fourth crusade dates from 1204, and was led by Baldwin, earl of Flanders, and Boniface, marquis of Montferrat. This crusade is marked by the taking of Constantinople in 1204, and the commencement of what is called the *Latin* empire in that city.

In the fifth crusade Damietta was taken by the French in 1215, but afterwards abandoned in 1227. Another unsuccessful expedition, undertaken by the Emperor Frederick II. in 1228, is often reckoned as another crusade.

The sixth crusade was that on which Louis IX. of France set out in 1248, and from which he returned in 1254.

The seventh and last was that which he commenced in 1270, in which he died, and in which

Mary. Then, dear mamma, why did they go?

Mrs. M. Indeed, your question is a very difficult one. I will, however, answer it as well as I can. In the first place it was considered a religious duty, and it was thought that those who died in the Holy Land were sure to be received into heaven, let their lives have been ever so bad.

Mary. But would it not have been a much easier way of going to heaven to have led good lives and stayed at home?

Mrs. M. Indeed one would have thought so. But, perhaps, other motives were mixed with those of religion. Those who returned gained the advantage of being much honoured in their lives; and at their death had the privilege of having their figures represented on their tombs with their legs crossed, to show to all succeeding generations that they had served in the holy wars.

George. Well, I do not think that was a privilege I should have cared much about.

Mrs. M. Besides these reasons, whether good or bad, there was the irresistible impulse of example. There seemed to be a universal madness, from which nobody could be exempt.

Richard. I think it was a very bad example.

Mrs. M. I think so too; but still, out of so much that was bad, God in His mercy has permitted some good to arise. The Saracens (though those who wrote the accounts of the crusades were accustomed to style them barbarians and savages) were very superior to the Europeans in their knowledge of the sciences, and in many of the arts and elegancies of life. Much of this knowledge was brought home by the crusaders. The private misery which those wars occasioned is now over, and we are only affected for the moment while we are reading of it; but the knowledge, my dear children, remains.

George. Then are the people of those countries so much cleverer now than we are?

Mrs. M. Whilst we have been improving and gaining knowledge ever since, the Turks and all the people of the East have been standing absolutely still. There are some Travels in the East, written about the year 1440, by De Brocquiere, who was grand carver to the good duke of Burgundy, and you might suppose they were written only last year; the manners of the people, as he describes them, being in every particular precisely the same as they are now said to be by travellers of our own time.

our Edward I., when Prince of Wales, also bore part. No crusades were *commenced* afterwards, but the year 1291, in which Tyre and Ptolemais were taken by the Mamelukes, is, as is said above, commonly fixed as the date of their termination. It may be added that though, when we speak of *the* crusades, the expeditions against the Turks in Palestine are usually meant, the word crusade is also often used in speaking of many other religious wars undertaken, or *preached* by the pope and his adherents against other infidels, or against heretics, as, for example, against the Albigenses in France.

CHAPTER X.

HENRY I.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1100—1135.

Armorial Bearings of Henry I.

Statues of Henry and his Queen, From the West Front of Rochester Cathedral.

HENRY, the Conqueror's youngest son, who was hunting with William in the New Forest at the time when he was slain by Tyrrel, instead of showing any concern at his brother's death, or even waiting to see his body borne away from the spot where it fell, put spurs to his horse, and rode directly to Winchester, where he seized on the royal treasure. He then hastened to London; and by great gifts, and many promises, disposed the people so much in his favour, that they crowned him king by the name of Henry I., passing over his brother Robert, who was still in Palestine.

Henry's character was made up of such an extraordinary mixture of many good and engaging, with many bad qualities, that I find a difficulty in giving you a just description of him. When we consider his courage, his intrepidity, his political wisdom, his impartial administration of justice to his people, his love and affection for his children, his fine understanding, and his agreeable and facetious humour, as they are described to us by the historians of his time, it is impossible not to be inclined to admire him. On the other hand, his ambition, his avarice, his cruelty, and his wicked conduct to his brother Robert, and to his nephew William (Robert's son), oblige us to acknowledge that, notwithstanding his dazzling qualities he must have been a very bad man. In regard to his person he was of a middle height, and well made; his countenance was agreeable and serene, and his hair brown, thick, and bushy. He had received what was considered, in those days, a learned education; and from having performed the great work of translating Esop's fables, he acquired the surname of Beauclerc.

He began his reign by promising to redress all the evils which

his father and brother had inflicted on the English, and granted them a charter of privileges in which, besides redressing many grievances under which the barons suffered, he declared, for the benefit of the mass of the people, that the laws of Edward the Confessor, as amended by his father, were again in force. He banished from his court all William's profligate associates, and recalled from exile Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, who had been banished by Rufus for refusing to receive investiture[1] from his hands. Also, the more to gratify his English subjects, he married Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, and of Margaret, daughter of Edmund the Exile, and sister of Edgar Atheling. He also remitted many debts that were owing to the crown, and omitted nothing that could endear him to the people. This might proceed more from policy than from real love to his subjects. He may have thought that, as his title was not unquestioned, he could preserve his crown only through the affection of the people. At any rate, the effect of this conduct was highly beneficial to the country.

In the mean time, Duke Robert had returned from the Holy Land and resumed the possession of Normandy. He lost no time in making preparations for invading England and asserting his right to the crown. He was joined by some discontented barons, and landed with his army at Portsmouth, on the 19th of July, 1101. Henry now found the benefit of the conciliatory conduct which he had pursued towards the English, who remained firm to him, while the Normans chiefly sided with Robert; and he marched to Portsmouth, with a numerous army, to oppose his brother. The two armies stood facing each other several days, as if awe-struck, without coming to an engagement; which gave Anselm and some of the barons, who were desirous of peace, an opportunity of concluding a treaty between the two princes, in which it was stipulated that Robert should give up his pretensions to the crown of England, in consideration of Henry's granting him a pension of 3000 marks, and promising to restore those Anglo-Normans who had joined with him to their honours and estates in England. It was further agreed, that if either of the brothers should die without children, the other should succeed to his dominions. The two armies were then disbanded, and Robert spent two months with his brother in feasts and amusements, and then returned to Normandy. But as soon as Robert was gone, Henry took the first opportunity of ruining and degrading those barons who had taken his side. When Robert heard this, he re-

[1] The ceremony of investiture consisted in presenting the person nominated to a bishopric with a ring and a crozier, the symbols of episcopal jurisdiction. The usurpation of this right by laymen gave rise to great abuses, and was at last put an end to by a decree of the Synod of Worms, in 1122.

turned to England, and remonstrated with Henry on this breach of the treaty: but he soon found that, instead of benefiting his friends, he was endangering himself by staying in his brother's dominions; and he only escaped in safety by consenting to give up his pension.

The Norman barons were now made discontented by Robert's imprudence, prodigality, and indolence; and the mismanagement of his affairs, which followed in consequence. In 1104 they invited Henry to come over and settle their disagreements with their duke —an invitation which Henry gladly accepted; and he acted so skilfully, or to speak more properly, so craftily, that he weakened and humbled his brother's party, and prepared the way for obtaining Normandy for himself. During the two following years, Robert entangled himself more and more in difficulties, and Henry gained every possible advantage over his inconsiderate brother. At last, in 1106, he made a direct invasion of Normandy, and in a battle fought on the 28th of September, at Tenchebrai, near Domfront, he took Robert prisoner, and many of his nobles, amongst whom was Edgar Atheling. Edgar, however, was considered no formidable enemy, and was soon set at liberty, and spent the rest of his life in harmless and enviable obscurity. His Saxon blood, and his mild and amiable disposition, made him the idol of the English; while his imbecility and want of enterprise rendered him too insignificant to be feared by the Normans. The only spirited thing we hear of him is, that he had accompanied Robert to the Holy Land. From the time we are now speaking of, to his death, which was not till he was very old, though the exact time is not recorded, he lived quietly in England, and probably far more happily, than any of those who were wearing that crown to which he himself had the best title.

Robert's fate was not so happy. He was brought prisoner to England; and his cruel and unrelenting brother kept him in perpetual confinement till his death twenty-eight years afterward. The whole of Normandy submitted to Henry. Robert's son, William, a child of six years old, was found in the castle of Falaise, and was committed by Henry to the care of Helie de St. Saen, who had married a natural daughter of Robert.

Everything had prospered with Henry according to his ambitious wishes, but you would be much mistaken were you to suppose that his happiness was now complete. From this time he never knew what happiness was. Remorse for his conduct towards his brother preyed unceasingly on his mind. He in vain endeavoured to stifle it by founding abbeys and building churches, and he had not virtue or strength of mind enough to repent sincerely and make true amends. On the contrary, though groaning under the burden of one crime, he still (no uncommon case) was meditating the commission of another, that of destroying his brother's son, whose

rightful claims kept him in a continual dread, and prevented all enjoyment of what he had so unjustly got. He therefore sent Robert Beauchamp to surprise the castle of St. Saen, during the absence of its lord, and to seize on the young prince; but, by the vigilance and fidelity of the people who were left in charge of him, the child was carried to a place of safety. Henry, enraged at this disappointment, confiscated all the property of Helie de St. Saen, who, having no longer a home of his own, wandered about from court to court, claiming protection for his royal charge, who was everywhere pitied for his misfortunes, and admired for the beauty of his person. The earl of Anjou engaged to assist him, and promised him his daughter Sybilla in marriage; but Henry no sooner heard that his nephew had acquired so powerful a friend, than he determined to prevent the intended match, and offered his own and only son William in marriage to Matilda, another of the earl's daughters. The earl found this temptation so strong, that he broke off the contract with William, the son of Robert, and concluded one with William, the son of Henry. The faithful Helie and the unfortunate prince then retired from the court of Anjou to that of Baldwin, earl of Flanders, where they were received with great kindness.

For the next five years, whatever conflicts the king might suffer in his own mind, the country, at least, enjoyed tranquillity. Henry was, however, still so suspicious of his son's right to the crown being disputed, that he required all his earls and barons to swear fealty to him; and he endeavoured by great promises to entice his nephew to his court. But William could not forget his unhappy father, still languishing in prison, and would not put himself in his uncle's power. In 1118, Louis le Gros, king of France, with the earls of Flanders and Anjou, formed an alliance against Henry, in favour of William, and were joined by several disaffected Norman barons.

Henry was now surrounded by enemies both secret and declared, and knew not whom to trust, nor whom to fear. He slept in armour, and with a guard watching in his apartment. Nevertheless, his vigilance and prudence did not forsake him. He contrived to win over the Norman barons; and detached the earl of Anjou from the alliance with France, by solemnising the marriage that had before been contracted between his son and the earl's daughter. The king of France, and the barons confederated with him, met Henry in the plain of Brenneville, not very far from Rouen, and a fierce battle ensued, in which Prince William showed great valour, and, breaking through the first ranks, penetrated to his uncle, who narrowly escaped being killed by Crispin, a French knight. But in the end the English army was victorious, and the king of France and Prince William escaped with some difficulty. This battle, fought in August, 1119, might have been called the battle of the nobles, so many nobles having been engaged in it. It cost the lives

of only three knights. This is to be accounted for from their being clad in complete armour, and from the desire which was felt by each party to take prisoners rather than to shed blood. Henry spent the greater part of the year 1120 in Normandy, endeavouring to strengthen the certainty of his son's succession, who was now eighteen years old.

But how useless was all this anxiety! This beloved son, for whose aggrandisement he had done and sacrificed so much, was suddenly snatched from him. He was returning to England with a numerous train and many ships; one of which, called the *White Ship*, was allotted to the prince and his retinue. The prince had ordered some wine to be given to the ship's crew, of which they drank so freely that many of them were intoxicated. The rest of the fleet had meanwhile sailed, and Fitzstephen, the commander of the White Ship, crowding all his sails, and plying all his oars, to overtake them, the vessel suddenly struck upon a rock called the *Catte Raze*. A boat was immediately let down, into which the prince and some of the young nobles were hurried; and they might have reached the shore in safety, had not the prince insisted on going back to rescue his illegitimate sister, the countess of Perche, whose shrieks he heard from the ship, where all was terror and confusion. As soon as the boat approached the vessel, so many persons jumped into it, that it instantly sunk, and every creature perished. Thus died the prince with many of the young nobles, and several ladies of rank. Of three hundred persons who were on board, the only one who escaped was a butcher of Rouen, of the name of Bertould, who, by clinging to the mast, contrived to keep his head above water till the next morning, when he was picked up by some fishermen. The captain had also clung to the same mast, but when told by the butcher that the prince had perished, he would not survive so great a disaster, and threw himself headlong into the sea.

The news of this misfortune reached England the next day but it was three days before any one had courage to tell the king of it. At last a boy was instructed to fall at his feet, and tell him that the prince and all on board the White Ship were lost. Henry immediately fainted away, and it was a long time before the violence of his grief abated. He had now only one legitimate child left, his daughter Matilda, who was married to Henry V., emperor of Germany, but who had no children.

The death of the prince of England encouraged the friends of his cousin William to make fresh attempts in his favour: but they were unattended with any permanent success; and William returned to the court of Louis, and married a sister of the queen of France, with whom he received a small domain as her dower, and thus at last became possessed of a spot of ground that he might call his own. A few years afterwards, the king of France put him in possession of a

part of Flanders, to which he had a claim in right of his grandmother Matilda, wife of the conqueror, who was, as I have told you, the daughter of an earl of Flanders. But no sooner did fortune seem to smile on this young prince, than he died of wounds received in a skirmish with the landgrave of Alsace. Before his death in 1128, he wrote a letter to king Henry, entreating his favour for Helie de St. Saen and the other barons who had followed his fortunes. It is pleasing to be able to add that this last request of the gallant and ill-fated son of Robert was amply gratified.

In the year 1125 Henry's daughter Matilda had become a widow. She then returned to live with her father, who made all his nobles swear fealty to her, as they had formerly done to her brother. In the year 1122 she was married to Geoffrey, eldest son of the earl of Anjou; and Henry, who was devotedly fond of his daughter, spent the latter part of his life in Normandy, that he might be near her. After living to see her the mother of three sons, he died on the 1st of December, 1135. He had heated himself a few days before with hunting, and had supped on lampreys; and this is supposed to have been the occasion of a fever with which he was seized. He died at the castle of Lions in Normandy, in the 67th year of his age, and the 36th year of his reign. His body was brought to England, and was buried in the abbey he had founded at Reading.

His first wife was daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, by Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling.

Their children were—William, who married a daughter of the earl of Anjou, and was drowned.

Matilda, or Maude, married first to Henry V., emperor of Germany, and secondly to Geoffrey, son of the earl of Anjou.

By his second wife, Adelais, daughter of the earl of Louvain, he had no children.

Henry by his will left all his dominions to his daughter, to the exclusion of her husband Geoffrey. He had several natural children.

Robert of Normandy died in prison the year before the death of his brother Henry, and was buried at Gloucester. The circumstances of his death are thus related: "King Henry on a festival day putting on a new scarlet cloak, the hood, being too tight, was torn in putting it over his head. On which the king said, 'My brother Robert has a smaller head than I have; let him have this garment. The cloak was accordingly taken to the duke; but the torn place not having been sewn up, he discovered it, and asked, 'If any man had worn it before?' and being told the circumstance, he considered it as a deep affront, and exclaimed, 'Now I perceive that I have lived too long, since my brother clothes me like an almsman, in his cast rent garments.' He then refused to take any nourishment, and died in consequence."[1]

[1] Holinshed.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER X.

Richard. Indeed, mamma, it is exactly as you said about this King Henry: though one must admire his cleverness, one cannot help disliking his hard-heartedness.

Mrs. Markham. He certainly had worldly wisdom, but nothing could justify his conduct to his brother and nephew.

George. I could not understand what that old archbishop had been banished for by William Rufus.

Mrs. M. He had refused to admit the king's authority to invest him in some of his archiepiscopal rights, that being an authority which he considered as belonging to the pope, and not to the king. Indeed, at first, knowing the violent temper of Rufus, he had refused the archbishopric, saying, "The plough of the church of England ought to be drawn by two oxen of equal strength, the king and the archbishop; but if you yoke me, who am but a weak old sheep, with the king, who is a mad young bull, the plough will not go straight." Afterwards also, when Henry recalled him, he made the same difficulties about his investiture, which involved the king in a long and tedious dispute with the pope, Pascal II.; in which dispute Henry stood up for his own right of investing his prelates, without the pope's interference. But tired out by the trouble and vexation which this contest occasioned, he at length agreed to a compromise, by which bishops were to receive their investiture from the pope, but were to swear fealty and do homage to the king.

George. That Anselm must have been a very troublesome sort of a man.

Mrs. M. He certainly seems to have had more zeal than discretion; and a zeal which, in regard to the married clergy, outstripped his humanity; for by his influence a law was passed, obliging them to put away their wives, and forbidding them ever to see them again, or to suffer them to live on any lands belonging to the church, on pain of seeing them reduced to servitude, or otherwise punished.

Mary. Oh, my dear mamma, what hard hearts the bishops of those times must have had?

Mrs. M. Many of the faults for which we censure them are more properly to be accounted as the faults of the times in which they lived than of the men themselves. The devotional writings of this very Archbishop Anselm are, I am told, of great merit, and known and valued even at the present day. And yet he was a man who not only conducted himself arbitrarily in the affairs of the Church, but also troubled himself about the dress of the laity. He preached so furiously, and so successfully, against long hair and curls, which he disapproved of, that the ladies absolutely cut off their locks in

the church. He was not so successful in the attacks he made on the fashionable shoes of the gentlemen; for, notwithstanding his threatening and exhortations, they continued to wear them so enormously long, that they were obliged to have a chain from the end of the toe fastened to the knee.

George. I think the best cure, or at least the best punishment, for inconvenient fashions, would be to condemn people always to wear them.

Richard. What did you mean by saying that the knights, in that battle in which only three were killed, were in complete armour? I thought those old knights always wore armour.

Mrs. M. At the time when the Romans landed in England, the Britons had no kind of armour, except a rude sort of shield; nor does it appear that the Saxons or Danes had any other defence except the shield and helmet, till a little before the time of the Conquest, when the nobles and leaders of their armies adopted armour, something like that of the Normans. I have seen the complete armour of a Norman knight, which was exhibited in London, in a collection of ancient armour. The whole dress was made of little rings of iron, much smaller and slighter than the chain of a horse's bridle; and these were all linked together so ingeniously, like net-work, that it fitted close to the limbs and body, and was, at the same time, as flexible as a stocking. Under this they wore a dress called a *gambeson*, which I imagine to have been like a shirt, without sleeves or collar, and quilted or stuffed with wool: sometimes this was worn over the *hawberk*, which was the name of the coat of *mail*, or chain armour. But I suppose this kind of armour was not found a sufficient defence against the point of a spear or arrow; for in the fourteenth century plate armour was introduced; so called from being made of plates of iron, which were often so heavy, that when a knight in this armour was overthrown, he lay on the ground immovable till he was helped up; and there were many instances, in hot weather, and in the press of an engagement, of persons being suffocated with the heat and weight of their armour. In a battle between the French and Italians, in 1495, some Italian knights who were overthrown, lay like huge lobsters, and could not be killed till their armour was broken by the French soldiers with wood-cutters' axes. There was also an intermediate kind of armour, called scale-armour, formed of little pieces of iron laid one over another, in the manner of the scales of a fish; but this kind does not appear to have been long in use. But I am here anticipating a little too much, and must go back to the reign of Henry I. At that time the upper part of the hawberk, though it covered the head like a hood, left the face quite exposed, except that it was sometimes guarded by a *nasal*, a part of the cap which projected

over the nose. But by degrees they covered the face more and more, till at length close visors were adopted.

Richard. Pray, mamma, what sort of weapons did they fight with?

Mrs. M. The knights fought with lances, spears, and swords; and the common soldiers with slings and bows, in the use of which the English excelled almost all other nations. The French were more active, but the English possessed more bodily strength. Besides these arms, which they carried about them, they used various kinds of machines for throwing darts and stones to a great distance. Gunpowder was not invented till long after the time we are speaking of.

Richard. To judge from the number of ruins we see, there must have been a great many castles in England.

Mrs. M. The country, to use the actual words of an old historian, "was overrun with them." The Conqueror and his two sons built a great many. The barons lived like so many little kings, each in his own castle, with his train of followers; and they even affected the ceremonial of kings; for their servants and attendants, instead of being called stewards, grooms, and footmen, were called treasurers, privy councillors, heralds, pages, and so on.

George. I wonder how the Saxon English liked having all those Normans, whom they hated, shut up in those strong castles.

Mrs. M. They did not like it at all, and it was one amongst their many grievances. Such haughty seclusion was entirely contrary to their own habits, which were remarkably convivial and social. They did not care for the shabbiness of their own dwellings, which were only built of wood and thatched, if they could but eat and drink and have merrymakings: while the Normans, on the contrary, were frugal in their manner of living, but very costly in their buildings.

Richard. Are there any Norman buildings left, and have I ever seen any of them?

Mrs. M. Many of their buildings are still standing; but, except the cathedral of Rochester, which, if I mistake not, is the oldest Norman building we have, I do not at this moment recollect that you ever saw any of the date I am now speaking of.

Richard. Norman, mamma! I thought, when we were there, you told me the arches were all Saxon?

Mrs. M. So I did, my dear. The style of architecture which we improperly call Saxon, is, in fact, early Norman, and is distinguished by its massy and short pillars, and its circular arch, from the pointed arch, and tall slender pillars, of that style which we call the Gothic.

CHAPTER XI.

STEPHEN.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1136—1154.

Bridge erected by Queen Matilda, recently existing at Stratford-le Bow, in Essex. (See p. 65.)

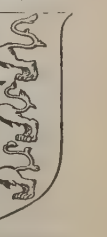
ALL the precautions which Henry had taken to secure the crown to his daughter were but vain. A usurper sprang up where he would least have expected one, in his favourite nephew Stephen, who was the second son of his sister Adela and the Count de Blois, and to whom he had invariably shown the utmost kindness, and a preference above all his other relations. He had given him a large estate in Normandy; and had married him to the heiress of Boulogne, whose mother was Mary of Scotland, sister to his own queen Matilda. But all these kindnesses could not inspire Stephen with gratitude. As soon as he heard of the king's death, he hastened to England; and though he met with a little opposition at first, yet he soon procured himself to be crowned at Westminster.

Stephen, we are told, had a very graceful person; he was strong and active, and had a degree of courage that amounted to rashness. His deportment was particularly popular and engaging, and he had much pleasantry in his conversation. He was already a great favourite with the people; and to this, more than to any other cause, is attributed the success of his attempt on the crown. He was a very indulgent husband and father, and profuse in his kindness to his friends and favourites; but his headstrong ambition sullied all his good qualities, and, without contributing to his own happiness, brought great misery on the people.

This usurpation had been so totally unexpected, that no preparations had been made to guard against it; and the Empress Maude, as I think she is commonly called, and her friends seemed

absolutely stunned. This gave Stephen time to strengthen himself, before any attempts were made to shake his power.

The first person who took up arms against him was David, king of Scotland, who marched an army into England in 1136, and again in 1138, to vindicate the rights of his niece. The Scotch were at that time little removed above the condition of barbarians, and frightful scenes of pillage and massacre marked the course of their second expedition from the frontier into the heart of Yorkshire. But Thurstan, the aged archbishop of York, assembled an army, which met the Scottish forces near Northallerton, and routed them with great slaughter. This is called the Battle of the Standard, from a lofty cross carried about in front of the English line, in which was placed a box containing the consecrated host, or holy sacrament.



Supposed Armorial Bearing of Stephen.

The wisest and most powerful baron then in England was the earl of Gloucester, a natural son of the late king. He was warmly attached to his sister; but, as the other nobles acknowledged Stephen, he also was obliged to submit. For three or four years Maude appears to have made no direct attempt, but to have been lying in wait for an opportunity to assert her rights.

Stephen, in the year 1139, raised great discontents by his severity to some of his barons. This encouraged Maude and the earl of Gloucester, who had joined his sister in Normandy, to come to England. They were received in an evil hour into Arundel Castle by the Dowager Queen Adelais; and from this time, for several years, England was desolated by one of the most calamitous wars it has ever known. The barons sided with the two contending parties, as their feelings, or rather as their interests, prompted them. But instead of an open war, it was a miserable, vexatious kind of hostility, and displayed all the worst evils of the feudal system. Each baron, shut up in his own castle with his own retainers, kept up a sort of petty war with his nearest neighbour of the opposite party, to the destruction of all domestic comforts and civil order. To give you some idea of the state of the country during this unhappy period, I will transcribe a passage translated from a history that was written at the very time: —"All England wore a face of desolation and misery: multitudes abandoned their beloved country, and went into voluntary exile; others, forsaking their own houses, built wretched huts in church yards, hoping for protection from the sacredness of the place. Whole families, after sustaining life as long as they could by eating herbs, roots, and the flesh of dogs and horses, at last died of hunger

and you might see many pleasant villages without a single inhabitant."[1]

After this contest had gone on for some time, without any decided advantage to either party, the earl of Gloucester, who commanded the empress's army, appeared before Lincoln, where a fierce battle took place on the 2nd of February, 1141, of which an old writer[2] gives us a very animated account. He says that "when Stephen was left alone in the field after the dispersion of his army, grinding his teeth with anger, and foaming like a wild boar, he roared out like a lion; and though alone, none durst approach him, and with his double-edged axe he rushed on the enemy; but his axe being broken, and after that his sword," he was taken and carried prisoner to Bristol Castle. Upon this great victory, Maude was acknowledged as queen, and on the 1st of June entered London in triumph. But instead of acting with prudence, or even with gratitude, she became inflated by her success; and, despising the counsels of her uncle, the king of Scotland, who had come to visit her, and of her brother, the earl of Gloucester, to whom she owed so much, she treated her friends ungraciously, and her enemies insolently. She insulted the citizens of London, instead of granting any of their requests; and disgusted all orders of people so entirely, that, even while she was making preparations for her coronation, she found herself compelled to leave London, and fly to Winchester. Here she was besieged by Stephen's youngest brother, Henry, bishop of Winchester. With the utmost difficulty she escaped on a swift horse to Devizes; but the earl of Gloucester, in endeavouring to follow her, was taken prisoner, and carried to Rochester Castle. He, however, was soon after exchanged for Stephen. Thus, by both being taken prisoners, they both regained their liberty.

Stephen, about this time, was seized with a fit of illness, and was disabled for a time, from taking advantage of this turn of fortune in his favour. As soon, however, as he regained his health, he pursued the empress. She escaped, borne in a litter, like a corpse, to Oxford; and took refuge there in the castle, during the absence of the earl of Gloucester, who had gone into Normandy to bring Prince Henry, Maude's eldest son, to England. Stephen continued before Oxford for three months, having sworn not to raise the siege till he had taken the empress prisoner. At last the garrison was reduced to extremity by famine; but still Maude's spirit was too proud and untameable to surrender. The ground, it being now the middle of winter, was covered with snow. The empress, and three of her trusty knights, attiring themselves wholly in white, that they might be the less easily distinguished, opened by night a postern door, and got out of the castle; and after crossing the frozen river, and walking

[1] Gesta Regis Stephani. [2] Matthew Paris.

six miles, they reached Abingdon in safety, where they procured horses to convey them to Wallingford. At Wallingford, Maude was met by the earl of Gloucester, on his return from Normandy with Prince Henry, a fine promising boy of eleven years of age; and she soon forgot all her late fatigues and alarms in the joy of that happy meeting.

The fatal and ruinous warfare between Maude and Stephen continued for some years longer. Indeed, it seemed as if the people were become so much accustomed to war that they did not know how to leave it off; but in the year 1147 the empress had a severe loss, in the death of her faithful friend, the earl of Gloucester. On his death, feeling herself at length wearied out with the struggle, she resigned her claims to her son Henry, who went into Normandy to collect an army which might enable him to renew the war. To that country she also retired, and spent there the remainder of her life; never interfering in public affairs, except when she could be useful to her son, to whom she was always a devoted mother. [She has also commonly had the credit of having built the first stone bridge ever seen in England,[1] all former bridges having been of wood. But this credit seems to be due in reality not to the Empress Maude, but to Stephen's own wife, Matilda.]

The flames of civil war had latterly been subsiding, but they blazed up again in the year 1153, on the arrival of Prince Henry from Normandy. Stephen and he met at Wallingford. The two armies faced each other for several days without coming to an engagement. Some of the barons, who deplored the miseries of the country, had thus an opportunity of proposing an accommodation, to which Stephen the more willingly consented from having a short time before lost his eldest son, Eustace. It was agreed that Stephen should keep the crown during his life, and that Henry should succeed to it at his death. The news of this treaty was received with the greatest joy all over the country, and the king and his people at last obtained some repose. But the following year some disagreements ensuing between Stephen and Henry, the war seemed ready to burst forth again. Happily for the country, the death of Stephen put an end to the contest.

Stephen died at Dover, on the 25th of October, 1154. He married Matilda, heiress to the earl of Boulogne; and had two sons—

Eustace, who died young;

William, who inherited his mother's patrimony of Boulogne.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XI.

George. Indeed, mamma, I am quite glad you are come to the end of that tiresome Stephen. I like to read about battles and brave

[1] That at Stratford-le-Bow, called *le-Bow* from the arch of the bridge.—(*See* illustration at head of this chapter.)

men; but this was such disagreeable backwards and forwards fighting, that I am quite tired of it.

Mrs. Markham. Of all kinds of warfare, a civil war is the most to be dreaded. It dissolves all the natural ties of kindred and friendship, and hardens and exasperates people's minds far more than fighting with a foreign enemy.

Richard. I remember your telling us something about King Stephen when we were at Rochester, and you showed me that part of the castle which he rebuilt; but as I did not then know the story, I do not remember much about it.

Mary. Those old castles must have been uncomfortable rubbishy places to have lived in.

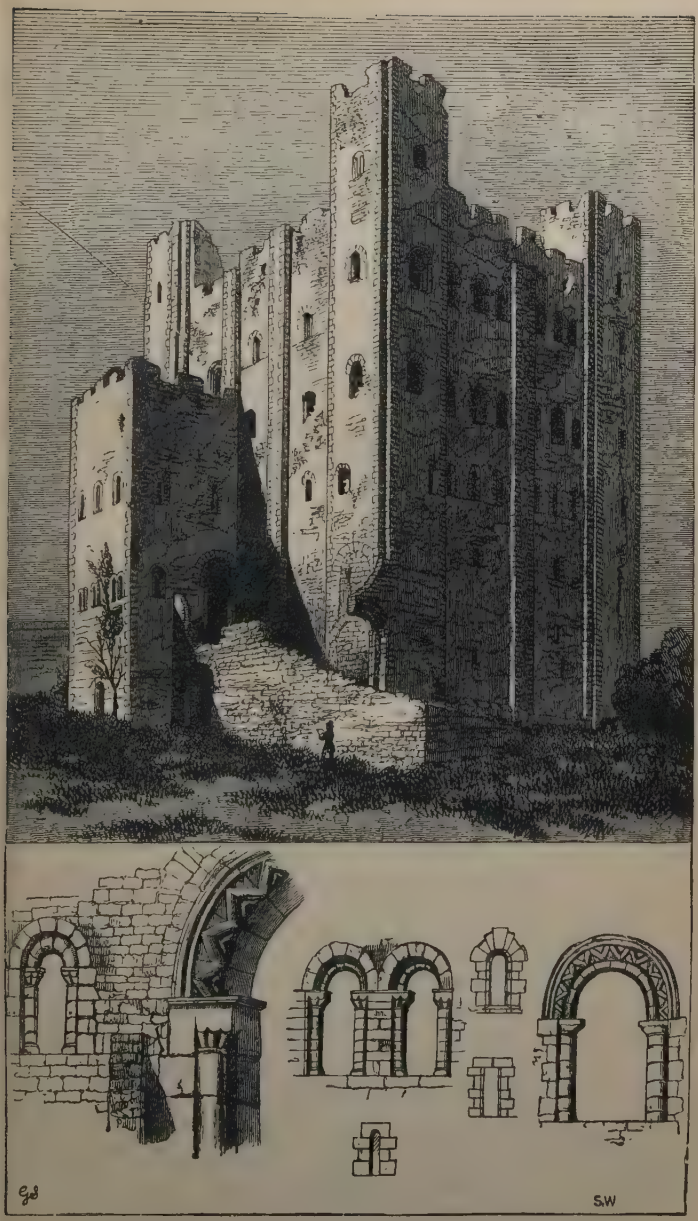
Mrs. M. You must not entirely judge of them as habitations by the ruinous remains we now see. Of course all the interior decoration is gone; but I agree with you, that they must have been very comfortless, gloomy dwellings. The castle of Rochester is a very good specimen of an ancient castle, being more perfect than most of them. You remember that there is a high tower, which stands in what is now a garden, surrounded on all sides by high walls, or at least the remains of high walls. In one corner is a little ruinous tower, through which there is an entrance. On the outside of this garden is another enclosure, taking a larger circuit, which may still be traced by the remains of thick solid walls with towers at different distances. These outer walls seem to have surrounded the castle on three sides; the cliff overhanging the river being a sufficient defence on the fourth, where there is only the wall of the inner enclosure. In all castles there was such an inner enclosure, which was called the *inner bailey*; and contained the square tower, or *keep*, in which the baron, or governor, and his family dwelt, and in which all the stores and arms and valuable things were kept. Under the keep was the dungeon for prisoners. The chapel also stood in the *inner bailey*.

George. Then pray, mamma, where did all the soldiers and servants live?

Mrs. M. Between the walls of the outer and inner enclosures, which space was called the *outer bailey*, there was always room enough for the soldiers' lodgings, the stables, and the workshops for the blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artificers.

Richard. The blacksmith must have been a very important person to all those knights in armour. But pray, mamma, in what part of the castle was the postern gate?

Mrs. M. It was a small private entrance, which was generally concealed from view, and afforded means to the governor of going secretly in and out of the castle. Rochester Castle is now so mere a shell of a building, that we can only conjecture that the two rooms in the centre part, which have ornamented fire-places, and pillars on the



Rochester Castle.—Norman Keep. Drawn on the spot by George Scharf, Junr.

[To face p. 66.

walls, were the state apartments; and that the sleeping-rooms were those little dark recesses which we observed in going up the winding stairs which lead to the battlements. The best apartments were always in the upper stories of the castle, because the windows at the bottom part were only little slits in the walls, while those above were made the larger, the farther they were from the ground.

Richard. And what was that for?

Mrs. M. Because the upper parts of the castle were, of course, in less danger from the enemy. In those rooms, therefore, the inhabitants indulged themselves with air and daylight.

Mary. What terrible times those were, in which one was always to be so much afraid of one's enemies!

Mrs. M. It must, indeed, have been a very shocking state of society, when every baron lived in his castle like a robber in his den, and only sallied out to plunder and fight.

Richard. Pray, mamma, what was the difference between knights and barons?

Mrs. M. No nobleman, let his rank have been ever so high, could be considered a complete soldier till he was knighted. There were many different orders of knighthood, in each of which different ceremonies and vows were used; but the chief formality was the kneeling down before some elder knight, who, giving a slight blow with his sword on the left shoulder, said, "In the name of God and St. George, rise up, Sir John!" or "Sir Thomas!" or whatever else the name might be. Amongst the different sorts of knights, you have, I dare say, heard of knights-errant. This order was first introduced in England in the time of King Stephen, by some young and ardent men, who, abhorring the tyranny of those lawless barons, bound themselves by solemn vows to devote themselves to the protection of the injured and helpless. The knights-errant were not formed into a regular body, but were quite independent of one another, and travelled about from place to place for the purpose of redressing grievances. Whether they really did in this way the actual good they proposed, I am not prepared to say; but they may still have been of great service in softening the ferocious manners of the times, by instilling the most exalted principles of honour. There is no doubt, however, but that they often carried them to a romantic excess. The spirit of chivalry seemed to belong wholly to the Norman character, no traces of it having been found amongst the plain and rustic Saxons.

George. I should like to know what ladies did in those troublesome knock-about times?

Mrs. M. According to our notions of comfort, they must have fared very ill. The daughters of noblemen were commonly educated in nunneries till they married: they then lived in their husbands' castles, and were very often besieged and taken prisoners, according

to the chances of war. One of their occupations was that of surgery; and it was their office to make salves, and attend on the wounded: but their chief employment, I apprehend, was embroidery and needlework; and they used to sit in the great hall, surrounded by their damsels, working with them, and setting them their tasks, like the dress-maker and her apprentices we saw yesterday.

Mary. Dear mamma, how very odd for a great baron s wife! And did they never go visiting or have company?

Mrs. M. I should think not during the civil wars. I do not think that even you, Mary, would like to go visiting with a guard of soldiers to protect you from being slain or taken prisoner by the way. But they had no want of society at home; for besides the menials belonging to the castle, every lady had a number of damsels attendant on herself, who were the daughters of inferior knights and barons, or perhaps their own relations. And every castle was a sort of school for young nobles, where, first in quality of pages, and, as they grew older, in that of squires, they learned the arts of war and hunting, which were the chief requisites for a gentleman. So you see, though the life of a baron's lady in an old castle might be dull and monotonous, it was far from being solitary. M. Guizot has also pointed out, in his lectures on the History of Civilization in France, certain elevating influences which feudal life, rough and turbulent as it was, exercised on the characters of women. I will quote a few lines of his eloquent description:—"Besides, when the possessor of a fief sallied forth from his castle in search of war and adventures, his wife remained at home, and in a situation altogether different from that which, hitherto, had been almost always the lot of women. She remained there as mistress, as the lady of the castle, representing her husband, and responsible in his absence for the defence and the honour of the fief. This exalted and almost sovereign position, in the very bosom of domestic life, often gave to the women of the feudal period a dignity, a courage, virtues, and a general distinction, which had not belonged to them in former times; nor can we doubt that it powerfully contributed to their moral development, and to the general progress of their condition."

Richard. Pray, mamma, where did all the common soldiers come from? When you told us about the different ranks of people, you never said anything about the soldiers.

Mrs. M. The soldiers then were hardly a separate class. The king gave his barons lands and estates, on condition that they should always be ready to attend him in battle. The barons let out many or most of their estates to persons of inferior rank, on the same condition; and these again had others under them, who held by similar tenure. Thus, whenever the baron marched to

war, those tenants, who thus held their estates by the condition of military service, marched with him; and though after a time, it was allowable to compound, or for people to pay money to excuse themselves from actual service, yet the obligation still remained; and this sort of bond between the king and his barons, and the barons and their retainers, was called the Feudal System. Some traces of it are to be found among the Saxons, but it was completely established by the Conqueror.

George. I hope that feudal law is over now. I do not think papa's tenants would like to be marched off to battle in that manner.

Mrs. M. I do not think they would. Nor is there any hazard that they will. Happily for them and for us, things are much altered for the better, since those days.

Richard. Will you tell us, mamma, how the change came?

Mrs. M. You must have patience, my dear; and, as I proceed in my history, I will endeavour to direct your attention to those parts of it in which the unerring hand of Providence has at length brought us, by gradual steps, from a state of anarchy and slavery, to the happy condition which we are now in. But I cannot hope to explain everything to you. I only attempt to give you as much knowledge as may enable you to read other and fuller histories with greater pleasure and advantage than you would be able to derive from them if you had no previous acquaintance with the subject.

Mary. Queen Matilda did one good thing in building that stone bridge.

Mrs. M. In Stow's Chronicle is the following account of her building it:—"This Matilda, when she saw the ford to be dangerous for them that travelled by the Old Forde over the river Lue (for she herself had been well washed in the water), caused two stone bridges to be builded, of the which one was situated over the Lue at the head of the town of Stratford, now called Bow, because the bridge was arched like a bow; a rare piece of worke: for before that time the like had never been seen in England."

THE NORMAN LINE.		Began to Reign.	Reigned Years.
William the Conqueror		A.D. 1066	21
Robert,	children of William the Conqueror.		
William Rufus,		1087	13
Henry the First,		1100	35
Adela, Countess of Blois,			
William, son of Robert.			
William,	children of Henry I.		
Empress Matilda,			
Stephen, son of Adela, and the Count de Blois, grandson of William I.		1135	19
THE SAXON LINE RESTORED.			
Henry II., son of the Empress Matilda and Geoffrey Plantagenet; grandson of Henry I., and Matilda of Scotland, who was niece to Edgar Atheling, and descended from the Saxon kings		1154	34

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1154—1189.

Henry II. and Becket.—From a MS. in the Cotton Library.

HENRY PLANTAGENET was the eldest son, as I have before said, of Geoffrey, earl of Anjou, and the Empress Matilda. It was the custom, before family surnames were adopted, to call each person by a surname of his own; as Harold *Harefoot*, William *Rufus*, and so on. Thus Geoffrey got the surname of *Plantagenet*, from wearing in his helmet a sprig of the plant *genista*, or broom; and Henry, either because he liked the name, or from affection to his father's memory, retained it, and by this means it became established as the surname of his family.

Henry had had the great advantage of receiving a part of his education at Bristol Castle, under the superintendence of the earl of Gloucester, who, I have already told you, was the most learned and virtuous nobleman of his age. And though he was still very young when his excellent preceptor died, he seems to have benefited extraordinarily from his instructions; or, perhaps, necessity had made him early capable of judging and acting for himself. He had the possession of Normandy given to him when he was only sixteen years old. By his father's death in 1151, he became possessed of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine. The year following he married Eleanor, heiress of Guienne and Poitou, who was many years older than himself, and had before been married to, but had been divorced from, the king of France, with whom she had lived in almost continual disagreement. Thus he already possessed a very large dominion in France, when the death of Stephen put him in possession of England also.

He was at this time twenty-one years of age; of the middle size, and remarkably strong and active. His countenance is described to

us as comely, and his eyes particularly fine, with usually a mild expression, but very sparkling and brilliant when animated or angry. In after-life he was inclined to grow fat, but he guarded against it by abstemiousness and exercise. He was a very graceful rider, even to the last years of his life. Whilst under the earl of Gloucester's care, he not only acquired all the common military accomplishments of the times, but also what was then uncommon, a taste for study. He delighted in the conversation of learned men; and had so good a memory, that he remembered every book he had read, and every face he had seen. He had an affectionate heart, an excellent understanding, and inherited all that was good in his grandfather Henry, without the alloy of his bad qualities. He was the first king since Edward the Confessor whose right to the crown was indisputable; so that the people of England were prepared to receive him with the utmost joyfulness; and not the less because of the Saxon blood he inherited from his grandmother.

The first thing he did, on coming to the crown, was to send away all the foreign soldiers that Stephen had brought into England, and to order all the castles that had been built during the civil wars to be demolished. He also confirmed a charter of privileges to the people; and, to use the words of one of our best historians,[1] "No king, in so short a time, had done so much good, and gained so much love, since Alfred." In 1157 he recovered from the king of Scotland that part of the north of England which Stephen had ceded. He also carried his arms against the Welsh, who had been very troublesome neighbours; and though his army was once in some danger of being defeated, he, in the end, made an advantageous peace with them, and compelled them to give up some places which they had taken on the English border. From this time till the year 1160, he was chiefly engaged in a war with the king of France, in pursuance of a claim he considered himself to have, in right of his wife, on Toulouse, and some other territories. This war ended in the marriage of Marguerite, daughter of the king of France, to King Henry's eldest son, Henry, though they were both children. In 1166, Constantia, the only child of the duke of Bretagne, was betrothed to Henry's third son, Geoffrey; and the duke, finding himself unable to cope with his turbulent barons, resigned his duchy into the hands of the king of England, in guardianship for Constantia and Geoffrey.

You will have thought it extraordinary that I should not yet have said anything to you about Ireland. That fertile island was divided into five separate kingdoms, the names of which were, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Tuamond, and Desmond, the last two being comprised within the limits of Munster. The Irish were

[1] Henry

converted to Christianity about the beginning of the fifth century by St. Patrick, who was made the first archbishop of Armagh. For many generations after that, Ireland, so far from being the most, seems to have been one of the least, turbulent countries in Europe, and to have produced numbers of men and women celebrated either for their learning or their sanctity. Even in the age of the conquest there were found in Ireland men of refined culture and of the purest virtue, such as were St. Malachy of Armagh and St. Lawrence O'Toole of Dublin. But the mischievous custom of *tanistry*, to which all the various tribes, called in Ireland *septs*, tenaciously adhered, was continually throwing the country into confusion. According to this custom, the tanist, or successor to the throne, was chosen in the lifetime of the reigning king, and from the royal family, but he was not necessarily the eldest son. Thus a door was left open for all kinds of intrigue and undermining, leading to bloodshed and frequent civil war. All this time there was one supreme monarch, called the Ardriagh, whose authority, at least in name, was recognized throughout the island; but his real power of righting what was wrong seems to have been far less even than that of the old Saxon Bret-waldas.

The occasion which offered itself to Henry for interfering in the affairs of Ireland was as follows. In 1169 Dermot, one of the five kings, being driven from the kingdom of Leinster, came over to England to implore the assistance of Henry, who gave him some money from the royal treasury, and permitted him to enlist in his cause any of the English whom he could prevail upon to join him. Accordingly, the earl of Pembroke, surnamed *Strongbow*, and a number of knights and adventurers of Norman descent who had settled in South Wales, returned with Dermot to Ireland, and with their assistance he soon recovered his kingdom. Not contented with this success, he now thought that, by the help of his English friends, he might also possess himself of the other four kingdoms. But Strongbow did not dare to engage in a plan for the conquest of the whole island, without first soliciting Henry's consent.

The king's answer was for some time delayed; and the earl, meanwhile hastening his preparations, collected in England an army of 1200 men; but when he was on the point of conveying them to Ireland, he received Henry's positive command not to proceed. He was, however, now too much bent on the enterprise to give it up; so, putting life and honour to the hazard, he set sail. At Waterford he was joined by Dermot, whose daughter Eva he there married, and he then proceeded to the attack of Meath, which was soon conquered. The year following Dermot died, and Earl Strongbow, in right of his wife, succeeded to his possessions, and thus became king of great part of Ireland.

Henry had been exceedingly displeased with the earl for having

disobeyed him; nor was he appeased till Strongbow came over to England and resigned to him all these great acquisitions. Henry allowed him to retain part of Leinster, and went over himself in 1171, with a fleet of 400 vessels, to take possession of his new dominions. Most of the petty princes, overawed by such a powerful force, immediately submitted; even Roderick, the supreme king of the island, consented to recognize Henry as his superior lord; the princes of Ulster alone obstinately preserved their independence.

I must now tell you about Thomas à Becket, who was at this time a very distinguished person, and whose quarrels with King Henry were a subject of concern and interest even to many foreign potentates. Thomas à Becket was the son of a citizen of London, and is thought to have been the first Anglo-Saxon who had arrived at any kind of eminence since the Conquest. He had early been remarked for his great abilities, and for his attachment to the cause of the Empress Maude. When Henry came to the throne, he selected Becket as his favourite and companion; and at length made him his chancellor; thus placing him in the highest dignity in the kingdom, next to that of the archbishopric of Canterbury. He also confided to him the education of Prince Henry, his eldest son.

Becket now indulged himself in every kind of luxury and magnificence. He never moved without a numerous train of servants; his dress was splendid in the extreme; he was profuse in his gifts; the luxury of his table and of his furniture was greater than had ever been seen before; and Fitzstephen, who was his secretary, and wrote the history of his life, states, as an instance of his extreme delicacy, "that in winter his apartments were every day covered with clean hay and straw, and in summer with green rushes or boughs, that the gentlemen who paid court to him, and who could not, by reason of their numbers, find a place at table, might not soil their fine clothes by sitting on a dirty floor."

Though Becket had been ordained a deacon, he considered himself more a layman than an ecclesiastic, and employed his leisure in hunting and hawking, and similar diversions. He also engaged in military affairs, and conducted 700 knights, at his own charge, to attend the king in his war in France. His house was a place of education for the sons of the chief nobility, and the king was often present at the entertainments he gave. As an instance of the familiarity with which the king treated Becket, Fitzstephen tells us the following story:—One day, while they were riding together in the streets of London, they met a poor beggar shivering with cold. The king made the observation, that it would be a good deed to give that poor man a warm coat. The chancellor agreed, and added, "You do well, sir, in thinking of such a good action."—"Then he shall have one presently," said the king; and

seizing on the chancellor's cloak, which was of scarlet lined with ermine, he tried to pull it off. The chancellor, not liking to part with it, held it fast, and the king and he were near pulling each other off their horses in the scuffle. At last, Becket letting the cloak go, the king gave it to the beggar, who, you may be sure, was much astonished at such a scene, and such a gift.

The power of the church of Rome was at this time at its height, and the bishops, in their zeal for the privileges of their order, had encroached so much upon the rights of both the king and the people, that the king was hardly master of his kingdom, or the people masters of their own consciences. Henry, feeling the inconvenience of this church tyranny, had long meditated the putting a check to it; and on the death of the archbishop of Canterbury, he promoted Becket to fill his place, believing that he would be ready to forward the design of lowering the pride and power of the clergy. But no sooner was Becket established in his new dignity than he seemed changed in character, as well as in condition. He renounced all his gay and active amusements, and was always seen with a book in his hand, or absorbed in deep meditation. He practised the greatest austerities: he wore sackcloth next his skin, and never changed it till it was full of dirt and vermin: he ate nothing but bread, and drank water in which fennel had been steeped to make it nauseous: he lacerated himself with continual scourging; and he every day washed the feet of thirteen poor beggars. In short, he appeared to take a satisfaction in inflicting on himself the severest and most humiliating penances.

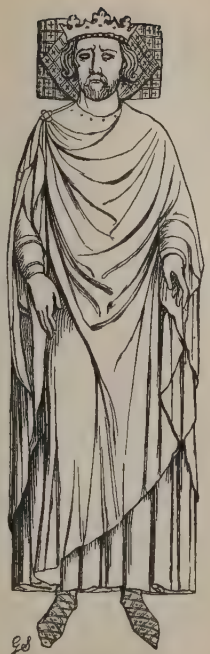
His conduct towards the king was not less changed than his personal deportment and way of living. He withdrew from the intimacy with which Henry had treated him, and resigned the office of chancellor, saying he must now devote himself wholly to his spiritual functions. And so far was he from giving any aid to the king's plans of reform, that he set himself up as a strenuous supporter of the usurpations of the clergy. In all this conduct he was encouraged by the pope; and Henry was thus kept in a continual ferment for eight years.

I will not enter into the intricate particulars of these dissensions, because you will read of them in other histories when you are older, and you will then understand them better than you can now. I will only say, that Henry was so much disappointed and exasperated by the conduct of Becket, that, forgetful of all his former regard for him, he certainly treated him both unjustly and, on some occasions, severely. At last, in a moment of great irritation, he unhappily exclaimed, "Is there nobody that will rid me of this turbulent priest?" Henry probably had no sooner said these words than he forgot them. But they were not forgotten by

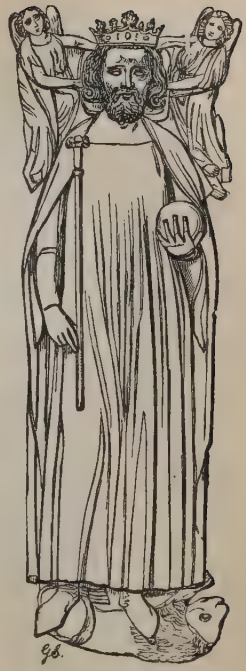
Henry II.
At Fontevrault.

Richard I.
At Fontevrault.

Berengaria.
In the Abbey of L'Espan, near Mans.



Henry III.
At Westminster.



Edward II.
At Gloucester.

To face p. 76.

some of those who heard them, and who thought that they should do the king an acceptable service by executing what they imagined to be his wish. Four gentlemen of his household set out immediately with the utmost speed from Bayeux, in Normandy, where the king then was, to England. When they arrived at Canterbury, they demanded admittance into the archbishop's palace. The servants, apprehensive of some evil design, obliged their master to fly into the cathedral, thinking that the sanctity of the place would protect him. But the assassins followed him; and, because he would not submit to be their prisoner, they slew him on the steps of the altar, as he knelt before it.

When Henry heard of this murder, he was so much shocked and concerned that he shut himself up for three days, and refused to let anybody come near him. At last his attendants forced open the door of his room, and persuaded him to take some refreshment. The king afterwards caused a magnificent tomb to be erected for Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. He walked barefoot to the shrine, and permitted himself to be lashed by scourges as he knelt before it. An old chronicler, after describing the scene, tells us that, "inasmuch as he was mindful of the Lord in his entire heart, the Lord granted unto him the victory over his enemies, and delivered them captive into his hands;" referring to the capture of the king of Scotland presently to be related.

In the year 1173 Henry appeared to have arrived at the utmost height of glory and dominion. He was sovereign of England, Ireland, and of a third part of France. All his dominions were in a state of tranquillity. But it seems as if princes were destined to pay for their royalty the high price of that domestic happiness which their subjects often enjoy, and which is, after all, the greatest of all worldly enjoyments. The queen, whom he had married for the sake of her rich dower, was of an unamiable and jealous temper, and not only gave him much vexation by her own conduct, but also encouraged her children to behave undutifully to him. Henry, the eldest of them, had been crowned by his father when he was about fifteen years old, it being not uncommon at that time for one heir to be crowned in his father's lifetime. He soon became impatient to reign in reality, and entered into a conspiracy with the kings of France and Scotland, and other princes who were jealous of King Henry's power, to dethrone him. The king perceived that his son was less dutiful and respectful than formerly, and therefore removed from about him some persons who gave him bad advice. On this, the prince, and his brothers Richard and Geoffrey, whom he had persuaded to join him, fled to the court of the king of France; and even Queen Eleanor, in the disguise of a man, tried to escape there also, to the very same king from whom she had formerly been divorced. She was, how

ever, discovered, and brought back to Henry, who shut her up in strict confinement.

The rebellion which had been preparing now broke out. On the side of Normandy, Henry was beset by the king of France and the earl of Flanders; while William, king of Scotland, marched into Cumberland, where he was joined by all the discontented barons of England. But in no part of his reign did Henry act with more wisdom and vigour than in this great emergency. The united efforts of so many enemies were unable to do him any serious injury; and in the following year, 1174, all their schemes were frustrated by the capture of William, king of Scotland, who was taken prisoner at Alnwick Castle, by a body of 400 knights commanded by Ranulph de Glanville, who, under the cover of a thick fog, approached the castle without being perceived. They found the Scottish king and about seventy of his knights amusing themselves with tilting near the castle. William made an attempt to defend himself, and called out, "Now let us see who are the best knights?" but his horse being killed at the first onset, he was taken prisoner.

When the news of this event was brought to Henry, he was in bed; but he instantly rose, and called his attendants about him, that he might tell them the happy tidings. The king of France was now glad to make peace, and thus everything turned out prosperously for England. Henry's generosity to his defeated enemies was much to be admired. He gave liberty without ransom to above nine hundred noblemen who were made prisoners; and he gave the king of Scotland his liberty, on condition that he and his successors should thenceforward swear fealty to the king of England. He pardoned his sons on the score of their youth; and, to keep his son Henry for the future out of the way of bad advisers, he made him accompany him in a tour round the kingdom.

But though Henry behaved to his son in the kindest and most paternal manner, the young prince, who seemed to be quite devoid both of affection and gratitude, grew weary of the constraint he was kept in, and importuned his father, under different pretences, to let him quit England. This at last the king very unwillingly agreed to, and the prince returned immediately to his former companions, and spent his time in all kinds of idle amusements, and gave the king continual vexation by his headstrong and obstinate conduct. At last, the prince having a quarrel with his brother Richard, and the king seeming to take Richard's part, the prince, in the violence of his passion, broke through all restraints, and was actually leading an army against his father, when the tumult of his mind threw him into a fever. Finding himself dying, he sent a repentant message to his father, entreating for-

giveness for his undutiful behaviour, and beseeching that he would come and see him. This the king would not do, apprehending his illness to be only pretended; but he sent him his ring in token of forgiveness. The prince received it with thankfulness, and a little before his death desired to be laid on a heap of ashes, with a halter about his neck, to testify his deep humiliation and contrition. This was done, and in this state he died. Henry's grief, when he heard that his son was dead, was very great indeed. He bitterly reproached himself for having refused to go to him, and forgot, in sorrow for his death, all his faults and misconduct

Prince Henry died in the twenty-ninth year of his age; and, as he left no children, his next brother, Richard, became heir to the throne. Richard also was of a turbulent disposition, and on many occasions behaved very ill to his father. In the year 1186, Henry's third son, Geoffrey, was killed in a tournament at Paris. He left one daughter, called the damsel of Bretagne; but, soon after his death, a posthumous son was born, who was named Arthur.

In the year 1188 the melancholy news arrived in Europe of the taking of Jerusalem and the defeat of the Christian army, by Saladin, sultan of Egypt. The consternation which this news occasioned flew from country to country, and fired all the warriors of Europe with the desire of driving the infidels from the holy city. Philip, king of France, and Richard Plantagenet, were amongst the first to take up the cross. Richard, jealous of the favour which John, his youngest and now only surviving brother, had with his father, wanted to take him to the Holy Land: but this his father would not consent to; and Richard, whose fiery temper could not brook the least contradiction, then joined Philip, who indeed had probably drawn him on, in making war upon Henry, instead of carrying his troops to Palestine.

Henry, being totally unprepared for such an attack, was obliged to subscribe to a humiliating treaty; but what afflicted him most of all was the conduct of John, his favourite son, who, forgetting every tie of duty and gratitude, had joined in the rebellion. This seemed to weigh down the poor king's heart more than any other affliction of his life; and he fell ill of a fever occasioned by anxiety of mind. Feeling himself dying, he desired to be carried into the church (it was at Chinon, in Touraine). He was laid at the foot of the altar, and there expired, on the 6th of July, 1189, in the 57th year of his age, and 35th of his reign. He was buried at Fontevrault.

He married Eleanor, of Poitou, the heiress of Guienne.

Their children were—

William, who died when a child;

Henry, who married Marguerite of France, and died in 1182

Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion;

Geoffrey, married Constance of Bretagne, died in 1186, having a son, named Arthur, and a daughter;

John, surnamed Lackland;

Maude, married Alphonso of Castile;

Joan, married William, king of Sicily.

He had many natural children, but little is known about any of them, except Richard Longespee, and Geoffrey, archbishop of York, who were his sons by Rosamond Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond. This Geoffrey is distinguished above all Henry's other sons, as being the only one who behaved to him with gratitude and duty.

One of Henry's institutions which still remains is the division of the kingdom into circuits, in which justices appointed by the king travel round to decide causes and administer justice. This at that time was a most necessary protection against the tyranny of the barons, who often took the administration of the laws into their own hands. At a council held at Clarendon, a royal palace near Salisbury, in 1164, Henry procured the passing of some well-conceived regulations, called the Constitutions of Clarendon, the object of which was, partly to throw difficulties in the way of appeals to Rome, partly to make clergymen who might be guilty of crime equally answerable to the common law, or law of the land, with laymen. But the excited state of feeling which was produced by the murder of Becket prevented the king from carrying these regulations into effect. A real and very important reform which we owe to this king is the establishment of the *inquest of grand assize.* Hitherto, if a man complained of having been unjustly dispossessed of his land, the only remedy which the law allowed him was the "trial by combat"; he might fight with the defendant; and it was piously hoped that the victory would rest with the man who had right on his side. But experience having shown how fallacious this hope often was, King Henry ordered that an inquest, or jury, of sixteen men, well acquainted with the circumstances and the parties, should, if the complainant preferred this mode of proceeding to the combat, sit and inquire into the facts, and give in their verdict. It was during this reign that the distinction between Saxons and Normans began to wear away, and that they learned to consider themselves as one people.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XII.

Richard. How shocking it was, mamma, that such a great and excellent king should have such wicked children!

Mrs. Markham. I fear there must have been some latent fault,

which we have now no means of finding out, in his conduct towards his sons. My own opinion is, that they acquired habits of disobedience to their father by seeing how little harmony subsisted between him and their mother. When children see their parents disagree, they seldom learn to treat them with duty or respect.

Mary. I wonder Henry could marry that old Queen Eleanor, particularly as she had made a bad wife to King Louis.

Mrs. M. If we could know Henry's secret thoughts, I dare say he often, in the bitterness of his heart, thought he had paid a heavy price for the rich provinces she brought him.

Richard. As Henry was so fond of reading, I suppose learning was less uncommon at this time?

Mrs. M. His grandfather, Henry the First, was a great encourager of it; and in the reigns of Stephen and Henry II. there were many learned men, both poets and historians, to whom we are much indebted for the knowledge of the events of their times, and of the times before them. Of these the most eminent are William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Giraldus Cambrensis, the last of whom wrote an account of a journey through Wales, and also a description of Ireland, with the history of the conquest of that island. All the writers of this time were monks and priests. As for the laity, few of them could write; it was a great thing if they could read. I must not forget to tell you of Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever arrived at the popedom. In his youth he was a menial in the abbey of St. Alban's, and being reproached for indolence, he left the abbey and went to Paris, where, our own universities not being at that time in great repute, it was the custom of the English students to resort. At Paris he applied himself so earnestly to study, that he obtained the notice of Pope Eugenius the Third, who after a time made him a cardinal; and in 1154 he was chosen pope, and took the name of Adrian IV.

George. I suppose that, as there were so many writers, books were become more plentiful?

Mrs. M. The invention of paper, the art of making which was discovered in the twelfth century, was of infinite advantage to the progress of learning. Books could now be multiplied at less expense, and a library was become essential in every monastery. Every monastery had also a room called the writing-room, where the younger monks were employed in transcribing books: for printing was yet unknown.

Richard. Pray, mamma, were there any boys' schools?

Mrs. M. There were several in different parts of the kingdom; but, we are told, the best were those of the Jews.

Mary. Jews, mamma! How came the Jews into England?

Mrs. M. You know that ever since the taking of Jerusalem by

Titus, the Roman emperor, 72 years after Christ, the Jews have been an outcast, though still a separate people. About the time of Henry II. many of them came over and settled in England; but they were treated with many indignities, and were obliged to wear a square yellow cap, to distinguish them from Christians.

Mary. How very odd it was of Thomas à Becket to be riding about the streets in a scarlet cloak!

Mrs. M. It would seem so now to us, but it was then the general custom. The dress of the nobility was at that time very splendid. Some persons wore their cloaks so long that they swept upon the ground; and the sleeves of the gowns came down over the fingers, to the great inconvenience of the wearers, who could scarcely walk or use their hands; but Henry II. introduced the Anjou mode of wearing short cloaks, which gained him the surname of *Court Mantle.*

George. Then he had two surnames, Court Mantle and Plantagenet?

Mrs. M. The first, I suppose, was only a familiar appellation, or sort of nickname. Family surnames were unknown before the Conquest, and appear to have been then introduced from the circumstance of many of the Normans who came over to England being called by the names of the places they came from in Normandy. Their children, willing to preserve the remembrance of their Norman origin, also called themselves by the same names. The present noble families of Seymour (anciently St. Maur) and Sackville, and many others, derive their names in this manner from places in Normandy. It was soon found that family names were not only honourable, but also convenient. Accordingly they have become universal; but at the time we are speaking of they were only assumed by distinguished families; and it was a long time before they were adopted by the lower orders of people.

George. How I should like to have seen Thomas à Becket in all his state and magnificence!

Mrs. M. I would rather have seen it than have been myself troubled with such magnificence. Fitzstephen says that when Becket travelled he was accompanied by two hundred knights, each having his own attendants; and that he had in his train eight waggons, containing provisions, furniture, and clothes, besides twelve pack-horses, loaded with plate, books, and money. To each waggon was chained a fierce mastiff; and on each pack-horse sat an ape or a monkey.

Mary. And then, mamma, how shocking it was that the poor man should be so barbarously murdered!

Mrs. M. Murder was not then considered as the great and shocking crime which it is. The lawlessness of the times, and the continual wars, made men savage and hard-hearted.

George. But you know we have wars still, and yet people are not so cruel now.

Mrs. M. There are many reasons to account for this. Among these, I may mention to you, that the use of fire-arms now enables armies to fight at a greater distance from each other. In many cases the men can scarcely, if at all, distinguish each other's faces. Thus, dreadful as a battle still is, it is not so morally injurious as formerly; when, before the invention of gunpowder, almost every decisive battle was fought hand to hand, and each combatant considered his antagonist as his own personal enemy. Hence arose a private sentiment of exultation at the sight of a dying foe, independent of the general feeling for the public cause. Men of the higher ranks also in those times thought but little of the lives of persons below them. Froissart, in the history of the wars of France of the 14th century, very much censures the ferocity of some baron, who "was even so wicked, that he minded no more the killing a knight or a baron than he would a mere peasant." *Now* the peasant's life is as much protected as the baron's.

Richard. It seems very odd that so little should be known about Ireland during those many hundred years before Earl Strongbow.

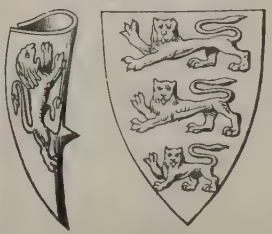
Mrs. M. It certainly is extraordinary that we should know so little about such near neighbours. Thus much, however, is known or supposed,—that in the fifth century, St. Patrick, who was a native of Cornwall, or, as some say, of Wales, was carried by pirates to Ireland, and that he converted the inhabitants, who till then professed the religion of the Druids, to Christianity. From that time Ireland was a place of refuge for learned men of all countries; and religion and science flourished there till the eighth century, when the country was overrun by the Danes, who destroyed all the churches and monasteries. When the Danes were expelled, the Irish, not having an Alfred to govern them, sank into greater barbarism than any other people in Europe; and it was not till many years after Earl Strongbow's time that they assimilated themselves in any degree to the manners and habits of other nations.

Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., from her monument at Fontevrault.

CHAPTER XIII.

RICHARD I.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1189—1199.



Shields of Richard I.

King Richard and a Bishop, from the Gallilee at Durham.

RICHARD, surnamed Cœur de Lion from his undaunted courage, had received from nature a very generous disposition. His faults were those of a lofty, headstrong spirit, and were, perhaps, too suitable to the unruly temper of the time he lived in, to be then considered as reprehensible or dangerous. For his father's death he felt extreme sorrow, and, on seeing his dead body, expressed an agony of remorse for his own undutiful conduct towards him. He is said by the historians of his time to have been a good politician, orator, and poet; but, though he may have possessed a great deal of talent, he was hot-headed, and had no judgment. His appearance was highly prepossessing. His eyes were blue, and his hair, what was then much admired, yellow; and his countenance animated and engaging. He was tall, and his figure extremely fine: he had a majestic and stately mien; and this, joined to his undaunted courage, and an alacrity of mind that never forsook him, gave him on all occasions a wonderful ascendancy over men's minds.

One of the first acts of his reign was to release his mother from her long confinement. He bestowed many kind but ill-judged gifts on his brother John, which, instead of inspiring him with any affectionate feeling, only put it the more in his power, as you will soon hear, to show his ingratitude. Richard soon turned his whole mind to the crusade, in which, as you were told at the conclusion of the last reign, he had before been meditating to engage. He sold the royal castles and demesnes in order to raise money, and had recourse to many unjust and unworthy methods of extorting it from his subjects. He also, for the sum of ten thousand marks,

absolved the king of Scotland from his oath of doing homage to the kings of England.

At length the mighty armament was ready; and Richard, accompanied by a number of the English barons, all as eager in the cause as himself, arrived at Messina on the 14th of September, 1190. Here he was joined by Philip, king of France; and the season being too far advanced for them to proceed immediately to Palestine, it was agreed that they should pass the winter in Sicily. There could not be a greater difference of character than that which existed between these two kings. Richard, though proud and domineering, was brave and generous. Philip was equally proud, but was sly and deceitful. The French historians extol him as one of their best and wisest kings, and have given him the surname of Augustus; but what they have called wisdom and policy, I should be inclined to call craft and dishonesty.

It will not appear surprising that two such opposite characters should quarrel before their six months' residence in Sicily was over; and it must be acknowledged that the first aggression came from Richard. He had long been contracted to Adelais, sister of the French king; but Henry, his father, had repented of the engagement, and would not permit it to be fulfilled while he lived; and now Richard, having become enamoured of Berengaria, daughter of the king of Navarre, broke off his engagement to Adelais. Early in 1191 he prevailed with his mother, Queen Eleanor, to bring the Princess Berengaria to Messina. They arrived the day before he was obliged to sail; but, it being Lent, the marriage could not then take place. Eleanor returned to England, and the princess, accompanied by the queen of Sicily, Richard's sister, embarked for the Holy Land. During the voyage the fleet was in great danger from a violent storm, by which it was dispersed; two ships, being stranded on the coast of Cyprus, were plundered by the inhabitants, and the crews thrown into prison. The king, or emperor, as he styled himself, Isaac Comnenus, refused satisfaction for this outrage; whereupon Richard attacked him, and after defeating him in several battles, made him a prisoner, and carried him on board his fleet, bound in chains of silver, to Palestine. At Lymesol, in Cyprus, Richard and Berengaria were married. After leaving a governor in the island, the king sailed for Acre, where the king of France, who had some time before left Sicily in great displeasure with Richard, was already arrived.

Acre was a large town on the coast of Palestine, in the possession of the Saracens, and had been besieged for the last two years by an army of Christians collected from all parts of Europe. The Christians were now in their turn surrounded and besieged by a large army of Mahometans, under the famous Saladin. The

arrival of Richard, whose valour was well known, revived the courage of the Christians; and the town, being attacked night and day, was obliged to surrender on the 12th of July. Soon after the capture of Acre, the king of France returned home, pretending that the climate disagreed with him; but in reality because he was jealous of the superior glory of Richard, and had not forgot his quarrel with him at Messina. Before he went, he solemnly engaged not to make any attempt on the territories of Richard, though at this very time he entertained the full intention of attacking them as soon as he got back. He also gave secret orders to the duke of Burgundy, the commander of the troops he left behind, to omit no opportunity of thwarting and mortifying the English king.

In the mean time Richard, unsuspicious of these designs, thought only of his open and declared enemies. He displayed extraordinary bravery and skill, and in a battle near Joppa, which lasted from morning till night, gained a great victory over Saladin. The victorious Christians then entered Joppa, or rather the ruins, which were all that was left of the town, which had been wholly dismantled by the Turks. Richard's intention was immediately to have pursued Saladin, who had re-assembled his scattered forces at Ascalon; and had he done so, his success would in all probability have been complete; but the duke of Burgundy, agreeably to the instructions he had received, insisted on staying to rebuild the walls of Joppa. Richard was unwillingly obliged to submit, and a delay of seven weeks was caused by that useless work. When they at last set forth again, the rains and natural impediments, to which were added those that the duke of Burgundy still threw in the way, prevented their marching towards Jerusalem till the end of the year 1191: and when at last they had arrived in sight of it, it was decided in a council of war that they were too few to undertake the siege; so that Richard, to his bitter mortification, was obliged to retreat to Ascalon. This march is described as the most painful of all that the army made; and when at last, worn out by fatigue and famine, it arrived at Ascalon, the place was found such an entire ruin, that it became necessary to set to work immediately to repair it. Richard set the example by working with more ardour than any common labourer. Soon after, the duke of Burgundy, and all whom he could entice to follow him, separated from the army, and went to Tyre.

In the mean time, the affairs of England had gone on very ill. Prince John and the bishop of Ely, to whom the chief authority had been given, soon disagreed, and the whole kingdom was in a state of disturbance. At last the bishop was obliged to abandon the country, and delegates were appointed, who acted more prudently. When the king of France got home, he lost no time in

inviting John to unite with him in seizing on Richard's territories. John was only prevented from doing so by Queen Eleanor, who appears to have acted like a wise and good woman at this juncture. Philip then would have invaded Normandy with his own forces; but he was obliged to give up his design, all his barons refusing to accompany him in so unjust and ungenerous an attempt. The news of these transactions reached Ascalon about the middle of April, 1192, and Richard resolved to return to Europe.

But while Richard was preparing for his return, he heard that Saladin was besieging Joppa, and that the Christians there were reduced to the last extremity. Giving up, therefore, his design of immediately embarking, he went directly to Joppa, and defeated the Pagans in a furious battle, in which he performed prodigies of valour. Soon after this he fell ill, and, being unable to pursue his advantages, concluded a truce with Saladin for three years, under which free access to the holy places at Jerusalem was granted to Christian pilgrims.

Amongst the many causes that had from the first impeded the progress of the Christian army in the East, was the division that arose in it, from the rival interest of Conrad, marquis of Montferrat, and Guy of Lusignan, who each contended for the empty title of King of Jerusalem; while the substantial part, the kingdom itself, was in the possession of the Turks. The kings of France and England had taken opposite sides in this contest, Philip taking the part of Conrad, and Richard that of Lusignan. Richard, before he quitted Palestine, was called on by the whole army to decide this question. He decided in favour of Conrad; but, to compensate the disappointment to Lusignan, bestowed on him the kingdom of Cyprus, a far more substantial gift than that which his rival obtained, for Cyprus remained in the family of Lusignan during the period of three hundred years. It afterwards became annexed to the Venetian dominions, and long remained the only territory that was gained to Christendom by all the devastation and bloodshed of the crusades. In 1571 it was again taken by the Turks. As for the King of Jerusalem, he enjoyed his imaginary dignity only a few days. He was murdered by some of the mountaineers of Lebanon, belonging to the sect of Assassins, men who were in the service of a chief who was called "*the old man of the mountain;*" and this event Philip tried to turn to the injury of Richard, by accusing him of the murder.

On the 9th of October, the two queens having sailed for England previously, Richard commenced his disastrous voyage. After many storms at sea, he was shipwrecked near Aquileia. He then attempted to pass through Germany in the disguise of a pilgrim. Unfortunately he had made the duke of Austria his bitter enemy by some personal affront at the siege of Acre; and having betrayed

himself by a generosity and profuseness more suitable to the king he was, than to the pilgrim he wished to appear, he was discovered and made prisoner by his unforgiving enemy, who afterwards, on condition of receiving a share of the ransom, gave him up to Henry VI., the emperor of Germany. The news of his imprisonment caused the greatest sorrow to all his subjects, who had been anxiously watching for the return of their brave king. John alone rejoiced at his misfortune; and by spreading a report of his death endeavoured to obtain the crown for himself. The king of France also made an attack on Normandy; but the barons remained faithful to their sovereign, and successfully defended their country.

Richard, meanwhile, was treated by the emperor with every possible indignity, was confined in a dungeon, and loaded with chains; but his cheerfulness and gay humour did not, even under these circumstances, forsake him, and he found amusement in talking facetiously and merrily to his guards. How long he remained in this dungeon I do not exactly know; but after a time he was taken to Haguenau, in Alsace, where a meeting of the princes of Germany, called a Diet of the Empire, was to be held. While he was on his road to this place, he was met by some persons from England, whom his mother had sent to attend on him. He received them very cordially, and inquired with the greatest kindness for all his friends. When they told him of his brother's base behaviour, he was extremely shocked; but presently recovering his cheerfulness, said with a smile, "My brother John is not made for conquering kingdoms."

When Richard arrived at Haguenau, the emperor, by way of justifying his own ungenerous behaviour, accused him before the diet of having driven away the king of France from Palestine, of having affronted the duke of Austria, and of having made peace on too easy terms with Saladin, and added many other equally unfounded charges. But Richard defended himself so eloquently and pathetically, that many persons shed tears on hearing him, and all were convinced of the malice of his accusers. After this the emperor behaved somewhat better to him, and agreed to set him at liberty on the payment of 100,000 marks of silver, and on his giving hostages for the future payment of 50,000 marks more.

When this treaty was made known in France, it threw Philip into the greatest consternation, and he sent a secret message to Prince John, bidding him "take care of himself, for the devil was unchained." Philip and John then tried to bribe the emperor to keep Richard a year longer in prison. The emperor, who was exceedingly avaricious, longed to accept their offer; but he dared not to do so, for the pope, Celestine III., considering Richard as the champion of Christendom, threatened the emperor with excommunication, if he refused to fulfil his engagement. Queen

Eleanor, as you may well believe, and everybody in England who loved King Richard (and there were many who did), used every means to raise the sum required for his ransom. A general tax was levied to procure it; but this not being found sufficient, the nobles voluntarily contributed a quarter of their yearly incomes, and the silver that was in the churches and monasteries was melted down. When the money was collected, Queen Eleanor took it herself to Germany, and had the happiness of receiving her son, and bringing him to England. He landed at Sandwich, on the 20th of March, 1194, after an absence of four years, fifteen months of which he had been a prisoner. He was received with overflowings of joy; and in London with such a display of wealth, that the Germans who accompanied him exclaimed, "If our emperor had known the riches of England, your ransom, O king, would have been much greater!"

After Richard had settled some affairs in England, and been a second time crowned, that he might wipe off the stain of his captivity, he embarked for France, to defend Normandy against an attack which Philip was preparing to make. The morning after his landing at Barfleur, Prince John suddenly rushed into his apartment, and, throwing himself at his feet, implored his forgiveness, which the king immediately granted, though he could not feel any cordial affection for such a brother. Indeed, he soon after said to some of his attendants, "I wish I may forget my brother John's injuries as soon as he will forget my pardon of them."

The four following years were passed in a succession of wars and truces with the king of France. At last, by the mediation of the pope, a truce for five years was agreed upon, to enable them to join in the fourth crusade, which was now about to take place. But the death of Richard himself intervened before the crusade began. It had been rumoured that a considerable treasure had been found on the lands of the viscount of Limoges. Richard claimed this, as of his right as sovereign; and on the viscount's refusing to give up more than a part, declared positively that he would have the whole, and immediately laid siege to the castle of Chalus, were the treasure was supposed to be lodged. The garrison offered to surrender the castle, and all that was in it, provided they might march out with their arms. Richard vindictively refused their offer, protesting he would take the castle by force, and put them all to death. On the 26th of March, 1199, as he was taking a survey of the castle, and giving directions for the assault, he was wounded by an arrow from the crossbow of Bertram de Gourdon. The wound appeared trifling at first, but it soon turned to a gangrene, and in a few days his life was despaired of. Before he died the castle was taken, and all the garrison were instantly hanged, excepting Bertram, whom the king ordered to be brought

into his presence. "What harm have I done to you," said he to him, "that you should thus have attempted my death?"—"You killed my father and brother with your own hands," replied the man, "and intended to have killed me, and I am ready to suffer any torments you can invent, with joy, since I have been so lucky as to kill one who has brought so many miseries on mankind. Richard, conscious of the truth of this bold reply, bore it with patience, and ordered the man to be set at liberty; but this command was not obeyed, and Bertram was put to death as soon as the king had expired.

Richard died on the 6th of April, 1199, in the forty-second year of his age, and tenth of his reign. He left all his dominions to his brother John. He had at one time appointed Arthur of Brittany his heir, but on his death-bed he altered his will, for what reason is not certainly known; though he is conjectured to have been influenced by Queen Eleanor, who had a great hatred to Constance, Arthur's mother. When he was dying, he remembered, with bitter anguish, his undutiful conduct to his father, and desired to be buried near him. He married Berengaria of Navarre, and had no children.

During this reign (only four months of which the king passed in England) the disorders of the country arrived at a pitch that had been before unknown. The grinding taxation with which Archbishop Hubert, whom Richard placed in charge of the government after his release from prison, oppressed the people, led to great distress, to discontent, and finally to insurrection. The movement was headed by one William Fitz-Osbert, who fortified himself in Bow church; he was at last taken and hanged, and the rising was put down.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XIII.

George. Notwithstanding what you said, mamma, about Cœur de Lion's passionateness, and other faults, I really cannot help liking him very much; he was such a fine brave fellow.

Mrs. Markham. You are not singular in your way of thinking; people are often so much dazzled by brilliant qualities as to overlook great faults.

Richard. I should have liked him very much if it had not been for his cruelty to the people at that castle—Chalus, I think it was; however, I am glad he got punished for it.

George. I wish, however, that Richard had lived to go back to Palestine, and drive out all these wicked Turks.

Mrs. M. I cannot say that I join in your wish. The crusaders had no right to attack the Mahometans. It was, to say the least of it, a mad and unjust war. It appears, throughout the whole history of the crusades, that though God, for His own inscrutable

purposes, had determined to punish the Mahometans, he did not choose to extirpate them. He seems to have pronounced on the Christian arms, as on the waves of the sea, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther:" for the Christians never could gain any advantage beyond a certain point; and all their victories only brought greater sufferings and disasters on themselves.

Richard. The more I hear about the crusades, the more I wonder how people were ever brought to undertake them.

Mrs. M. Enthusiasm can make people undertake anything. The taking up the cross was, as I have said before, considered highly honourable; and the vow was often made in public, in a very solemn and imposing manner, and with a great many ceremonies, the meaning of which we are now at a loss to comprehend. I remember to have read of a very odd one, in the account of a great banquet given by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, preparatory to his taking the cross. A roasted pheasant was brought in, and was carried round to each person of the company. The duke first, with the most solemn oaths, vowed by the pheasant to combat with the infidels until death; and after him all the other persons present made vows to the same effect, though with different conditions, according to their different feelings and circumstances. In some instances a live peacock was introduced, and answered the same purpose as the pheasant.

Mary. I wonder how people could know one another when they were all fighting together, covered up in armour.

Mrs. M. It was easy to distinguish the Turks from the Christians, their dress and appearance being totally different; but amongst the Europeans it must have been difficult, notwithstanding the custom they had of ornamenting their helmets and shields with different devices.

George. I think, mamma, they had better have had their names written on their shields at once.

Mrs. M. That would have been a good plan, had they all been scholars; but though every man in the army could distinguish an eagle from a lion, there might not have been one in a thousand who could have distinguished the name of George from Richard. Before the crusades, every knight adopted what crest on his helmet, and device on his shield, he liked best: but the sons of those who had fought in the Holy Land had a pride in adopting the devices their fathers had worn there; and thus coats of arms, as they were called, became hereditary in the families of the crusaders.

Mary. Then, mamma, what numbers of people there are whose ancestors were at the Holy Land, for almost everybody's carriage has a coat of arms upon it!

Mrs. M. Coats of arms, or armorial bearings as they are called,

have long ceased to be confined to the descendants of crusaders; and what was, at that time, an honourable distinction, is, at present, little more than an unmeaning ornament.

George. I wonder how that wicked duke of Austria could find out Richard when he was travelling in disguise!

Mrs. M. There are many different stories about the exact manner in which the discovery was made. One of the stories is, that he travelled under the name of Hugh the Merchant, and betrayed himself by presenting a splendid ring to the governor of a town he had to pass through. The governor let him pass, but spread the intelligence through Germany that Hugh the Merchant was no other than Richard Plantagenet. Richard arrived, however, without molestation, at Frisag, near Saltzburg; and the governor there sent one of his knights to examine who he was. This knight was by birth a Norman, and instantly knew the king; but, instead of betraying him, he presented him with a horse, and entreated him to fly and save himself. Accompanied by a boy and one other attendant, he reached a town near Vienna. Here he entered a house of public entertainment, and, that no suspicion might be excited concerning his rank, busied himself in turning the spit; but he forgot to conceal a splendid ring which he wore on his finger: and a man who had seen him at Acre knew him, and gave information to the duke.

Richard. Is that pretty story true about Richard's page finding out where he was by singing a song under his prison windows?

Mary. O! I remember! and when he left off singing Richard went on with the song.

Mrs. M. I believe there is no other authority for the story but an old French romance. It is very certain that Richard was fond of poetry, and amused himself in composing verses when in prison. I remember some very touching lines said to be made by him; but as they are in the Provençal language, a mixture of old French and Italian which you would not understand, I will attempt a translation of them,—

In prison pent, the weary mind
Will grieve, though grieving is most vain,
And oft in numbers sad complain
Of friends forgetful and unkind.

A captive still, a second year,
My life, my hopes, all wear away;
My ransom still my friends delay,
And leave me lingering here.

Richard. I suppose money was not so scarce as it had been, or Richard's ransom could not have been sent at all.

Mrs. M. It seems extraordinary that so large a sum could have been raised, for money must still have been scarce, although the

foreign traders and the Jews had made it more plentiful than it was before. The price of a horse or cow was four shillings, and a sheep could be bought for tenpence.

Richard. How was it that the Jews were richer than other people?

Mrs. M. They were the only people who lent money on interest, usury being forbidden amongst the Christians.

Richard. When papa comes in, I must get him to tell me all about usury and interest; but now, dear mamma, tell us some more about the Jews.

Mrs. M. They had the reputation of being very rich, and were exposed to many cruelties and extortions on that account. There is a sad story about the Jews at Lincoln, and if you like I will tell it you. It is said that, in derision of our Saviour's death, they crucified a little boy called Hugh; and they were in consequence made to pay an enormous sum of money, by way of atonement for the crime.

Mary. But do you know if it was true?

Mrs. M. The crime is said to have been committed in King John's reign; but all I know about it is that, when we were at Lincoln, we were shown a house where it is pretended the man lived who killed the child. It certainly is a very curious old house, with the chimney over the door, a mode of building which it is commonly said the Jews were compelled to adopt, in order to distinguish their houses from those of the Christians, but I believe it was only according to the common architecture of the time. As to the story of the murder, I suspect it was a mere pretext for fining the Jews. There are many other stories of the same sort. It was considered no sin to plunder or even murder a Jew; and more especially if the end proposed was to get money for a crusade, it being deemed that, in such a case, the cause justified the crime.

Mary. Pray, mamma, tell us who was the Old Man of the Mountain?

Mrs. M. He was the sheik, or prince, of a tribe of Arabs called Assassins, who dwelt on Mount Lebanon; and his people, who paid him a religious veneration, abandoned themselves wholly to his will, so that he could make them do what he pleased. He frequently employed them to go in various disguises into the Christian camp, and secretly murder the most distinguished persons; so that no one could consider himself as secure. And hence came the name *assassin* for a secret murderer. The word sheik in Arabic means *old man*, or as we should call it, *elder*.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1199—1216.

King John and his Queen Isabella, from their monuments.—Shields of England and France.

JOHN came to the crown of England without having one heart in his favour. His perfidiousness, cruelty, and rapacity were already well known, and he had neither personal bravery, nor mental ability, to make up for his faults. He had early shown his incapacity for government: for his father, Henry II., intending that Ireland should be his inheritance, sent him there to accustom the people to him. But he insulted the Irish chiefs, ridiculed their customs and habits, and behaved with so much folly and levity, that his father thought fit to alter his purpose.

At the time of King Richard's death, Arthur of Bretagne was of an age and temper to feel the disappointment of being excluded from his inheritance. His mother was a woman of a violent temper, and by her advice he placed his cause in the hands of the king of France, who was glad enough to have an opportunity of interfering with the affairs of England. John, however, found means to persuade Philip that it would be more to his advantage to abandon Arthur: and the two kings entered into a treaty, in which it was settled that Philip's son Louis should marry Blanche of Castile, who was John's niece; and that Arthur should be given up to John, who would have immediately put him to death, had he not found means to escape.

Three years afterwards, in 1202, Arthur married a daughter of Philip, who then, in good earnest, undertook his cause, and assisted him to besiege the castle of Mirabel, in Poitou, where his grand-

mother, Queen Eleanor, who had always been his enemy, lived. He had nearly got possession of the castle, when John, acting with a vigour quite unusual to him, came suddenly to his mother's rescue, and took the unfortunate Arthur prisoner, with his sister, the damsel of Bretagne, who was carried to England, and kept in perpetual imprisonment in Bristol Castle. Arthur was taken to the castle of Falaise, where the king gave orders to Hubert de Burgh, the governor, to put him to death. But Hubert, desirous to save the unhappy young prince, placed him in concealment; and, pretending that he was dead, had the funeral service publicly performed for him. But the Bretons were so much exasperated at the supposed murder of their prince, that Hubert found it necessary to inform them of his being alive. No sooner did John hear of it than he had Arthur removed to Rouen, where he himself resided; and it is generally believed that he murdered his unfortunate nephew with his own hands.

This barbarity filled every mind with horror, and John became an object of universal detestation. The Bretons accused him of the crime before the king of France, of whom John held Normandy and his other French possessions; and Philip summoned his vassal to appear before the peers of France, and answer to the charge. John refused; upon which the court of peers declared him to have forfeited all the territories which he held by homage of Philip. Partly because his barons refused him assistance, and partly from his own sloth and cowardice, John could make but little opposition to the wily Philip, who drove him step by step out of Normandy, and severed that province from the crown of England, after it had been for three hundred years in the possession of the descendants of the Danish Rollo. Anjou, Maine, and Touraine also submitted to Philip.

About the year 1208 John had a quarrel with the pope, Innocent III., about the choice of an archbishop of Canterbury. Innocent insisted on the election of Stephen Langton, an Englishman, whose superior abilities had raised him to the dignity of cardinal: and John refusing to confirm his choice, the pope laid the kingdom under an interdict. This, however, John did not much regard; and he occupied himself during the next two years in expeditions against the Irish and Welsh, and in extorting money from his own subjects, and from the Jews especially, by many unjust and cruel methods. One of his contrivances was to assemble all the abbots and abbesses of the religious houses in London; and when he had collected them together, he kept them prisoners till they had paid him a very large sum of money.

The pope, finding that his interdict made no impression, now resolved on a more effectual way of bringing John to obedience. He excommunicated him, absolved his subjects from their oath of

allegiance, and published a sort of crusade against him, exhorting all Christian princes and barons to unite in making war upon and dethroning him. To the king of France the pope applied particularly; and Philip, who, you may believe, was not slow in availing himself of the opportunity thus offered, assembled a numerous fleet and army at Boulogne for the invasion of England.

The dread of being conquered by the French overpowered the dislike the English had to John. They flocked to him in great numbers on this emergency, and a large army was soon collected at Dover. While affairs were in this state, the pope, who only wished to humble John, and not to increase the power of Philip, sent his legate Pandulf to England, and promised John that if he would receive Langton as archbishop of Canterbury, he would recall the sentence of excommunication. When John had agreed to this, the legate required him to resign his crown to the pope, and promised that the pope would restore it to him again, on condition of receiving a yearly tribute of 1000 marks, and would forbid Philip to invade the realm of England. John, regardless of everything but the present danger, agreed to these ignominious terms; and it is said that when he took off his crown (for kings in those days often wore them), and laid it at the feet of the legate, the pope's representative, that haughty cardinal spurned it with his foot; and that it was some time before he consented to replace it on the king's head.

Philip, when he heard of these arrangements, and was ordered by Pandulf to withdraw his forces from the coast, was enraged beyond measure. But as he did not dare to make the pope his enemy, he found himself obliged to submit. Unwilling, however, that his great preparations should be thrown away, he determined to attack the territories of Ferrand, earl of Flanders. In this extremity Ferrand applied to John, who sent to his assistance the fleet that had been collected for the defence of England. A battle ensued between the English and French fleets, and the English were completely victorious. Philip, on the loss of his fleet, returned home with his army in great disorder.

John was so much elated by this victory, that he wanted to follow it up by the invasion of France; but his barons refused to accompany him. He therefore entered into an alliance with Otho, emperor of Germany, and some other princes, who engaged to enter France on one side, while John, with some foreign troops that he had collected, attacked it on another. Otho accordingly entered the Netherlands; and John landed an army in Poitou, and penetrated into Anjou and Bretagne. But the emperor being completely defeated at Bouvines, in July, 1214, John made a five years' truce with Philip, and hastily returned to England. Here a most unwelcome reception awaited him. His barons, tired out

by his weakness and wickedness, had been long conspiring together against him. They were now joined by Stephen Langton, the new archbishop, who, having discovered a concealed copy of the charter granted by Henry I., drew up from it a bill of rights and privileges, which the barons, in full assembly, approved of.

This the king, on his return from France, was called on to sign; but he refused to do so. At last, finding himself abandoned by everybody, and in a most desolate condition, he sent the earl of Pembroke, a nobleman distinguished for virtue and ability, to propose a conference with the barons. A meeting accordingly took place on Friday, the 15th of June, 1215, in a large meadow between Windsor and Staines, called Runnymede, which is said to mean the *meadow of council*, from its having been used by the Saxons as a place for public meetings. At this meeting was signed the famous *Magna Charta*. You are yet too young to understand its value and meaning; but when you are older you will read fuller details. In the mean time it is enough for you to know that it is the chief foundation of that constitutional freedom, by the enjoyment of which England has been so long distinguished among the nations of Europe; and which we thus owe in great measure to the sense and virtue of those noble barons who extorted this "Great Charter" from the mean and irresolute monarch then on the throne.

King John, as soon as he quitted Runnymede, retired sullen and out of humour to the Isle of Wight, where he spent three months in planning schemes for revenging himself on the barons. He made himself familiar and companionable to the common sailors, trying to gain popularity with them; and sent agents to raise an army of Brabanters, promising them the plunder of the barons' estates. Meanwhile the barons, too much despising the king to believe him capable of any vigorous measures, had made no preparations against him, and were amusing themselves with feastings, tournaments, and bear-baitings, the usual diversions of the times, when John, starting from his concealment, appeared before Rochester Castle at the head of an army of foreign soldiers. The barons were now reduced to great extremities, and in their distress resorted to the worst and weakest measure that could have been thought of. They invited Louis, eldest son of the king of France, to come to their aid, promising him the crown of England in right of his wife, who, if you remember, was the king's niece. Louis landed with his army at Sandwich, on the 23rd of May, 1216, retook Rochester Castle, and entered London in a sort of triumph, the citizens doing homage to him as their proper sovereign.

It was now king John's turn to fly, and the barons' turn to pursue. Every place submitted to them till they came to Dover. Hubert de Burgh, of whom you have heard before, was governor

there, and defended the castle so well, that Louis swore a solemn oath that he would not quit its walls till he had taken it, and hanged all the garrison. This oath was the preservation of England; for the delay of the French prince before Dover Castle gave the barons time to reflect on their error in having called in his aid, and many of them abandoned his party and joined the king. John by this means mustered once again a considerable army; but as he was marching from Lynn in Norfolk into Lincolnshire, over what is called the Wash, the rear of his army was overtaken by the tide, and his carriages, money, provisions, and baggage of every sort, were lost. The king himself got safe to Swineshead Abbey, in the fens of Lincolnshire, where, it is said, one of the monks gave him poison; but it is more probable that fatigue and anxiety threw him into a fever. With great difficulty he reached Newark, where he died on the 19th of October, 1216, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the eighteenth of his reign. He was twice married; having divorced his first wife, Isabel, heiress of the earl of Gloucester, for no other reason but because he had become attached to Isabella, daughter of the count of Angoulême, whom he married, although she was betrothed to the count of La Marche.

By his first wife he had no children; but he had two sons and three daughters by his second:—

Henry, who succeeded him;

Richard;

Jane, married Alexander, king of Scotland;

Eleanor, married first the earl of Pembroke, secondly the earl of Leicester;

Isabella, married Frederick II., emperor of Germany.

It is extraordinary that the reign of the worst king and the worst man that ever wore the crown of England should be the one that has brought the most lasting good to the nation. The Magna Charta has consecrated the reign of King John to all succeeding ages. Besides this great charter, he had, in the year 1210, granted one to the citizens of London, conferring on them the right of choosing their own mayor, or of continuing him from year to year at their pleasure. I ought to have mentioned before that London received its first charter from Henry I., about a hundred years before this period.

The stone bridge over the Thames, called Old London Bridge, now pulled down, was completed in this reign. The former bridge had been built of wood.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XII.

Richard. I remember very well, when we were once coming from Windsor to Staines, papa stopped the carriage, and we all got out and walked in a flat green meadow, which you told us was Runnymede; and I could not think why you and papa thought it so curious. But I now know why; and if ever I walk in it again, instead of gathering daisies and running after butterflies, I shall be thinking of all the noble barons, and Saxons before them, who met in that place.

Mrs. Markham. The meadow we were in was where the great mass of the people were assembled; but it is believed that the actual spot where the king and the barons signed the Magna Charta was a little island separated from the meadow by the river, and now planted with willows.

Richard. I should like very much to know everything that was in the Magna Charta.

Mrs. M. That you may easily do by looking into Henry's History of England, where you will find a translation of it. The charter itself is in Latin; and as I think you would be tired with reading the whole, I will tell you some brief particulars of it. I must first remind you that, at this time, the power of the kings was very oppressive, and had become more and more so, till at length no subject, that is, no one who held any lands or dignities immediately under the king, could act in the commonest affairs of life without his consent, which could be obtained only for money. You may suppose the sort of interference the king had in other people's concerns, when I tell you that none of his tenants, if left under age at the time of their father's death, could marry without his consent; and that he could oblige heiresses to marry whom he liked; and even widows, who often paid fines to save themselves from being compelled to marry again. We read of a countess of Chester, who paid King Stephen five hundred marks that she might not be obliged to marry again for five years; and of a countess of Warwick, who paid King John five hundred marks that she might not be obliged to marry till she pleased. This tyranny of the king, of course, did not apply to the case of the common people: but then they were under the despotic rule of their own masters, which was quite as bad. Justice of every kind was bought from one end of the island to the other.

George. And I dare say *in*justice too, mamma! Why, if a man had but money, he might have bought leave to do anything he liked.

Mrs. M. He undoubtedly could: and the object of the Magna

Charta was to put a stop to those fines and oppressions. It contained sixty-three different clauses; and when I have told you what a few of them were, you will better comprehend the sort of vexatious tyranny the kings had been accustomed to exercise over the people, which alone could make such clauses necessary. These, for instance: that the goods of every free man shall be disposed of after his death, according to his will: that if he die without making a will, his children shall succeed to his property: that no officer of the crown shall take horses, carts, or wood, without the consent of the owner: that no free man shall be imprisoned, outlawed, or banished, unless by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land: that the free peasant, or small land-holder, should not by any fine be deprived of his land, nor the villein, or serf, of his carts, ploughs, and implements of husbandry. This last was the only article in that great charter specially framed for the protection of the labouring people.

Richard. And I think, mamma, that was very ungrateful and wicked; for what would the king and his great barons have done without them? But surely there must have been laws before this time?

Mrs. M. Laws there were; but they were very ill kept. Till men are civilized the will of the strongest is the law, to which the weakest must submit. While the Romans were in Britain, the island was governed by the Roman law; but when they departed, every vestige of their government and of their language departed with them. The Saxons brought in their own laws, or rather customs; for there were no written laws till the time of Ethelred, who, if you remember, was the first Christian king of Kent. The code of Ethelred still exists, and strongly shows the simplicity of manners in those ancient times. Alfred, and after him Edward the Confessor, also made codes of laws, many of which are still in force. From the number of laws for the preservation of the peace which are to be found in those ancient codes, it would appear that our Saxon ancestors were a most quarrelsome race. Indeed, scarcely any meetings were held, either for business or pleasure, without ending in rioting and bloodshed.

Mary. Pray, mamma, what was an interdict?

Mrs. M. Forbidding, or interdicting, divine service to be publicly performed. When a nation was under an interdict, the churches were shut; the bells were not rung; the dead were buried in unconsecrated ground, without the performance of the funeral service; diversions of all kinds were forbidden; and everything wore an appearance of mourning and gloom.

Mary. Was that the same as excommunication?

Mrs. M. No; excommunication was a worse sentence still, and was levelled at persons, as an interdict generally was at nations.

A person who was excommunicated was considered as unholy and polluted: every one was forbidden to come near him, or to render him any friendly offices.[1] Thus, if the sentence could have been fully enforced, it was possible for the most potent monarch to become, by a single mandate of the pope, a miserable outcast.

George. Pray, mamma, can you tell us what sort of place the Wash is?

Mrs. M. I have never crossed it, and therefore can only describe it to you from the accounts of those that have. The Washes—for in fact there are two—are the mouths of two small rivers on the coast of Lincolnshire. At low water they are nearly dry, and may then be crossed with safety: but the difficulty was, before the present bridges were built, to be in time after crossing one to cross the other before the tide rose; and, on account of there being some dangerous quicksands, it was at all times necessary to have guides.

George. I wonder, as John was such a coward, that he should have taken his army into such a dangerous place.

Mrs. M. When God wills the death or ruin of a bad man, he frequently causes him to be the agent of his own destruction by his own unaccountable folly.

George. I suppose he went creeping on, expecting that time and tide would wait for him.

Mrs. M. He could not travel very expeditiously if he followed the troublesome custom of those times, which was for people, wherever they went, to carry all their goods along with them. Peter of Blois, who was chaplain to Henry II., describes very divertingly the manner of that king's travelling. He says, "When the king sets out in the morning, you see multitudes of people running up and down, as if they were distracted, horses rushing against horses, carriages overturning carriages, players, cooks, confectioners, mimics, dancers, barbers, all making a great noise and an intolerable jumble of horse and foot."

Mary. You never told us, mamma, what became of that busy meddling queen, Eleanor.

Mrs. M. She died a very old woman, soon after her grandson Arthur.

George. And this reminds me, mamma, that you did not tell us about Hubert's going to put out Prince Arthur's eyes in the prison.

Mrs. M. Because the story does not rest on good authority; and, as I have often said, I never tell you anything in my history of England that is not, as I believe, *strictly true.* In Shakspeare's play of 'King John,' parts of which I shall soon let you read, you

[1] The wife, children, and domestics of an excommunicated person, and also medical people, and of course priests, were still allowed to have access to him.

will see that there, as well as in your favourite little book of 'Stories from the English History,' Arthur is represented as being quite a child at the time of his death; but this *must* have been a mistake, since he was old enough to bear arms against his uncle. And he was fifteen, some authors say eighteen, when he was taken prisoner at Mirabel.

George. I am quite impatient to know what was the end of the French prince's invasion of England, after John's death. I hope it won't be like the coming of the Saxons over again.

Richard. I wonder the recollection of that did not make the barons afraid of sending for the French.

Mrs. M. It certainly was the greatest oversight wise and brave men could have been guilty of, to throw away the freedom they had with so much difficulty obtained, by putting themselves willingly in bondage to a foreign prince, and that prince the son of their country's most inveterate enemy.

Mary. You forgot, mamma, to tell us what sort of looking person King John was.

Mrs. M. He was so unamiable and disagreeable, that I have no pleasure in describing him; so you shall have what is said of him in the words of an old chronicle: "King John was of stature indifferent tall, and something fat, of a sour and angry countenance."

CHAPTER XV.

HENRY III.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1216—1272.

The Quintain.

WHEN King John died, his eldest son, Henry, called Henry of Winchester, from the place of his birth, was only eight years old. The earl of Pembroke, who was a wise and good man, was made protector of the kingdom and governor of the young king; and

while he lived, the youth and incapacity of Henry were of no material disadvantage to the country. Pembroke, by renewing the great Charter, and seeing that the articles of it were duly executed, brought back most of the rebellious barons to the royal cause. Louis continued in England some months after the death of John, but without being able to increase the number of his partisans; and on the 19th of May, 1217, he encountered the royal army at Lincoln, and was so completely beaten in a battle which was fought in the streets of that town, that he was glad to make peace with the protector, and to withdraw with the remnant of his army into France.

The earl of Pembroke governed the kingdom with honour, wisdom, and success, till 1219, when, to the misfortune of England and its king, he died. Hubert de Burgh, and Peter des Roches, a native of Poitou, were appointed to succeed him.

In 1223, when the king was sixteen years old, he was declared of age to govern by himself. In the same year Philip, king of France, the old enemy of England, died, and his son Louis succeeded him; but *he* also died soon after, and left a son, aged eleven years, Louis IX., under the guardianship of his mother, Blanche of Castile. Henry thought this would be a good opportunity to attempt the recovery of Normandy, and landed with an army in Brittany in 1230; but he misconducted the expedition to such a degree, that, instead of obtaining any advantages, he returned in a few months to England, covered with disgrace.

In 1236 he married Eleanor, daughter of the count of Provence, and he immediately raised her friends and relations to some of the highest offices of the state, which gave great umbrage to the English nobles. The king's most hurtful folly was the weakness with which he attached himself to strangers, particularly to foreigners, and the fickleness and caprice with which he cast off old favourites to set up new ones. And he was also so profuse in his generosity to his favourites, that his treasures were soon exhausted, and he was often obliged to apply to parliament (as the great council of the nation began about this time to be called) for a supply of money. By these proceedings he made himself every year more and more hated and despised, and many plans were formed for deposing him; but for some time none of them were brought to bear, though a general discontent pervaded the kingdom.

In 1242 Henry landed with an army at the mouth of the Garonne, intending to recover as much as he could of the lost provinces. But Louis IX., or as he is usually and justly called, from his goodness and wisdom, St. Louis, who then ruled over France, defeated him, first at Taillebourg, and afterwards at Saintes, and forced him to conclude a truce. The truce was

renewed from time to time, and ended in a treaty of peace, made in 1259, by which Henry agreed to renounce all title to Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Poitou, but received from Louis in return the districts of the Limousin, Perigord, and Querci, which bordered on Guienne.

The pope, profiting by Henry's imbecility, made many and great encroachments on the rights of the church of England. The benefices were by his means filled with Italians and other foreigners, and he contrived to intermeddle on all occasions. In 1255 he led the king into great and useless expense, by conferring on his second son Edmund the title of king of Sicily and Apulia; which he did in the hope of driving out Manfred,[1] an illegitimate son of the late emperor of Germany, who had possessed himself of that kingdom. But all the English barons refused to give the least assistance to this wild project. The king, finding every method fail of extorting money from his subjects for this expedition, resorted to one that was till then unknown. He gave to Italian merchants bills of exchange to a great amount, for money pretended to be advanced by them for the Sicilian war. These bills were drawn on all the prelates of England, who at first refused to pay the demands thus made on them; but through the remonstrances of the pope they at length submitted.

About this time, Richard, earl of Cornwall, the king's brother, who, though not otherwise of unamiable character, was as niggardly as the king was profuse, was tempted by the hope of being elected emperor of Germany to depart from England, with a train of English nobles, and all his treasure, which he lavished fruitlessly in this expedition. He soon found himself deceived in his hopes, and was only repaid by the empty title of king of the Romans for this expense and disappointment.

The absence of the king's brother, and of so many nobles who were attached to the royal cause, gave an opportunity to the disaffected barons of bringing about the rebellion they had planned. Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who had once been one of the king's favourites, took the lead in this rebellion. The barons assembled at Oxford, on the 11th of June, 1258, and obliged the king and his eldest son, then eighteen years of age, to agree to a treaty, by which a council of fifteen, most of whom were members of their own body, had authority given them to reform all abuses. The barons, under this pretext, lorded it over the king, and assumed a right to govern the kingdom; but the people, scarcely acknowledging such rulers, or not knowing whom they were to obey, paid no respect to the laws, and it almost seemed as if all government was dissolved. This state of things lasted for six

[1] By our own and the old French historians usually called Mainfroy

years. The king and the barons were continually making treaties, the conditions of which were broken as soon as made.

The king of France, Louis IX., with a very different policy from that which had actuated his grandfather Philip, tried to make peace between Henry and his barons, and to place the affairs of the country on a peaceable footing. Henry was too weak, and De Montfort too ambitious, to listen to reason, and all Louis's endeavours were unavailing.

At last Prince Edward, who inherited more of the capacity and courage of the Plantagenets than either his father or grandfather had possessed, became old enough to stand forward and assert his own and his father's rights; and many barons, disgusted with the conduct of the twenty-four self-appointed rulers, joined the royal standard. The armies of the king and of the earl of Leicester met at Lewes in Sussex, on the 14th of May, 1264. The royal army was formed into three divisions: one commanded by the prince; another by the king of the Romans and his son Henry; and the third by the king of England in person. The rebel army was divided into four bodies, one of which, consisting almost entirely of Londoners, was so furiously attacked at the onset by Prince Edward, that it gave way. Edward, inflamed by youthful ardour, unwarily pursued the fugitives to a distance of four miles from the field of battle. De Montfort, perceiving the prince's error, took such advantage of it that he defeated the remainder of the royal army and made the two kings prisoners. And Edward, on returning from his pursuit of the flying Londoners, found, instead of the complete victory he had expected, that his father and uncle were prisoners in the hands of the rebels, and the royal army beaten and dispersed. He endeavoured to prevail with his own followers to renew the battle, but they were too much confounded and dispirited to attempt to do so. Indeed earl Warrenne, one of the chief supporters of the royal cause, and many others, struck with dismay, immediately fled and escaped out of the kingdom.

Edward, finding himself surrounded by Leicester's troops, without the possibility of escaping, was obliged to submit to any terms that might be imposed; and he and his cousin Prince Henry were detained, and sent strongly guarded to Dover Castle, under the colour of being hostages for their two fathers; who, nevertheless, still were in effect kept prisoners. Leicester now could do whatever he liked. He used the king's name for his own ambitious purposes, seized on the property of many of the loyal barons, and took possession of some of the royal castles in the king's name. Yet one measure which he took at this time will make his name for ever memorable. By summoning two burgesses from every city and borough in the kingdom to come up to the Parliament which met at Westminster in 1265, he laid the foundation of the

British House of Commons, the greatest and most enduring popular assembly which the world has ever seen. He is said to have formed plans of raising himself to the throne. But his ambition caused his ruin. The earl of Gloucester, his former associate, and now his rival, seeing himself eclipsed by his greatness, secretly planned his ruin. Leicester, perceiving himself an object of suspicion, tried to regain the good opinion of the people, by pretending to set Edward at liberty, and restore him to his father; but as Henry was in reality a prisoner also, this pretended liberty amounted in fact only to a change of the prince's place of confinement, and Leicester became the more hated for this deceit. In the meantime Gloucester had retired to his estates on the borders of Wales, and put his castle in a state of defence. He was proclaimed a traitor in the king's name by Leicester, who came to Hereford, bringing the king and the prince with him.

The earl of Gloucester, being anxious for an opportunity of getting the prince out of Leicester's hands, was very much pleased at this. He formed a plan, which he contrived to communicate to him, for his escape, and sent him a horse of extraordinary fleetness. The prince, according to Gloucester's plan, pretended to be very ill, and in a few days appearing a little better, he obtained Leicester's permission to ride out for the benefit of his health. Riding slowly, as if he was weak and ill, he, after some little time, persuaded the gentlemen who were his guards, to ride races with one another. When he thought that their horses were sufficiently tired with this exercise, he raised himself erect in his saddle, and telling his guards "he had long enough enjoyed the pleasure of their company, and that he now bade them adieu," he put spurs to his horse, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit. He was joined immediately by the earl of Gloucester; and, as soon as his escape was known, all the loyal barons flocked to him, and he was thus at the head of a considerable army.

Leicester, having the old king still in his power, obliged him to issue a proclamation, declaring the prince a traitor. He also sent for his own eldest son Simon from London, who accordingly set out to join him with a great reinforcement. But the prince intercepted and defeated Simon at Kenilworth; and before Leicester could hear of his son's defeat, Edward's army appeared in sight, bearing in front the banners taken from young De Montfort at Kenilworth. This made the earl at first suppose that the reinforcement he was expecting had arrived; but, when the prince advanced near enough for him to find out his mistake, he exclaimed, "Now God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are Prince Edward's!" The battle soon began, and poor King Henry was dragged into the midst of it by Leicester, and was near being killed by one of Prince Edward's soldiers; but he called out, as

the soldier, not knowing him, was going to strike him down, "I am Henry of Winchester, thy king: don't kill me." The soldier then led him out of the battle; and the prince, being informed where to find him, flew to put him in a place of safety, and then returned to the fight, which ended in his gaining a complete victory. Leicester and his son Henry were killed. This important battle was fought at Evesham, on the 4th of May, 1265, and put an end to the confederacy of the barons. Simon, De Montfort's eldest son, and a few others, still made indeed some ineffectual struggles; but these were only like the subsiding of a storm.

On the 4th of May, 1270, Prince Edward embarked at Portsmouth for the Holy Land, meaning to join the king of France (who had set out on a crusade, the seventh and the last) at Tunis; but, on his arrival there, he found that Louis, who has deservedly acquired the surname of Saint, had died of the plague. On his death the French troops returned to Europe; but Edward resolved still to pursue the enterprise with his own little army. He sailed to Acre, and performed many feats of skill and valour; and the Saracens, who found him a very powerful enemy, employed an assassin to murder him. Edward wrenched the dagger from the man's hand, and killed him in his attempt, not, however, before he had himself been wounded in the arm with the poisoned weapon. The wound, we are told, might have proved fatal, had not his affectionate wife Eleanor, who had accompanied him to Palestine, prevented the effect of the poison by sucking the wound. He set out on his return to Europe soon afterwards.

Whilst the prince was thus exposing himself to unnecessary perils abroad, the royal family was suffering great affliction at home. Prince Henry, son of the king of the Romans, was basely murdered in Italy by the exiled sons of the earl of Leicester, and his poor father died of grief at Berkhampstead. King Henry was become old and feeble; his government, never much respected, was now totally despised; and riots, robberies, and excesses of all kinds were perpetually committed. At last the king, worn out by infirmities, died at Westminster on the 16th of November, 1272, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the fifty-seventh of his reign, the longest reign in our annals, with the exception of that of George III.

Though Henry was gentle and merciful to a fault, there was not one person found to lament his loss; so contemptible had he made himself by his weak and deceitful conduct. His appearance was exceedingly disadvantageous: for, though he was of a tolerable height, he had no dignity of mien or manner, his countenance was unpleasing, and his left eyelid drooped so very much as almost to cover the eye. Weak as he was, he had yet wit enough often to say very shrewd and cutting things to his courtiers. In his domestic cha

racter he was not unamiable. His conduct to his queen and his children was kind and affectionate, and he was a liberal friend, though, at the same time, an unsteady one. He was a great encourager of the fine arts.

He married Eleanor of Provence.

His children were—

Edward ;

Edmund, titular king of Sicily and Apulia ;

Margaret, married Alexander III., king of Scotland ;

Beatrix, married the duke of Bretagne.

It is remarked of this reign, that trials by ordeal were abolished in it ; and that a licence was granted to the people of Newcastle, allowing them to dig for coals, the first mention we find of that useful mineral. In this reign the class of gentry began to arise ; but the condition of the lower orders still remained unchanged, and slaves were bought and sold like brute animals at the fairs. There were no regular shops, and the merchants and traders travelled from place to place to dispose of their goods.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XV.

George. Though Henry III. was not nearly so wicked as Henry I., I cannot help disliking him a great deal more, he was so provokingly stupid and silly.

Mrs. Markham. You will find, I am afraid, many of your way of thinking : folly is often more disliked than vice.

Mary. And yet, mamma, that is very hard, for people cannot help being silly.

Mrs. M. Neither do I quite agree with you, Mary. All people who are not absolute idiots may improve their understandings.

Richard. However, poor Henry was not stupid in everything for you said he was an encourager of the fine arts.

Mrs. M. He was a great admirer of paintings ; and during his reign the art of painting greatly improved. It became the fashion to adorn the walls of rooms and churches with historical pictures. This we learn from some of our ancient records, for these pictures have either all faded long since, or have been touched up too often to leave any traces of the work of the original artist. Antiquaries are very much puzzled to imagine what sorts of colours were used in these large paintings. There is reason to think they were not merely water-colours, and yet it is commonly supposed that the art of painting in oils is of much later discovery. The only paintings which we can rely upon as of this time are those which we find in Missals, as the Prayer-Books of the Roman Catholics are called, which are often ornamented, or, as it is commonly called, *illuminated*, with paintings, beautiful from the brightness of the gold and

colours, and curious from the excessive delicacy of the execution. Many of these books are still in excellent preservation: I believe you saw one of them at your uncle's.

Richard. That was not a Prayer-Book, mamma: that was only a Latin book.

Mrs. M. All prayers in churches were in Latin at that time.

Mary. Did everybody then understand Latin?

Mrs. M. Scarcely anybody understood it; but the saying a great many prayers, though without understanding a single word of them, was a great part of the devotion of those times.

Mary. Then when did people begin to pray in English?

Mrs. M. I shall have a great deal to tell you about that hereafter: at present we have other things to speak of. Some of the finest Gothic buildings we have were built in the reign of Henry III. The heavy style of early architecture was now succeeded by one of much greater elegance and richness of ornament. Instead of heavy thick shafts to the pillars, like those you saw in Rochester Cathedral, the pillars had one small shaft in the centre, surrounded by many slender ones, so as to form one strong and elegant pillar composed of many parts. The carved work of all kinds was more elaborate, and the outsides of the churches were adorned with pinnacles, and with loftier steeples than formerly. Such very curious and complicated buildings could not be executed by common workmen. A number of the best artificers incorporated themselves into companies, and went about from place to place as they were wanted. They lived in temporary huts, near the great buildings they were employed upon, and called themselves *free masons:* and this is the origin of the society of Free Masons, of which you may, perhaps, have heard.

Mary. I hope they sang and had music in their churches, to make up for the prayers being in Latin.

Mrs. M. Much attention had long been paid to church music. There were also organs: indeed, we hear of an archbishop, so long before as in William I.'s time, who himself both played on the organ, and could make organs.

George. Did they play on anything else besides organs?

Mrs. M. They had many kinds of musical instruments: harps, you know, were in use in Alfred's time; but from the want of musical notes people could only play by ear, till an Italian monk[1] invented the musical scale we now use, an invention which, he thought, "atoned for all his sins."

Richard. He must have thought music a very fine thing, to have made such a merit of it: but is all that which Mary is learning from her music-master the invention of that old monk?

[1] Guido Aretine.

Mrs. M. Not entirely: the division of the notes into long and short was invented a long time after, by some person whose name is unknown.

Richard. That is very hard; I had rather be remembered for a clever invention than for having gained a battle.

Mrs. M. Then you would be pleased to be such another man as Roger Bacon, who lived in Henry III.'s reign; and who is remembered for various clever inventions. This extraordinary person was a friar in the Franciscan convent at Oxford, and was the most learned man of his age. He applied his learning to the discovery of useful knowledge. He invented telescopes, reading-glasses, microscopes, and many other astronomical and mathematical instruments. He discovered gunpowder, though he considered it as an object of mere curiosity, rather than as an invention that could be applied to war. He invented many curious machines, and made many valuable discoveries in medicine. He also wrote several books; and made a map, a thing which excited great admiration.

Richard. Was it a map of England?

Mrs. M. No; it was a map of Tartary; and was made from the descriptions he obtained from some travellers who had been there. In short, his genius soared so far above all his contemporaries, that he was looked upon as a magician, and thrown into prison, where he was kept for many years. He at length returned to Oxford, and died there, a very old man, in 1292. Some years ago, a place called Friar Bacon's study was shown among the curiosities of the city.

George. I suppose Oxford was very famous in Roger Bacon's time.

Mrs. M. It was just beginning to emerge from obscurity. The three oldest of the colleges now existing there—University, Balliol, and Merton Colleges,—were founded and built in this reign; but learning was still at a very low ebb. The chief study was a sort of quibbling logic, which it was mere waste of time to learn. The sciences were little understood; and you may judge of the ignorance which prevailed as to medicine, from a prescription for the small-pox given by a learned physician, which was to wrap the patient in red cloth, and to have the hangings and quilt of the bed red also.

Richard. Were parliaments first owing to the Magna Charta?

Mrs. M. The first certain information we have of a parliament, like the parliaments of our own times, is in 1265, when the earl of Leicester, in the king's name, besides sending writs to the sheriffs, as had now been customary for many years, requiring them to send up "two discreet knights" for each county, to serve in parliament, invited the cities and boroughs also, as I told you in the last chapter, to send each two burgesses to represent them.

Now, as the House of Commons consists to this day (to pass over the four or five members who sit for universities) of these two classes—county members, whose proper legal title is "knights of the shire," and borough members, or burgesses—it is evident that its existence dates from the time when both classes were summoned to sit together in parliament, which happened first in the year 1265. At first the nobles and the representatives of the counties and towns assembled in one house; but afterwards they divided into two; and hence arose the House of Lords and the House of Commons; the one composed of noblemen who attend there in right of birth or creation; and the other of members, that is, members of the Lower House, as it is called, elected by the people.

CHAPTER XVI.

EDWARD I.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1272—1307.

Monument to Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey.

You have already heard so much of Edward in the last reign, that you will be prepared to find him a very different king from his father. In his person he was unusually tall, and his legs being somewhat out of proportion, he had the surname of *Long Shanks* given to him. He had a fine open forehead and regular features: his hair and complexion were fair in his youth, but became darker in his middle age. His air and carriage were very commanding: he delighted in all martial and manly exercises, and was an excellent rider. He had great courage and military skill, and his understanding was of a very superior order. In the rela-

tions of son, husband, and father, he was exemplary: and yet this man, with all these fine and noble qualities, was the occasion of infinite misery to many thousands of people. The desire of possessing himself of the whole island had so beset his mind, that every other consideration gave way to it. To attain this end, he turned courage into mad ferocity, and prudence into deceit and craft. But, to relate everything in regular order, I must return to the time when Edward, arriving in Sicily, on his return from the Holy Land, heard of his father's death.

On receiving this news, he set out for England, but he delayed so long on the road, that he did not arrive there till the 2nd of May, 1274. His first business was to restore the police of the kingdom, and he made many excellent laws and regulations. His expedient to fill his coffers was not so commendable. He employed commissioners to examine into the titles by which all persons held their estates; and if any one had not a good title, he was compelled either to pay a great fine, or to forfeit his land to the king. When the commissioners came to earl Warrenne, and desired him to produce the instrument or title by which he held his estate, he drew an old rusty sword out of the scabbard, and said, "This is the instrument by which my ancestors gained their estate, and by which I will keep it as long as I live." When this answer was reported to Edward, he became sensible of the hazard he was incurring, and put an end to the commission.

The Welsh, under their prince Llewellyn, had long been very troublesome neighbours to the English. They had joined in Leicester's rebellions, and did not keep the terms of peace which Edward made with them on coming to the throne. Perhaps Edward was not sorry to have this pretext for making war on them; and they, presuming too much on their own strength, attacked his army on the 11th of December, 1282, and were totally defeated. Their king Llewellyn was killed in the battle, and his brother David was taken prisoner, and beheaded like a common traitor. His head was put on the walls of the Tower of London, and his limbs were quartered, according to the barbarous custom of those times, and were hung up in four different places, at York, Winchester, Bristol, and Northampton.—David being the last branch of that family of ancient kings, Edward took undisputed possession of Wales; and promising the people a prince of their own country, who could speak no English, presented to them his own eldest son, born a few days before in Carnarvon castle, who was thence called prince of Wales, as all the eldest sons of our English kings have been called since.

Thus much of Edward's desire to unite the whole island under

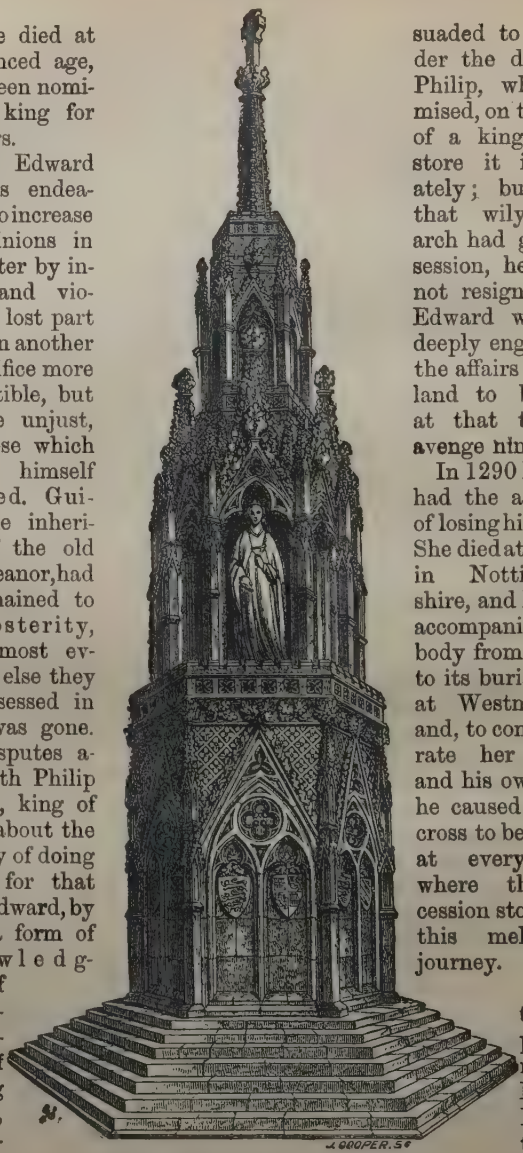
his own dominion being accomplished, we shall next see how nearly Scotland also was thrown into his grasp.

The kings of England and Scotland, considering how apt near neighbours are to quarrel, had lived in singular harmony, particularly during the last two reigns, in which the intermarriages between the royal families of Scotland and England had made a family as well as national union. Alexander III. had married king Edward's sister, who died, leaving only one child, Margaret, who afterwards married the king of Norway, and died, leaving a daughter about three years old. Alexander himself died in 1286, and his infant grandchild became heiress of his dominions. Edward proposed to the king of Norway that the prince of Wales should marry his daughter, the little queen of Scotland. Such early marriages were then not uncommon. Indeed Alexander and his queen had been betrothed when neither of them was a year old. The king of Norway and the parliament of Scotland having consented to this match, the young queen was on her way to Scotland, when, being taken ill, she was obliged to be landed at the Orkneys, and there she died, in October, 1290.

The death of a girl of seven years old was never before so much lamented, nor has ever since produced such disastrous consequences. What might have happened had she lived, we know not; but her death prevented the union between the two nations, and plunged Scotland into long and bloody private feuds and public wars. No fewer than thirteen competitors for the throne sprang up. Robert Bruce and John Baliol were the two whose claims were the strongest; and the Scots agreed to refer the decision to Edward, who was so much looked up to by the princes of Europe, that he had before been applied to, to determine a competition for the crown of Sicily. In that case, where his interest was not concerned, he had given a wise and equitable decision. He came to Norham, on the borders of Scotland, with a numerous army; and first insisted that his supremacy over Scotland should be admitted; which the Scots agreed to after much hesitation. He then required that the royal castles and places of strength should be put into his hands; and, when this was done, he gave judgment in favour of Baliol, who was proclaimed king of Scotland. But the mere name of king was all that he obtained, for being of a weak capacity, he could make no resistance to the encroachments and exactions of Edward, who treated him like a child, and was disposed to treat the Scots like slaves. On their refusing to submit tamely, he marched into Scotland, and defeated at Dunbar, in 1296, the army of Baliol. Baliol then threw himself into the hands of the king of England, who obliged him to make a solemn renunciation of his crown, and detained him a prisoner for three years. He was then allowed to retire to France,

where he died at an advanced age, having been nominally a king for four years.

While Edward was thus endeavouring to increase his dominions in one quarter by injustice and violence, he lost part of them in another by an artifice more contemptible, but not more unjust, than those which he had himself practised. Guienne, the inheritance of the old queen Eleanor, had still remained to her posterity, when almost everything else they had possessed in France was gone. Some disputes arising with Philip the Fair, king of France, about the ceremony of doing homage for that duchy, Edward, by way of a form of acknowledgment of the feudal superiority of the king of France, was persuaded to surrender the duchy to Philip, who promised, on the word of a king, to restore it immediately; but when that wily monarch had got possession, he would not resign it, and Edward was too deeply engaged in the affairs of Scotland to be able at that time to avenge himself.



Queen Eleanor's Cross at Waltham

In 1290 Edward had the affliction of losing his queen. She died at Harby, in Nottinghamshire, and Edward accompanied her body from thence to its burial place at Westminster; and, to commemorate her worth, and his own grief, he caused a stone cross to be erected at every place where the procession stopped on this melancholy journey.

After the imprisonment of Baliol, Edward treated

Scotland like a conquered country, and carried off the regalia and a stone chair from Scone, near Perth, in which the kings of Scotland were crowned, and on which the Scots set an extraordinary and superstitious value. Earl Warrenne was appointed governor of the kingdom, and all the offices of state were given to Englishmen. The Scots groaned bitterly under this degradation; and, in 1297, William Wallace, whose name will never be forgotten, stood forth, though only a private gentlemen of small estate, to rescue his fallen country. Edward was at the time at war with Philip IV. of France, in order that he might recover Guienne, but he had met with no success, and a large body of his troops, being deserted by the Gascons, had been defeated with heavy loss. Wallace, judging this to be the favourable moment, attacked and defeated earl Warrenne at Cambuskenneth, near Stirling. Immediately all Scotland rose to expel the intruding English. Edward, who was in Flanders, was in great perplexity; of which his barons prudently took advantage to obtain from him the solemn confirmation of the two charters, Magna Charta and the Charter of the Forests, together with an additional clause, providing that no taxes or tolls should thenceforward be levied by the king without the consent of parliament. This was in November, 1297. Edward made haste to conclude a truce with France, and returning home collected a large army, with which he marched against the Scots, and defeated them at Falkirk, in July, 1298. Scotland was again at the conqueror's feet, and Wallace was a hunted fugitive; but the hero would not yield, and maintained the glorious struggle for seven years, with various success. At last, in 1305, he was betrayed into the hands of the English, who put him to death.

John Baliol had died in France the year before, and Robert Bruce, son of the former competitor, now stood alone as claimant to the throne of Scotland. He collected a small army; and the countess of Buchan, in whose family the right of crowning the king had been hereditary, placed the crown upon his head; her brother, who ought to have done it, being in the English interest. When Edward heard of this, he was enraged beyond measure, and vowed the destruction of *The Bruce*, whose escapes and adventures were very extraordinary; but as I am relating to you the history of England, and not of Scotland, I must pass them over. Edward's next and last expedition began with a very singular ceremony. He assembled all his nobility in Westminster Abbey, and, with many solemnities, caused two live swans, adorned with bells of gold, to be brought in. Before God and the swans he took a solemn oath that he would march into Scotland, and never return till he had brought it into entire subjection. And he kept his vow; but not in the way he had intended. for he did

not subjugate Scotland, and he never returned. From the state of his health, he was unable himself to advance beyond Carlisle; but his troops spent many months in a vain pursuit of Bruce and his adherents, who contrived to conceal themselves in the fastnesses amongst the mountains, watching for favourable opportunities of coming forth from their hiding-places, and annoying the English. At last Edward, exasperated by disappointment, sent for all the forces in his dominions to meet him at Carlisle. Before they could arrive he became so ill as to be confined to his chamber. It was reported that he was dead, and to show the falsehood of the report he set out from Carlisle; but when he had advanced a few miles, to a place called Burgh on the Sands, he was obliged to stop. He there expired in a tent by the road-side, on the 7th of July, 1307. He was seventy years old, and had reigned thirty-five years. He was twice married: first, to Eleanor of Castile, by whom he had fifteen children; and, secondly, to Marguerite, sister of the king of France, by whom he had two sons.

The children of Eleanor were,—
John, Henry, Alphonso, and six daughters,—died young;
Edward, succeeded to the crown;
Eleanor, married the earl of Bar;
Joan of Arce, married the earl of Gloucester
Margaret, married the duke of Brabant;
Elizabeth, married the earl of Holland;
Mary, a nun.
The sons of Marguerite were,—
Thomas of Brotherton, earl of Norfolk:
Edmund of Woodstock, earl of Kent.

Edward, before he died, charged his eldest son to send his heart to the Holy Land; to carry his body with the army into Scotland, and not to bury it till he had made a complete conquest of that country; and never to recall Piers Gaveston, a wicked favourite of the son, whom the father had banished.

Amongst the many violent acts of Edward was the banishment of the Jews. He drove them out of the country, and, leaving them only money enough to enable them to reach some foreign land, seized on all the rest of their property.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XVI.

George. To be sure it was very wrong, but still it was very natural that Edward should like to have the whole island to himself.

Mrs. Markham. It was as natural, and quite as wrong, as if

ord Fitzwilliam should like to have all Yorkshire, because he has large estates there.

Mary. It seems to me very odd that people should put themselves to so much trouble to get kingdoms when, after all, they can keep them but such a little time.

Mrs. M. If all people were true Christians, I believe there would be no conquerors; but it is our business at this moment not to think about what people *ought* to have done, but what they did. Edward, by establishing English laws and customs in Wales, united that principality with England; but his attempts to subjugate Scotland only inflamed the Scots with a more implacable hatred to him and the English: so that his fatal thirst of conquest turned two peaceable and friendly neighbours into inveterate enemies; and this enmity did not abate for upwards of a century. After that time it began to subside.

Richard. What sort of trade had people in those days?

Mrs. M. A great deal of trade of various kinds, and particularly foreign trade, was then carried on in England. The first commercial treaty we know of, to which this country was a party, was made between Henry the Third and the king of Norway. The trade of England was chiefly carried on by Germans. The principal commodities were wool, lead, and tin. These were brought to certain towns in different parts called the staple towns, where the collectors of the king's customs were appointed to receive the duty. The goods were then sold to the German traders, who were called the merchants of the staple; and these people exported them abroad, and imported gold, silver, and various goods in return. The Lombards also were another set of foreigners who settled in England. Their business was chiefly to lend money on interest. Lombard Street, in London, was so named from them.

George. But what did the natives do all this time? Did they sit with their hands before them, and let these Germans and Lombards buy and sell for them?

Mrs. M. They made a serious remonstrance to Edward, begging that the "*merchant strangers*" might be sent out of the kingdom: but the answer they got from the king was, "I am of opinion that merchant strangers are useful and beneficial to the great men of the kingdom, and therefore I will not expel them." In fact, they not only imported silks, wines, spices, and other luxuries that were used only by the nobles, but also were in the practice of lending them money.

Richard. But I should have thought that, as Edward was such a warlike king, his subjects would have liked to be soldiers much better than to be shopkeepers.

Mrs. M In all ages and times people have been covetous of

money, and have liked to get what they could of it. However, you are right in supposing that the people imbibed something of the spirit of their monarch. Their very amusements were all of a martial sort; and instead of going to balls and assemblies, their diversions were tournaments and tiltings.

Mary. O, pray, mamma, tell us what sort of games those were!

George. The games of broken bones and bloody noses, Mary;—but, mamma, I dare say, will tell us all about them.

Mrs. M. I will, as well as I can. In times when, as I have said before, every battle was little more than an assemblage of so many single combats of men fighting hand to hand, it behoved every knight to fight well; and the learning the use of arms was a necessary, perhaps I might add a principal, part of the education of a gentleman. To every castle belonged a paled court called the tilt-yard, where the young men used to practise all the exercises and manœuvres requisite to make them good warriors. These exercises and the mock combats in which they engaged, were always practised with blunt spears, and it was thought very dishonourable for them to wound each other. They had also many games in these tilt yards which were excellently calculated to improve their strength and agility. Riding at the ring was one of these; the object of which was, while riding at full speed to run the point of the spear through a small ring that hung suspended from a high post.[1]

Mary. I should like that very well; because there could be none of George's bloody noses at that game.

Mrs. M. But there might be broken bones; for if the rider did not sit well, he had a great chance of being knocked off his horse. Even the little boys in their plays delighted in mimic exercises of the same sort. One of their favourite games was that of the quintain. The quintain itself, as I have heard it described, appears to me to have been something like a turnstile, with two arms instead of four.[2] On one arm was a painted board or shield, and to the other hung a bag of sand, or a piece of wood. The play was for a boy to run at the shield, and to push it with a long stick. When the shield was struck, of course the arms of the quintain to which it was fastened turned round instantly; and, if the boy was not very quick in his movements, the bag of sand would give him a great knock on the back before he could get out of the way. I was lately told that there is still a quintain existing at Malling, in Kent. At the first sight of it, the gentleman who told me this, thought it was a guide-post; but on inquiry he found it was the relic, and probably the only one left, of the quintain, the favourite diversion of our ancestors.

[1] See page 149

[2] See page 100.

George. It shall not be the only one long; for if you and papa will allow of it, Richard and I will soon have a quintain of our own.

Mary. But now, mamma, will you tell us all about tournaments?

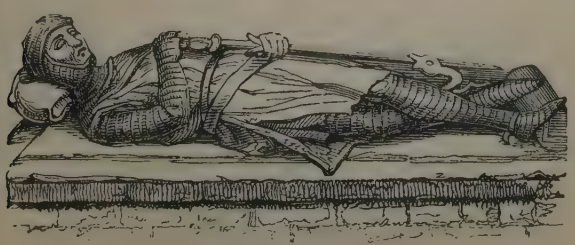
Mrs. M. It would take a great deal of time to tell you *all* about them; but I will endeavour to tell you a little. A tournament was a public meeting of knights, to display their skill and courage in mock combats. These meetings were commonly proclaimed for a long time beforehand, that knights from a distance might be able to attend. They were in general held by kings and princes; and queens, and the wives and daughters of the nobles, were among the spectators; and the most beautiful lady, or the one of the highest rank, commonly bestowed a scarf, or some such prize, on the knight who acquitted himself best. But were I to describe to you the splendour of the dresses, the trappings of the horses, the noise of the trumpets, the number of the pages, squires, banner-bearers, and all the ceremonials of those knights who fought, and of those who were the judges of the combat, I should not finish to night. If you wish to know more about them, you may look into Henry's History of England, where you will find the full description of a grand tournament that was held in Smithfield in the reign of Richard II.

Richard. One would think Smithfield but a very bad place for the exhibition of anything splendid.

Mrs. M. You forget we are talking of things that happened above four hundred years ago. Smithfield is in the centre of what was then the gayest part of London; and Charing, where Charing Cross now is, was then a little village in the fields, midway between the two cities of London and Westminster.

Mary. It seems very odd to think of things having ever been different from what they are now.

Mrs. M. And yet you are aware that great changes must necessarily have taken place in everything. In the year 1288 there were only two clocks in the whole kingdom. One was over the gateway at Westminster, and the other at Canterbury.



Monument of a Crusader.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDWARD II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1307—1327.

Great Seal of Edward I. and II.

THE reign of Edward the Second has always appeared to me to be the most distressing period of English history; being nothing but a detail of follies on the part of the king, and of violences on that of the nobles. The king began his reign with disobeying all the dying commands of his father. He recalled Gaveston from banishment; and, abandoning the invasion of Scotland, gave himself up to frivolous and idle amusements. He resembled his father in the beauty of his person, but not in the qualities of his mind. He was weak, passionate, and irresolute, fond of trifling diversions, and, if we may believe historians, was addicted to the ignoble vice of drinking to excess. He was devotedly attached to his favourites, who were, with I believe no exception, ill-chosen and unworthy persons. The only kingly quality he possessed was that of personal courage; but this, as it was not guided by discretion, was of no service to himself or his country.

In 1307 Edward married Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, king of France—a most unfortunate marriage for him, as you will hear in the sequel; though at first the queen had the greater cause for complaint, as the king neglected her society, and spent all his time with his favourite Gaveston. Piers Gaveston was a native of Gascony; and his elevation to riches and honours made him an object of general dislike to the old nobility of England—a dislike which was greatly increased by his own conduct; for he treated the nobles with the utmost insolence, and used to divert himself and his royal master by turning them into ridicule, and giving them contemptuous nicknames. This treatment they so

highly resented, that they entered into a confederacy against him, at the head of which was the king's cousin, Thomas earl of Lancaster, a very rich and powerful baron, the son of that prince Edmund who had been titular king of Sicily. The demand of the confederate nobles was, that Gaveston should be sent out of the country. Edward affected to comply with their demand; but instead of sending him back to Gascony, as they had meant, he made him lord deputy of Ireland, and the year after recalled him.

In 1312, the nobles, and indeed the whole nation, were so completely exasperated against the king and Gaveston, that a civil war broke out. The earl of Lancaster, who was the leader of the barons' army, hearing that Gaveston was in Scarborough Castle, despatched the earl of Pembroke against that place. Gaveston was compelled to surrender; and it was agreed that he should be imprisoned in his own castle of Wallingford. On his way thither, he was brought by Pembroke to his castle of Deddington, in Oxfordshire. On the night of his arrival, while the earl was temporarily absent, the castle was beset by a party of troops, headed by Guy, earl of Warwick, who took Gaveston to Warwick, where Lancaster and the other confederate nobles were assembled. The next day they carried him to a neighbouring hill, called Blacklow Hill, and there they put him to death, satiating their savage hatred by looking on while his head was severed from his body. When the king heard of the death of his favourite, he was thrown into agonies of grief, and made unwonted exertions to revenge his death: but he had so completely lost the affections of his people, that he had not the power to make his resentment felt, and was obliged to smother it, and accept of peace on the terms the barons chose to offer.

While England was thus distracted by its own internal broils, Robert Bruce, by his courage and intrepidity, had established himself on the throne of Scotland. He drove the English out of that country step by step; till, in 1314, nothing remained to them but the castles of Stirling, Dunbar, and Berwick. At last Edward resolved to rouse himself and his people, and to reduce Scotland to the English yoke by a single blow. He entered Scotland at the head of the largest army that had ever marched out of England; and arriving on the 24th of June within three miles of Stirling, he there saw the Scottish army drawn up on the banks of the little river Bannock.

Bruce had only been able to muster about 30,000 men to oppose the immense host of the king of England; but he chose his position with great judgment, and neglected nothing that could facilitate his success. He placed his army on a rising ground, with the river in front, and a bog on one side; and to make the approach

still more difficult, he caused pits to be dug, and filled with sharp stakes, and the tops covered over and concealed by turf and leaves.

The English halted for the night: and, confident in their numbers, and despising the little army opposed to them, spent the hours in feasting and merriment; while the Scots, whose very existence as a nation depended on the result of the coming day, passed their time in devotion, and in mutual exhortations to conquer nobly or to die. The young earl of Gloucester, the king's nephew, who commanded the cavalry, was the first to advance from the English army; and falling into one of the covered pits, was the first to die on that disastrous field. The cavalry having lost its leader, was thrown into confusion; and, being attacked by Sir James Douglas, was put to the rout. The infantry, astonished by the defeat of the cavalry, and mistaking some boys and waggoners of the Scottish army, who were furnished with banners, for another army, fled without striking a single blow. So great was the panic of the flying multitude, that Edward found it impossible to rally his forces, and was himself obliged to fly to avoid being taken prisoner. The number of the slain was very great, and would have been still greater, had not the Scots been more intent on plundering the English camp than on pursuing the fugitives, who had eighty miles to go before they could reach a place of security. And thus ended the battle of Bannockburn, a battle which established Bruce on the throne of Scotland, and which is remembered by the English as the most signal overthrow they have sustained since the Conquest. The wife and daughter of Bruce, who had been prisoners in England ever since the time of Edward the First, were restored to him on an exchange of prisoners; and many Scottish lords and gentlemen now also obtained their liberty.

In the next year Robert Bruce, who wished to give full employment to the English, so that they should not have leisure to make any more invasions of Scotland, sent his brother Edward Bruce into Ireland, to assist the discontented natives. Under his leadership, the Irish defeated several English armies, and were within a little of obtaining their independence. But at Athenree near Galway, in the year 1316, they were defeated with great slaughter; and though Robert Bruce himself came over, and marched through a great part of Ireland, meeting with little opposition, the attempt to shake off the English yoke miscarried. Edward Bruce was at last defeated and killed, near Dundalk, in 1318.

After the battle of Bannockburn England was torn in pieces between two parties, the royalists and the partisans of the earl of Lancaster. The king, whose infirm mind was unable to support itself without being propped up by a flatterer, weakened his own

cause, and drove from him many loyal hearts, by the injudicious choice he made of a new favourite. This new favourite, named Hugh Spenser, was a man of an insolent temper and a rapacious disposition. The king loaded him and his father with honours and riches, which soon made them as much objects of jealousy and hatred as Gaveston had been. At last, in March, 1322, the earl of Lancaster was taken prisoner at Boroughbridge, and carried to Pontefract. After a short trial he was condemned to death; and on the 22nd of March, this once powerful nobleman, placed on a miserable horse, and clothed in a shabby dress, was led out of Pontefract, which had been his own chief place of residence, and taken to a hill near the town, and there beheaded with the same circumstances of savage cruelty which had taken place when he himself put Gaveston to death. Eighteen other noblemen were also beheaded, and many estates were forfeited to the king, most of which he bestowed on his avaricious favourite.

In this year a quarrel arose between the two kings of France and of England, about the old story of doing homage for Guienne, which had been restored to the English king. And in 1325, the queen Isabella was sent to accommodate matters between her husband and her brother. The queen, when she had been some time in France, and had by an artifice induced the king to send over into France the young Prince of Wales, refused to return to England. She collected about her all the nobles who had been exiled on account of Lancaster's rebellion; and placing one of them, Roger Mortimer, a man of infamous character, at the head of her councils, set herself up in rebellion against her husband. The king of France disapproving her conduct, and refusing to give any aid in this enterprise, she left Paris, and applied to the earl of Hainault, who assisted her with a small fleet and some troops, with which she landed at Orwell Haven, in Suffolk, on the 24th of September, 1326.

Queen Isabella going to Paris, 1325.

The Spensers were so much detested, that, out of hatred to them, many nobles joined the queen, who set out with a numerous army in pursuit of the king. The king, abandoned by everybody, fled into Wales, in hopes of raising an army there. In this hope he was disappointed; and he next embarked for Ireland, in the belief that he should there find a place of refuge; but, being driven about by adverse winds, he was obliged to reland near

Swansea. He then sought to conceal himself and a few followers in the monastery of Neath; but his retreat was soon discovered, and Henry earl of Lancaster (brother to the earl who was executed at Pontefract) made him a prisoner and carried him to Kenilworth. Both the Spensers were taken at Neath with the king, and fell sacrifices to the hatred of the people.

In the mean time, the king's eldest son, Edward prince of Wales, a boy of fourteen years old, had been placed by his mother and Mortimer at the head of the rebel army, and had been declared regent. But as the authority he possessed was a mere name, the kingdom was in a deplorable state. There was no government, the courts of justice were shut, and the people committed all kinds of violence without control. The mobs of London and other cities committed robberies and murders with impunity, and were called by the name of the *Riflers*.

The queen and Mortimer having got the king into their power, declared him incapable of governing, deposed him, and proclaimed the prince king in his stead. But the prince refused to be king in his father's lifetime without his consent. To remove this scruple, the parliament sent a deputation to Kenilworth, to intimate to the king the sentence of his deposition, and to procure his consent to the coronation of his son. As soon as the poor miserable king saw the deputies he fainted away; and when he recovered, and was told their errand, he said to them that he was in their power, and must submit to their will. Judge Trussel, one of the party, then, in the name of the people of England, renounced all fealty to Edward of Carnarvon: and Sir Thomas Blount, high steward, broke his staff, and declared all the king's officers discharged from their service.

Thus ended the reign of Edward the Second, a period of nearly twenty years of public disgrace and private calamity. But his own miseries did not end with it. After his deposition he was put under the care of the earl of Lancaster; but the queen and Mortimer thinking that Lancaster treated the king too humanely, removed him to the custody of Lord Berkeley, John de Maltravers, and Sir Thomas Gournay, who were to keep him each a month by turns. Lord Berkeley behaved very well to him; but it seems as if the other two were desirous to kill him by ill usage They hurried him about from castle to castle, in the middle of the night, and but half clothed. One day Maltravers ordered him to be shaved with water out of a dirty ditch, and refused to let him have any other. The miserable king shed tears at this usage, and, while the tears were trickling down his cheeks, said with a smile of grief, "Here is clean warm water whether you will or no." But these varied insults and cruelties did not satisfy the savage hearts of the queen and Mortimer, who

therefore ordered Gournay and Maltravers to despatch him without delay: and they, taking the opportunity of Lord Berkeley's absence, murdered the king at Berkeley Castle, with circumstances of great cruelty. He was murdered on the 21st of September, 1327, in the forty-third year of his age. He was called Edward of Carnavon from having been born there. He married Isabella, daughter of Philip IV. king of France, and had two sons and two daughters:—

Edward;
John, died young;
Jane, married David, king of Scotland;
Eleanor, married the duke of Gueldres.

Amongst the other calamities of this reign was a most grievous famine. Provisions became so scarce and dear, that the nobles, whose state and magnificence were chiefly shown in the number of their retainers, were obliged to discard many of them. These people, having been accustomed to lead idle lives in the castles of their lords, commonly turned robbers to obtain a livelihood; and this they did in such great numbers, that the country was overrun by them.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XVII.

George. Pray, mamma, was the famous Robin Hood one of these robbers? I think he must have lived about the time you are speaking of.

Mrs. Markham. His time was over before the reign of Edward the Second. He died in the year 1247. He is said to have been a man of birth and fortune, and to have squandered his patrimony. He then, as the story goes, betook himself to the woods and forests, and became, if I may use such a phrase, a sort of gentleman robber, and pacified his conscience by robbing only the rich, and by being beneficent to the poor. But his fame is more owing to the ballads that have been made on him than to any of his own good or bad deeds.

Richard. I think, mamma, one remembers a song or a poem better than anything in prose; for while you were telling us about Bannockburn, I directly thought of some lines papa once repeated to us:—

> "O, for one hour of Wallace wight,
> Or well-skill'd Bruce to rule the fight,
> And cry—'Saint Andrew and our right!'
> Another sight had seen that morn,
> From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
> And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!"

Mary. Why should anybody wish to see another Bannockburn, if it was the most unfortunate battle that ever was fought?

Mrs. M. It was unfortunate to the English, but glorious to the Scots. There is a homely saying, yet not an untrue one, in regard to worldly gains and losses, that "One man's loss is another man's gain." And so it was natural that the author of the poem, from

which your papa repeated those lines, should, being a Scotsman, speak exultingly of the battle of Bannockburn. Historians tell us that after the loss of that battle the English were so much dispirited and cast down, that for a time they lost their wonted courage; and that it was some years before they regained it.

George. I cannot bear to think of the English having ever been cowards! I hope they were not long so?

Mrs. M. A little humiliation for a time, I dare say, did them individually no harm. Froissart tells us, in his Chronicles, that "the English were so proud and haughty, that they could not behave to the people of other nations with civility." Nor does he give a more favourable account of the Scots; for he says of them that "they are naturally fierce and unpolished, and in Scotland there is little or no politeness, the people being a herd of savages, envying the riches of others, and tenacious of their own possessions." However, I trust that both the English and Scots are improved since those days.

Richard. Pray, mamma, did the Scots speak English then as they do now?

Mrs. M. Erse or Gaelic was their original language: but great part of the Lowlands of Scotland being conquered by the Saxons about the time when they made themselves masters of England, the Saxon became the language of that part of the country. The Saxon so introduced into Scotland, continuing afterwards unmixed with the Norman, remained much purer there than in England. In England there arose, in different districts, so great a difference of dialect and pronunciation, that one-half of the kingdom did not understand the other. A writer of the thirteenth century, in words which I cannot pretend to interpret, reproaches the people of Northumberland and Yorkshire for having a language "so sharp, slytting, froting, and unshape, that we southern men may not understand them."[1]

Richard. What a shocking thing such a famine must be as that which happened in this last reign you have been telling us of!

Mrs. M. A famine such as that is one of the severest chastisements God can inflict on his rebellious creatures.

George. Were the people good farmers at that time?

Mrs. M. I do not suppose they were. Agriculture was left entirely to rustics, and was held beneath the attention of a gentleman. It was one of the charges against Edward II. that he was fonder of agriculture than of military exercises. Farming was not, however, entirely below the consideration of the state; for, in a book of laws made in the time of Edward the First, there are very particular directions when and how to till the ground. It was then a rule to let the land lie fallow, or barren, every third year; and, as they had no means of fatting cattle in the winter, every family at the end of

[1] He adds "They use strange whaffling, chytryng, harring, garryng, and grysbyting."

the summer, when the sheep and oxen were made fat by grass, killed beef and mutton enough to last them till the spring.

Mary. But how could they make it keep so long?

Mrs. M. They salted and pickled it, as we do bacon and pork.

George. I think they must have been tired of living on salt meat all the winter.

Richard. You forget, George, that they could hunt venison and catch birds and fish in the winter.

Mrs. M. One way or other, the nobles and rich people contrived to live very sumptuously. Edward the Second issued a proclamation, forbidding the people of his realm to have at dinner more than two courses. "Whereas, by the outrageous and excessive multitude of meats and dishes which the great men of our kingdom have used and still use in their castles, many great evils have come upon our kingdom, the health of our subjects has been injured, their goods consumed," &c. &c.—The rest of the proclamation is very amusing; but it is too long to repeat to you. The royal feasts were beyond anything we ever hear of in our time. At the marriage feast of Henry the Third's brother there were thirty thousand dishes. It was the custom for kings to be attended at table by their physicians, to tell them what to eat—a necessary precaution, it should seem, since their banquets were so profuse.

George. These dinners of thirty thousand dishes must have taken a long time to eat. What o'clock did they begin at?

Mrs. M. Those feasts were extraordinary things, and could not come often. The usual hour of dinner amongst the higher classes was eleven o'clock in the morning. They had no meal equivalent to our tea; but early in the evening had a good solid supper. And in great houses, before the company retired to bed, cakes and spiced wines were handed round.

Richard. I suppose wine was formerly made in England, because you know, mamma, one of my grandpapa's fields is called the Vineyard.

Mrs. M. There are a great many places of that name in different parts of the kingdom; and this naturally leads one to suppose that, at some time or other, wine was made here. Indeed there is a place at Rochester called the Vines, and some charter was held there on condition of furnishing the bishop yearly with a certain quantity of wine.

Mary. Then why do not we make wine now?

Mrs. M. It is a general notion that our climate has undergone a change which will not allow grapes to ripen sufficiently to make good wine; but my own opinion is, that the change is in ourselves, and that we should not be contented with such wine as satisfied our ancestors. My reason for thinking so is, that all other trees and

plants, as far as we can know, flourish as well now as they did formerly.

Mary. Had they pretty gardens then?

Mrs. M. The houses of the nobility had commonly some sort of garden or "pleasance" attached to them; and all the monasteries had orchards and gardens, including a "herberie," or physic-garden, the chief medicinal nostrums of the times being preparations from herbs. We do not hear of ornamental gardening till many years afterwards; and the list of culinary vegetables at this time cultivated was very scanty, there being few besides carrots, parsnips, and cabbages in general use.

Mary. You forgot potatoes, mamma!

Mrs. M. There was not such a thing as a potato in Europe at the time I am speaking of. This root was first brought from America by Sir Walter Raleigh, in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Mary. Pray, mamma, whom did you mean when you spoke of God's rebellious creatures?

Mrs. M. I meant ourselves, and all people. We are all God's rebellious creatures, daily neglecting to do His will, and receiving His benefits with unthankful hearts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDWARD III.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST,
1327—1377.

Edward III. and Shield. His effigy from the monument at Westminster, and full armour from an old MS.

EDWARD III., at the commencement of his reign, not being more than fifteen years old, was only a tool in the hands of the queen and Mortimer, who confiscated the property of the Spensers, and appropriated it to their own purposes. They caused the late king's brother, the earl of Kent, to be executed under a false charge of treason; and by their revengeful and rapacious conduct made themselves so much hated by the people, that the nation would soon have been thrown

into internal confusion, had not a foreign foe appeared, and drawn the public attention to a more pressing danger.

Robert Bruce thought this a favourable time to retaliate on the English for all the sufferings they had brought on Scotland, and began hostilities on the border. Edward immediately took the field against him; and Bruce was soon glad to put a stop to the war by entering into a negotiation with the queen for the marriage of his infant son with her daughter Jane. A permanent peace was the result, by which England recognised Bruce's title to the crown, and the absolute independence of the Scottish kingdom. This was in 1328.

In 1326 Edward had married Philippa of Hainault, a queen of high and irreproachable character, and no less distinguished for her sense and intrepidity, when the occasion called these qualities forth, than for her benevolence to all whom she could benefit by her kindness. Edward also is esteemed one of the greatest of our kings, though he has been more commonly admired for his bravery and military skill than for his many other better qualities. He was tall and majestic in his figure, and his countenance bore a very noble expression. He excelled in all manly and warlike exercises, he was well versed in the learning of his time, and had an excellent understanding; but, unfortunately for his country, all the powers of his mind were early engrossed by one ruinous desire—the desire of making conquests.

His mother had had three brothers, who were all kings of France one after the other, and who all died leaving only daughters. There is a law in France, called the Salique law, which excludes females from the crown. Consequently when Charles, the last of the three brothers, died, Philip of Valois, his uncle's son, became king, as being the next male heir. But Edward affirmed himself to be the next male heir, being nephew to the late king, and contended that though his mother, according to the French law, could not be queen, still he might be king, as inheriting through her.

But before Edward could be master of France, it was necessary for him to be master of himself, and to shake off the bondage in which his mother and Mortimer still kept him. He had soon an opportunity of doing this. Isabella and Mortimer (now earl of March) resided at Nottingham Castle. In October 1330, Edward, by the assistance of the governor, contrived to get through some subterranean passages into an apartment where Mortimer and the queen were; and in spite of the entreaties of the queen, who called upon her son "to have pity on the gentle Mortimer," seized and had him carried away prisoner to Westminster. Mortimer was soon after hanged on a gibbet at Tyburn. The queen-mother was deprived of all her ill-gotten riches, and was confined during the remainder of her life a sort of state prisoner at Castle-Rising.

The king now took the administration of affairs into his own hands, and by his wise regulations gave early proof (for he was only eighteen), of his great capacity; but unhappily his love of war soon called him off from the arts of peace. In the year 1332 he renewed hostilities with Scotland, where David, son of the brave Robert Bruce, was now king, a child of only seven years old. A strange quixotic enterprise of Edward Baliol, son of the John Baliol who had been made king in 1290, put him in possession for a time of the crown of Scotland, and drove David into exile. King Edward assisted Baliol, and defeated the Scots at Halidon Hill, in 1333. Baliol, however, was so unpopular with his countrymen, that he was soon compelled to retire into England.

At last Edward, tired of this unprofitable war, determined to abandon it, and to apply all his strength to the project he had so long harboured against France. He was occupied during two years in raising money and making preparations. In 1338 he landed with an army at Antwerp, but found himself unable then to proceed. In 1340 he sailed again, and encountering the French fleet off Sluys, completely defeated it, after a most bloody and obstinate fight. This defeat was so entirely unexpected on the part of the French, that no one dared to tell Philip of it, till at last it was hinted to him by his jester, who said in his hearing, "Oh! what dastardly cowards those English are!"—"How so?" said the king. "Because," rejoined the jester, "they did not jump into the sea as our brave men have done." The king then demanded an explanation, and heard from his courtiers the whole disastrous story.

After the victory of Sluys, Edward disembarked his men, and advanced as far as Tournay; but here he found himself obliged to make a truce with Philip. He returned in 1340 to England, where his absence had produced many inconveniences. He was at this time involved in great difficulties. All his allies deserted him: he had drained the country of money, and was obliged to pawn the crown, and even the queen's jewels. Still nothing could divert him from his inordinate ambition to possess himself of the crown of France; and he continued to make many unavailing attempts on that country. At last in 1346 success seemed likely to crown his efforts. He landed at La Hogue, in Normandy, on the 12th of July, with an army of thirty-two thousand men, in which was his eldest son, who has been called the Black Prince; so called, it is supposed, from the colour of his armour.

Philip, hearing of this invasion of the English, assembled a large army to oppose them, and, breaking down all the bridges as he passed, came in sight of them on the banks of the Seine, near Rouen. The two armies marched for some time on opposite sides of the river; the English on the left or western, the French on the right or

eastern side. Edward wished very much to cross over, but could not, on account of the bridges being broken. At last he contrived to cross by means of a stratagem. He made preparations for repairing the bridge at Poissy, and then suddenly decamped, as if to march farther up the river. The French also set off in the same direction, which Edward no sooner perceived than he hastily turned back to Poissy, and, repairing the bridge with the utmost expedition, crossed over it, and turned off towards Flanders, while the French were keeping along the side of the river. But when he reached the banks of the Somme he found himself in a still worse dilemma. Here also the bridges had been destroyed, and Gondemar de Faye was on the opposite side to prevent his crossing, and the king of France was behind him with 100,000 men. Edward offered a hundred marks to any one who would show him a ford, and a peasant was tempted by the promised reward to point out a place at Blanchetaque, between Abbeville and the sea, where it was possible to cross at low water. Edward first plunged into the water, calling out, "Let him who loves me follow." The whole army instantly followed, and before Philip could arrive at the same place, the rising of the tide made it impossible for him to cross over, and obliged him to go round by Abbeville.

Edward, after he had crossed the ford, surprised Gondemar, and defeated him; and the next day, the 25th of August, had time to post himself in an advantageous position on the plain of Cressy, before Philip and his army came up with him. The king of France thinking the English were now in a complete trap, and that he had only to overtake them to gain an easy victory, had marched with all haste from Abbeville; but when he saw how advantageously they were posted, he ordered his men to halt for the night, that they might rest and refresh themselves before the engagement began. But military discipline was then so imperfect, that the order was not attended to, and the foremost troops kept advancing in a disorderly manner, till they arrived in front of the English. Edward had disposed his forces in the most judicious manner; and after he had ridden along the lines, and encouraged the men with words and looks, he ordered them to sit down in their ranks on the grass and take refreshment. But as soon as they saw the French approaching, they sprang from the ground; every horseman mounted his horse, every archer made ready his bow, each foot-soldier stood ready in his place, and waited with firmness for the moment of attack.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Philip's advanced troops came up with the English, and the battle soon became general. At the first onset, the part where the prince of Wales was posted was furiously beset, and the king, who had taken his station on the top of a windmill, from whence he could overlook the whole field, was

importuned to go to his succour, but he refused, saying, "He would not deprive his son, and those who were with him, of the honour of the victory." These words being repeated to the prince and his companions, inspired them with extraordinary courage. After fighting till the close of the evening, the French army was completely discomfited. The king fled, accompanied only by five knights and about sixty soldiers, leaving on that bloody field eighty bannerets, and forty thousand dead and dying men. Amongst the slain was the old king of Bohemia, who, being blind, had been led into the battle by two knights, one on each side of his horse. The motto on his shield was *Ich dien*, which means *I serve*. These words were adopted by the Black Prince in commemoration of this great day, and have been the motto of the princes of Wales ever since.

When the battle was over, Edward rushed to his son, and embraced him with great affection, while the prince fell on his knees before his father, and craved his blessing. Edward stayed three days at Cressy to bury the dead, and then marched to Calais, with the intention of laying siege to it; but, finding it too strong to take by storm, he determined to subdue it by famine. He stationed his fleet directly opposite the harbour, and built huts for his soldiers all round the town, so as completely to invest it. John de Vienne, the governor, seeing himself shut up from all succour, determined to hold out to the utmost, in hopes that Edward's patience would be tired out; and, to make the provisions that were in the town last the longer, he turned seventeen hundred old people, women and children, out of it. When Edward saw all these forlorn wretches thrust out from Calais, and the gates locked upon them, he had compassion on them, and gave them food and money, and let them pass through his army in safety. It is said, however, that when the governor tried Edward's clemency a second time, by turning out five hundred more non-combatants, the English lines were shut against them, and they perished miserably of hunger.

After the siege had lasted eleven months, the garrison were in so much distress for want of food that they were reduced to eat horses, dogs, and cats, till even these failed, and John de Vienne found himself obliged to capitulate. Edward agreed that if six of their principal citizens came to him barefooted, with ropes about their necks, and brought him the keys of the town, he would spare the lives of the rest. The people of Calais were greatly distressed when they heard these terms. While they were deliberating on what was to be done, Eustace de St. Pierre, one of the richest merchants of the town, offered himself as the first of the six victims. His example inspired five others with equal courage, and after a sorrowful parting with their friends (for they all expected to be hung) they appeared before Edward. He affected, for it is supposed he was not really in earnest,

The Black Prince. Edward III St. George. Queen Philippa. Isabel, Duchess of Bedford.

(From the East Wall of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster.)

to be so much enraged against the people of Calais for holding out so long against him, that he ordered these six men to be executed. Queen Philippa then fell on her knees before him, and besought him to pardon them. The king granted her request, and she had them conducted to her apartment, where she entertained them honourably, and sent them back to the town, bestowing on them many rich presents. Edward took possession of Calais on the 4th of August, 1347, and turning out all the old inhabitants, peopled it entirely with his own subjects.

While these things had been going on in France, David Bruce had been recalled to Scotland, and took the opportunity of Edward's absence to invade England. But queen Philippa acted with such vigour, that an army was speedily raised, and David was defeated and taken prisoner at Nevil's Cross, near Durham, and afterwards brought to the Tower. The queen hastened over to France to carry this good news to Edward, and had arrived just before the surrender of Calais.

Edward's successes in France were interrupted during the next six years by a most terrible pestilence—so terrible as to be called the black death—which raged throughout Europe, and proved a greater scourge to the people than even the calamities of war.

In 1350 Philip of Valois died, and was succeeded by his son John. But neither this event, nor the pestilence, nor the truces which had been made (but ill kept), had any permanent effect in repressing the animosity with which the war between the two rival nations was still carried on. In this war the English had generally the advantage; and of the heroes who distinguished themselves in it none surpassed the Black Prince in valour and prowess. On the 6th of July, 1356, he marched from Bordeaux with an army of 12,000 men, and, after taking and burning many towns and villages, he encamped on the 17th of September within two leagues of Poitiers. The same evening the king of France, with an army of 60,000 men, encamped within a mile of the prince, who, when he saw the French army advance thus unexpectedly upon him, exclaimed, "God help us! it only remains for us to fight bravely!" The cardinal of Perigord, who was with the French army, was very desirous to prevent an engagement, and rode backwards and forwards several times between John and the prince, in hopes of being able to make peace. The prince said to him, "Save my honour, and the honour of my army, and I will readily listen to any reasonable conditions." But John would consent to nothing, unless the prince and a hundred of his knights would surrender themselves prisoners of war. The reply of the prince to this was, that "He would never be made a prisoner but sword in hand." The cardinal, finding his endeavours unavailing, retired to Poitiers.

Early in the morning on Monday, the 19th of September, the Prince of Wales drew up his army in excellent order, and riding

along the lines with a countenance in which modesty, goodness, and fortitude were expressed, exhorted his men to fight valiantly; saying, that he himself was resolved to conquer or die, and that England should never have to pay a ransom for him.

The king of France formed his army in three divisions; and because the English had posted themselves in such a manner that they could be approached only by a narrow lane covered on each side by high hedges, he ordered a separate detachment to go first, and clear a passage for the rest. When this detachment entered the lane, it found that a line of English archers was placed behind each hedge. These archers, who were themselves out of all danger, killed and wounded a great number of the French soldiers. Of those who escaped, some got to the end of the lane, and were either killed or taken prisoners by the Black Prince, who was there in waiting for them; but the greater number, turning back, rushed down the lane to their own army, and threw it into some confusion. Before order could be restored, the Captal de Buch, whom the prince had sent during the night to lie in ambush near the French camp, fell upon their army in flank, attacking that part where the dauphin was stationed. In their anxiety to remove their young prince from danger, the officers who were with him hurried him out of the field; thus setting the example of flight, which was soon followed by the whole division. The duke of Orleans, who commanded another division, perceiving this movement, imagined all was lost, and fled precipitately. Thus were two-thirds of the French army conquered more by their own fears than by the arms of the enemy.

The king's division, meanwhile, which was alone much superior in numbers to the whole English army, resolutely maintained its ground. The English, encouraged by seeing victory more within their grasp, and the French perceiving that it was now necessary for them to exert their utmost valour, fought desperately: but at length three of the French generals being killed, the cavalry gave way, and the king, who had shown great personal bravery, was left towards the end of the day with a few followers on the field of battle; and being surrounded by English and Gascons, he and his youngest son were taken prisoners. The Black Brince, being overpowered by excessive fatigue, had at this time been persuaded to take some rest in a little tent. On being informed that John had been taken, he sent the earl of Warwick to conduct the royal prisoner to his tent. The king was surrounded by soldiers who were clamorously disputing for the possession of him, when the earl arrived, and, rescuing him from their turbulence, led him to the prince, who received him with every mark of respect and sympathy: and, having ordered a magnificent supper to be served up, would not sit in his presence, but stood behind his chair, trying to soothe and comfort him. The king, much affected

by this generous treatment, burst into tears, and declared that though it was his fate to be a captive, he rejoiced that he had fallen into the hands of the most generous and valiant prince alive.

The loss of the French in this battle was very great. Besides those who were taken prisoners, there were above 6000 men-at-arms left dead on the field. The prince, after returning thanks to God for the victory, praised his troops for their conduct, and gave rewards and dignities to those who had more particularly distinguished themselves. In the following April he sailed with his royal prisoners to England. On their approach to London, they were met by a train of a thousand citizens in their best array, who conducted them with great state to Westminster. The Black Prince, in a plain dress, and on a little palfrey, rode by the side of the king of France, who was clad in royal robes, and mounted on a beautiful horse. When they arrived at Westminster, king Edward met them and embraced the captive king with every mark of respect. He and his son were lodged first in the palace of the Savoy, and afterwards at Windsor, and were treated, during the three years they remained in England, more like visitors than prisoners. Edward had now two captive monarchs in his kingdom; but on the third of October, 1357, David regained his liberty, and returned to Scotland, after a captivity of eleven years.

France was thrown into the greatest confusion by the misfortune of her king. The dauphin was appointed regent; and the necessities of the country were so great that he was obliged to enter into a treaty with Edward, by which he gave up to him in full sovereignty a large tract, containing several provinces, to which Edward's town of Bordeaux formed a sort of capital. John's ransom was fixed at three millions of gold crowns, and forty noblemen were to be sent over to England as hostages till the money should be paid. This treaty, after many tedious negotiations, was at last completed, in May, 1360; it is called the peace of Bretigny. Edward accompanied John to Calais, and the two kings, with many expressions of regard, parted on the 24th of October. Edward then returned to England, after bestowing all his newly-acquired French provinces on the Black Prince, who went to hold his court at Bordeaux with the princess Joan, his wife, the beautiful daughter and heiress of the earl of Kent. She had before been married to Sir John Holland, by whom she had two sons.

The duke of Anjou, one of the hostages who had been given for the payment of John's ransom, having escaped, and the dauphin making some difficulty in fulfilling the articles of the late treaty, John, who felt that his own honour was at stake, returned to England to put himself again in Edward's hands; and falling ill of a fever, he died at the palace of the Savoy, April 8, 1364

I have hitherto endeavoured to confine myself as much as possible to the concerns of our own country; but the affairs of all the nations of Europe become as I advance so much intermingled, that I must enter somewhat into the history of foreign countries. France, amongst the many miseries by which it was at this time desolated, suffered intolerably from the insolence and licentiousness of numerous bands of foreign soldiers, who called themselves the "free companies," and would submit to no authority but that of their own particular commanders. They consisted chiefly of soldiers disbanded from the great armies of France and England, and they held themselves in readiness to enlist again with any party that would hire their services. In the interim they possessed themselves of some strong castles in different parts of the country, and lived entirely by plunder.

These men, by their violence and rapacity, were the scourge of France. The pope, with many promises of present gain and future pardon for their sins, which were many and grievous, tried in vain to tempt them to undertake a crusade to the Holy Land; but neither glory nor religion could detach them from their freebooting life. At last the dauphin, now Charles the Fifth, contrived means of getting them out of his kingdom. There was at that time a very wicked king of Castile, called Pedro the Cruel; he had a half-brother, Henry of Trastamare, a good man, and much beloved by the people, who wished him to be king instead of his brother; and Charles, thinking this a good opportunity of getting rid of the free companies, sent them, under the command of Du Guesclin, one of the bravest generals France ever possessed, to assist Henry in driving Pedro from the throne. The companies, after having stripped France, were very ready to rush like a swarm of locusts into Spain. Pedro was soon driven from his throne, and fled with his two daughters to Bordeaux, to implore the protection and assistance of the Black Prince, who engaged heartily in the cause of the dethroned monarch, and, accompanied by his brother, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, marched an army of 30,000 men into Spain. Henry of Trastamare met them with a force of more than 100,000 men; and the battle of Najara was fought between these two unequal armies on the 3rd of April, 1367. In this battle the skill and valour of our brave prince and his well-disciplined troops overthrew the immense host of Spain; and, against the wishes and endeavours of the whole nation, replaced a hated tyrant on the throne.

Pedro no sooner found himself thus re-established, than he forgot his obligations to the Black Prince, and treated him with great ingratitude. Many of the English soldiers fell victims to the unhealthiness of the climate; the health of the prince also suffered exceedingly, and, in great disgust at the conduct of Pedro, he returned with the

shattered remains of his army to Bordeaux. Henry of Trastamare returned after a while into Spain, and, with the aid of the king of France, attacked and defeated Pedro, and slew him with his own hand. Henry then peaceably ascended the throne, and the two daughters of Pedro fled to Bordeaux. These two princesses soon after married two of the English princes, the third and fourth sons of King Edward. Constantia, the eldest, married John of Gaunt, whose first wife had been daughter and heiress of the earl of Lancaster. Isabella, the other sister, married Edmund, duke of York. The duke of Lancaster immediately on his marriage assumed, in right of his wife, the title of king of Castile.

The Black Prince, from the time of his return from Spain, became subject to such continued ill-health, that it was generally believed he had been poisoned. His illness had a most unhappy effect upon his temper, which was so much altered by it, that, from being the most benevolent and generous of men, he became cruel and morose; and thus, during the last years of his life, lost the affections of his French subjects, though his English ones, to whom he showed more tenderness, loved and honoured him to the last. After some months of constant suffering, he became unable, from weakness, to mount his horse, and was obliged to give up the command of his army. In order to defray the expenses of his expedition into Spain, he had been obliged to levy heavy taxes on his Gascon subjects, who, thinking themselves aggrieved, appealed to the king of France. The treaty of Bretigny not having been fully ratified, Charles claimed the right of still treating the Black Prince as his vassal, and summoned him to appear at Paris and answer the complaints of the Gascons. The prince replied that, if he did come, it would be at the head of 60,000 men. But this was an idle vaunt; in 1370 French troops poured into Guienne, and within the next four years drove the English out of nearly all their possessions in the south of France. In 1372 the English fleet suffered a signal defeat off Rochefort. These mortifications, and his continued illness, increased the irritability of the prince's mind. He returned to England, as a last hope, for the recovery of his health; but, after lingering some time, he died on the 8th of June, 1376, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His monument may be seen in Canterbury cathedral.

The loss of his son broke down the heart of the poor old king, who did not long survive him, and died at his palace at Shene, June 1, 1377, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and the fifty-first of his reign.

Queen Philippa is mentioned by all historians in the highest terms of praise. She and Edward lived together in uninterrupted harmony forty-two years.

Their sons were,—

1. Edward the Black Prince.
2. Lionel, duke of Clarence, who died in 1368, leaving an only daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
3. John of Gaunt, married first Blanche, heiress of the earl of

Tomb of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey.

Lancaster, by whom he had one son, Henry, afterwards king, and two daughters. His second wife was Constantia of Castile, by whom he had Catherine, married to the king of Castile. His third and last

wife was Catherine Swynford, by whom he had two sons,—John Beaufort, who was great-grandfather to Henry VII., and Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester.

4. Edmund, duke of York, married Isabella of Castile, by whom he had Richard, who married his cousin Anne Mortimer, and was the father of Richard, duke of York.

5. Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester;

And three other sons, who died young.

Their daughters were,—Isabel, duchess of Bedford;

Joan, contracted to Pedro the Cruel, but died;

Mary, duchess of Bretagne;

Margaret, countess of Pembroke.

Edward III. founded the order of the Knights of the Garter. He rebuilt and enlarged the castle of Windsor; and every county was assessed to provide a certain number of masons and artificers to complete the work. He also rebuilt St. Stephen's chapel at Westminster, where the House of Commons now holds its assemblies. Its first assemblies were held in the chapter-house at Westminster. The division of the house of parliament into Lords and Commons the exact commencement of which is not known, was thoroughly established in this reign, in the first part of which the knights of the shire sat with the lords; though before the middle of it they had taken their places, as now, in the House of Commons. The laws and statutes were in this reign commanded to be written in English, having been written in Norman French ever since the Conquest. There is a passage in Sir Matthew Hale's History of the Common Law, which reflects so much credit on this reign, that I must copy it:—"Under the long reign of Edward the Third the law was improved to its greatest height. The judges and pleaders were very learned, and their pleadings polished; yet they have neither uncertainty, prolixity, nor obscurity. They were plain and skilful, and in the rules of law, especially in relation to real actions and titles of inheritance, very learned and excellently polished; so that at the latter end of this king's reign the law seemed to be near its meridian."

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XVIII.

Richard. I only wish Edward had had more right on his side in his wars in France. There would then be still more pleasure in reading of his victories, which, to be sure, whether his cause was right or wrong, were very glorious.

George. As Edward was such a fighting king, he had, I should suppose, a great many brave knights about him.

Mrs. Markham. He had so many that it would take up too much time to enumerate them all. Sir Robert Knolles, Sir John Chandos,

and Sir Walter Manny are perhaps those whose exploits are most frequently mentioned. Sir Walter Manny was a native of Hainault, and came to England as page to Queen Philippa. When he first began his career of arms, he and some young companions of his own age, each put a black patch over one eye, and vowed not to take it off till they had performed some brave action in the wars in France; and I dare say Sir Walter was soon able to remove his patch, for he was a most valiant knight. He was also a beneficent one; for during the great pestilence he bought a piece of ground, which he gave for a burying-ground for those who died in London of that dreadful disease. He also founded a priory called the *Chartreuse:* the priory was dissolved at the Reformation, and was made private property; and in the reign of Elizabeth it was bought by a rich merchant of the name of Sutton, who endowed it as a public school, and also founded an hospital there; and this is the history of the Charter House School, the name being a corruption of the above French appellation.

George. Well, then, if papa sends me to the Charter House, and I am obliged to fight and give a boy a black eye, I'll tell him I gave it him in honour of old Sir Walter and his black patch.

Mrs. M. Then at the same time I hope that, in honour of the same valiant knight, you will be generous in victory, and honourable in all your actions. The reign of Edward the Third was the reign of heroes. The martial spirit of the king and of the Black Prince inspired the young nobility with an enthusiastic valour, and it was to encourage this chivalrous spirit that the king instituted the order of the Garter.

Mary. Was it not called so because a lady lost her garter at a ball?

Mrs. M. There is a vulgar story that this happened to the countess of Salisbury at a ball at court, and that the king seeing the courtiers smile at the lady's confusion, good-naturedly took up the garter, and bound it round his own leg, saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense;" which words have been adopted as the motto of the order. But this story is generally believed to be a mere fabrication, the annexing of the garter to an order of knighthood having, it is supposed, the much more honourable origin of being derived from Richard the First, who gave a leathern strap to gird round the knee, as a distinction to some of the brave knights who fought with him in Palestine. Edward also made the foundation which still subsists of the Poor Knights of Windsor, as a retirement for those who were too old for service. The present houses of the Poor Knights were built by him, and I have been in one of them, the walls of which are eight feet thick; so massy were buildings formerly made.

Richard. The more I think of the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, the more surprising it seems that such handfuls of men should beat the immense armies of the French!

Mrs. M. It has been supposed that Edward owed the first of these victories to the invention of gunpowder, which was first used, it is said, in war, in that battle. Some writers, indeed, tell us it had been used before in other countries; but be that as it may, it was a novelty to the French, and it is no wonder that they should have been dismayed by the smoke and noise. When multitudes once begin to fly, they are more hurt by one another than by the enemy; and this was particularly the case in those times, when people were cased in such heavy armour, that when once thrown down, they could not rise without help.

George. Did not you once tell us who invented gunpowder?

Mrs. M. Gunpowder was, I believe, first invented by Friar Bacon, though Schwartz, a German, also claims the merit of the discovery. It was used at first to shoot off darts and arrows and stones from an imperfect sort of cannon, which was composed only of bars of iron joined together by hoops, and which commonly burst after the third or fourth discharge. Experience, however, taught people to improve upon them. Stone balls were used for some time, before the practice of casting iron ones was adopted.

Mary. I could not understand that story about the king of France and his jester.

Mrs. M. It was formerly customary for kings and nobles to have amongst the number of their attendants one whose business it was to play the fool, and who was privileged to say or do anything that was ridiculous, for the sake of diverting his master.

Mary. That would just have suited me. I could have done very well for some little princess's fool.

Mrs. M. It required some cleverness to be a good fool. In the plays of Shakspeare, which you will one day read, you will see that in many of them the fool is a very prominent character, and has a great deal of wit.

Richard. O, mamma! I have read one of those plays. It was '*As You Like It*,' and there is a very entertaining fool in it, "a motley fool," as he is called.

Mrs. M. That was because the fool's dress was motley; that is, made of different colours. He also wore a cap made with two great ears, to resemble asses' ears, and he had little sheep-bells fastened to different parts of his dress.

Richard. Well, I should neither have liked to have been a fool myself, nor to have lived in a house with one, with all his tiresome jingling bells.

Mrs. M. Then you are more fastidious than our ancestors were, who liked the noise of the fool's bells, as well as his witty jests. An old German writer, who lived not long after this time, says of the English, "that they are very fond of noises, such as the ringing of

bells and beating of drums." And, indeed, all the diversions of the English, whatever they may be now, were formerly of a noisy and tumultuous kind. When a nobleman opened his castle to his guests, on occasions of public festivity, the courts and halls were crowded with minstrels, mimics, jugglers, and tumblers ; and there was a confusion and mixture of feasting, drinking, dancing, singing, tumbling, and buffoonery, which would appear very strange to us now in any nobleman's mansion.

Mary. Why did not these jugglers and tumblers show their tricks at their own houses, or at the playhouses?

Mrs. M. There was not at that time a playhouse in the whole kingdom. These people used to travel about the country, and, when they were not received into private houses, they exhibited their tricks in carts in the open streets. Indeed it appears as if the streets used to be scenes of great gaiety ; for we are told that the servants of the citizens of London were accustomed on summer evenings to dance in the streets before their masters' doors.

Richard. That might do very well when there were no carriages passing.

Mrs. M. There were no carriages then.

Mary. Then how did people go about?

Mrs. M. Queens and persons of high rank were occasionally conveyed in horse litters. I have seen pictures of these litters; they were like a bedstead fastened by shafts before and behind to two horses (something in the manner in which sedan chairs are carried by men). Over the litter there was a canopy held, supported on four long poles, each pole carried by a man on foot; so that this mode of travelling was not a very expeditious one. The lord-mayor and aldermen of London, on occasion of an annual merry-making in the country, used to ride, while their wives went in waggons; but the usual way for ladies "to go about," as well as gentlemen, was on horseback.

Richard. And besides, you know, mamma, London was not so large as it is now. The new streets were not built, I dare say, then.

Mrs. M. No, nor many which we now call old streets. I have before told you that the city of London and the village of Westminster were then separate. The road from Temple-bar to St. Giles's was so very bad in the reign of Edward the Third, that the first turnpike toll in England was levied to repair it; and all beyond St. Giles's church was a wild thicket. What is now the Strand was occupied by noblemen's houses, which had gardens running down to the banks of the Thames.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1377—1399.

John Ball, the crazy priest of Kent, and a Jester of the 14th century.

RICHARD of Bordeaux was the only surviving child of Edward the Black Prince, and was proclaimed king on the death of his grandfather. There was no regent appointed; but the young king's three uncles took the direction of affairs upon themselves. John of Gaunt, the eldest of the three, had a high spirit and great ambition. He was not of an engaging, popular temper; but being a man of activity and exertion, he had had, even in his father's lifetime, great authority in the state. The duke of York was well-meaning, but indolent, and of slender capacity. The duke of Gloucester was turbulent, bold, and meddling; but John being the oldest, and perhaps the most ambitious, had the chief sway in their councils. Yet he soon showed himself ill qualified to be the leader of affairs, and plunged the country into great distresses by several unprofitable expeditions both into France and Scotland.

In 1381 a poll-tax of a shilling a head, levied on all persons throughout the kingdom above the age of fifteen, raised the discontents of the lower orders of the people to the greatest pitch. One of the persons employed to collect this tax having been killed in a quarrel with a tyler at Deptford, called Walter, a crowd collected; and from this small beginning a serious disturbance broke forth. Wat Tyler, as he is called, took upon himself the command of the insurgents, and sent messages into the neighbouring counties, inviting the common people to join together, to shake off the yoke of servitude, and to take vengeance on their oppressive masters. The people willingly obeyed the summons, and leaving their employments hastened to Blackheath, the place of rendezvous, burning the houses

and plundering the estates of the nobility and gentry as they passed. The frenzy of the people was encouraged by the declamations of one John Ball, a crazy priest, who went about exhorting the lower people to destroy all their superiors. The mob when assembled at Blackheath, amounted to 300,000 men. Wat Tyler, and another man, called, from his business as a thresher, Jack Straw, were appointed leaders, and they all set off, like hounds in full cry, towards London. The king's uncles were absent from the kingdom; and this insurrection was so sudden, that no preparations had been made for checking it. The king, with his mother, and a small number of the nobility, took refuge in the Tower of London.

The insurgents sent to the king a knight whom they had made prisoner, to say that they wanted to speak with him about the government of the kingdom, which his uncles managed very ill. The king returned for answer, "that if they would approach the Thames, he would speak with them the next morning." In the morning the king went on board his barge, and, attended by a few noblemen, rowed towards Rotherhithe, where about ten thousand of this rabble were waiting by the river-side. These people, when they saw the royal barge approaching, set up such frightful outcries, that the king was persuaded, by those who were with him, to row back to the Tower. The return of the king exasperated the rioters, and they rushed forwards to London, destroying everything they met in their way; and they beheaded every gentleman who was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. The gate on the bridge had been shut; but it was opened by the friends of the rioters in the city. Wat Tyler and his mob then rushed in, and spread all over London, filling every place with terror. They were particularly furious against the Lombards and Flemings; and those who could not pronounce the words *bread and cheese*, with a proper English accent, were judged to be foreigners, and had their heads chopped off on the spot.

The mob then pillaged and burnt John of Gaunt's palace at the Savoy, and destroyed the Temple, and all the records that were kept in it; and there is no saying to what excesses they would have proceeded, had not the greatest part of them happily become stupified by the quantity of wine they had gorged themselves with. In this state they lay sleeping and intoxicated about the streets. The respite thus gained gave the terrified inhabitants time to take some measures for the general security. A council was held, in which the lord-mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, proposed to rush into the streets and slaughter the insurgents, while overpowered by wine and sleep. But this advice was overruled; and it was determined that a message should be sent to them from the king, to say that if they would peaceably retire to Mile-end, he would meet them there on the morrow, and hear their grievances. The next day, June the

14th, the king, with a few unarmed attendants, left the Tower and proceeded to the appointed place, where he found about 60,000 persons assembled. The king, in a gentle manner, asked them what they wanted. They replied, "They wanted the freedom of themselves and children." The king promised that their desires should be granted, and that, if they would return to their homes, he would give them charters for their freedom. Immediately thirty clerks were set to work to write these charters, which were given to all who demanded them: the mob then dispersed, and every one returned peaceably and contentedly to his home.

In the mean time Wat Tyler, with Jack Straw, and the most desperate of the party, instead of going with the others to meet the king at Mile-end, had broken into the Tower of London, and murdered the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and many other persons whom they found there. Their design was to seize on the young king, to murder all the nobility, and to plunder, and then burn London. But on the following day, June 15, they were stopped in their mad career. The king was passing through Smithfield, attended by the lord-mayor and about sixty horsemen. Wat Tyler met them with 20,000 of the insurgents, and riding up to the king behaved with so much audacity, that Walworth, unable to endure the sight of this clown's insolence to his sovereign, drew his sword, and felled him to the ground with a blow.

The rioters seemed for a moment stunned with surprise by the loss of their leader; and before they had time to recover themselves, the young king, with astonishing presence of mind, rode up to them, and said, "My friends, be not concerned for the loss of your unworthy leader; I will be your leader." And turning his horse, he rode into the open fields at the head of the multitude, who seemed to follow him unconsciously, and without knowing why. A cry, meanwhile, had arisen in the city, that the king had fallen into the hands of the rebels, and instantly some thousands of brave men flew to his rescue. When they appeared, the mob, seized with a panic, fell on their knees before the king, imploring his pardon, which he granted them on condition that they dispersed and returned to their homes. This they all did; and thus the insurrection melted away, like snow in a sudden thaw.

Richard's conduct during this disturbance naturally led his people to imagine that he had inherited the courage and vigour of mind of the Plantagenets; but the fair promise which he had thus given was soon blighted. He betrayed, as he advanced in age, a weakness and frivolity which made him totally unfit for the government of a kingdom. His person was extraordinarily beautiful: he loved pomp and show, and hated business; and it has even been asserted by some writers that his uncles purposely neglected his edu-

cation, and led him into vain and idle amusements, that he might be the less inclined to interfere with their ambitious designs. When the ferment of the insurrection was over, and the country was restored to tranquillity, Richard revoked all the charters of freedom which he had given, and compelled the bond-tenants to return to their state of villanage, and perform all their accustomed services to their lords. At the age of sixteen he married Anne of Bohemia, who was long remembered in England by the name of *the good Queen Anne*.

During the next five years nothing material occurred, and the chief business of the parliament was to keep a check on the duke of Lancaster, who wanted to drain England of men and money to prosecute the claim on the crown of Castile which he possessed in right of his wife, who, as I have already told you, was daughter of Pedro the Cruel. It was long before he could prevail on the parliament to grant the necessary supplies. At last, in 1386, he raised an army of 20,000 men, and, taking the duchess and his three daughters with him, sailed for Spain. He landed at Corunna, and his troops were suffered to overrun the province of Galicia without much opposition; for the king of Castile, who was son of Henry of Trastamare, trusting that the same causes would destroy the forces of the duke of Lancaster which had formerly been so fatal to those of the Black Prince, avoided meeting him in the field.

At the end of this bloodless campaign, the king of Portugal who had always favoured the duke's claims, entered into close alliance with him, and married his eldest daughter by his first wife. In the following year the king of Castile, being joined by some French troops, put himself at the head of an army. The English and Portuguese armies took the field together, and gained some places of little importance in Leon. But the unhealthiness of the climate to those whose constitutions were not inured to it had already, as had been foreseen, destroyed two-thirds of the English. Those who survived were reduced to a deplorable state of weakness; and the duke himself was so ill as to be nearly at the point of death. In this extremity he retired into Guienne with his family, and the shattered remains of his army. He now sought, as he could not gain the crown of Castile by force of arms for himself, to procure it by policy for his daughter Catherine. Pretending to negotiate for her marriage with a brother of the king of France, and transfer her mother's claims to her, he so much alarmed the king of Castile, that he immediately demanded the princess in marriage for his eldest son. The duke consented; and, well pleased at having thus secured the crown to his posterity, returned to England in 1389.

During the three years of Lancaster's absence, Richard by his abuse of the royal power in displacing the officers of the government,

and putting in their places his own idle favourites, had made himself exceedingly unpopular. The parliament had also made great stretches of power; had condemned and imprisoned one of the king's chief favourites, Michael de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, and obliged the king to sign a commission of regency to fourteen noblemen, thus divesting himself of all authority.

The duke of Gloucester was at the head of the party against his nephew, and not contented with reducing him to be a mere cipher, determined to destroy every friend that remained to him. Richard, though he had assembled around him so many vicious characters, had still preserved his respect for Sir Simon Burley, a good and venerable old man, who had been appointed his tutor by the Black Prince, by whom he had been greatly esteemed. Neither that circumstance, nor his age and virtue, could preserve him from the malice of Gloucester, who procured his condemnation on a pretended charge of high treason; and though *the good Queen Anne* remained on her knees three hours before the inexorable Gloucester, entreating for his life, he was executed as a common traitor. De la Pole and a few others saved their lives by a timely flight. The rest of the king's favourites were put to death. In this year, 1388, was fought the battle of Otterburn, between the English and Scots, in which Lord Douglas was killed, and Henry Percy, better known as Harry Hotspur, was taken prisoner. It was an engagement of no material consequence; but the famous ballad of Chevy Chase has made it so much celebrated, that I must not altogether pass it by.

After a quiet submission of about a year and a half to his uncle's tyranny, Richard suddenly roused himself into exertion, and asserted his own right to hold the reins of government. He took the great seal from Archbishop Arundel, a creature of the duke of Gloucester, and gave it to William of Wykeham, and acted with so much sense and vigour, that Gloucester and his party were thunderstruck, and relinquished their assumed authority. The duke, however, was not of a character to submit patiently; and though the king conferred on him grants of immense value, in hopes to purchase his friendship, he was continually engaged in factious schemes. He at length retired to his castle of Pleshy, in Essex, where frequent meetings were held by the discontented nobles. The king, hearing that Gloucester had a design of seizing his person, determined to be beforehand with him, and caused him to be seized by surprise, and conveyed to Calais. His chief associates, the earls of Warwick and Arundel, were committed prisoners to the Tower. The duke of Gloucester was then accused of high treason, and a parliament was summoned at Westminster, September 17th, 1397, to proceed on his trial.

So many nobles came to attend this trial, that every lodging in London, and for ten miles round, was filled. When the day of trial

arrived, the governor of Calais was summoned to produce his prisoner; but instead of producing him, he sent word that Gloucester had died in prison. The exact particulars of his death were never known: but there is every reason to believe that he was murdered by the king's orders. The king is supposed to have acted on this occasion by the advice (advice he lived bitterly to rue) of a French nobleman, the count of St. Pol.

The following year a quarrel arose between Henry Bolingbroke, John of Gaunt's only son, and the duke of Norfolk. It seems that the duke had spoken of the king as having instigated the murder of Gloucester, and that Bolingbroke, indignant at the charge, took it up as a personal offence. Richard, whose guilty conscience did not dare to have the matter openly discussed in a court of justice, adjudged it to be determined by a single combat, which Norfolk and Bolingbroke were to fight, on September 16th, 1398, at Coventry. The nobles and the parliament were already assembled to see the fight, and the combatants had entered the lists, when the king forbade them to engage, and banished Henry Bolingbroke for ten years, and the duke of Norfolk for life; who both left the kingdom highly dissatisfied with the sentence.

In 1399, John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," died, and Richard seized on all his great estates. Bolingbroke was at the court of France when he was informed of this injustice done to him. He resolved immediately to reclaim his rights; and being assisted with ships and soldiers by the duke of Bretagne, he came over to England, and landed July 4, 1399, at Ravensburgh.[1] The king was at that time in Ireland, where he had gone with a considerable force, for the purpose of quelling an insurrection, and his uncle, Edmund duke of York, was left regent during his absence.

It is probable that when Bolingbroke first landed he had no view beyond that of getting back his inheritance; but finding himself joined by the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and by other powerful noblemen, he soon began to entertain designs upon the throne itself. The duke of York was preparing, on the king's part, to make resistance; but he too being persuaded by Bolingbroke, in an interview which he had with him at Bristol, that he was only come to claim his own inheritance, joined him with the forces under his command.

Richard himself soon after landed at Milford Haven, and finding that his uncle, instead of having an army ready for his service, had gone over to the party of Bolingbroke, retired with a few friends to Conway. After some short negotiations, he imprudently agreed to a personal conference with his cousin at Flint Castle; but as he was on

[1] A town in Yorkshire, near the mouth of the Humber, which has been long washed away by the encroachments of the sea.

his way there with a few attendants, he was met by Bolingbroke, who conveyed him to London, and sent him prisoner to the Tower. Bolingbroke at first told the king he only intended to assist him in the government of the kingdom; but as soon as he found him completely in his power, he openly declared his own design upon the crown, and obliged him to sign a paper containing his resignation of the kingdom. This paper was read before and approved of by the parliament. A list of crimes and errors of which the king had been guilty was read, and he was then declared solemnly deposed; and the archbishops of York and Canterbury led Bolingbroke to the empty throne, and placed him on it.

Richard was conveyed a prisoner to Pontefract Castle, and was there put to death in the beginning of the year 1400, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign. He married, first, Anne of Bohemia; and secondly, Isabella of France, and left no children.

In this reign the first seeds were sown of the Protestant or reformed religion. John Wickliffe, a priest who had the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, became known, in the latter end of Edward the Third's reign, by a controversy with the begging friars. He afterwards attacked the corruptions of the whole body of the monastic clergy; and though he might not, perhaps, be the first who discovered the fallacy of many of the doctrines of the church of Rome, he was the first who dared to inveigh against them publicly. During his life no positive step was taken to bring about the reformation of the Church; yet he prepared the way for that which afterwards followed, by awakening people's minds to the conviction that the Romish Church had gone far astray from the purity of the Christian religion. Till the time of Wickliffe there were none but Latin Bibles, which were only to be found in the possession of the priests; so that the mass of the people was kept in total ignorance of the Scriptures. Wickliffe, assisted by his disciples, undertook and completed a translation of the Bible into English. This, though highly acceptable to the laity in general, was disapproved of by the bishops, and all who were attached to the Romish corruptions; and a bill was brought into the House of Lords to suppress the translation. But the bill was rejected in consequence of the warm remonstrance of John of Gaunt, who concluded by saying, "We will not be the dregs of all, seeing that other nations have the law of God, which is the law of our faith, written in their own language."

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XIX.

Richard. There is no pleasure in reading of any person being imprisoned and murdered; yet I think Richard deserved his fate, and did everything he could to draw it on himself.

George. Yes: the revoking all the charters of freedom that he had given to those poor slaves was the beginning of all his bad deeds.

Mrs. Markham. I do not wonder, George, at your being particu-

Tilting at the Ring.

larly shocked by that ungenerous act: but remember also that no person, whether king or subject, ought ever to make *any* promise without the firm intention of performing it.

Mary. What became of John Ball?

Mrs. M. I do not recollect that his fate is mentioned; indeed, he might not perhaps be remembered at all, but for two lines he was continually repeating in his harangues to the common people:—

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Mary. You said, mamma, that Wat Tyler's mob destroyed the Temple. I did not know that we had any temples in England.

Mrs. M. It is the name of a building that was once a monastic house, belonging to the Knights Templars, an order of monkish knights, who, instead of living in monasteries and wearing cowls, put on armour, and devoted themselves to the protection of those who went on pilgrimages to the Holy Land. They also took on themselves the vow of celibacy, and observed other monastic rules. This order was after a time dissolved; and Edward III. granted their house, which from them was called the Temple, to the students of the common law, by whom it is still inhabited. The Temple church was built by the Templars, after the model of that of the Holy Sepulchre; and contains several monuments of the old knights.[1]

Richard. Who were those begging friars?

Mrs. M. They were people who, because our Saviour and the apostles avoided worldly riches and honours, attempted to imitate them by going about begging, and who seemed to think that poverty and beggary were the essence of religion. Such and so great are the errors into which even well-meaning people may be betrayed by ill-instruction or ignorance.

[1] This church has also been recently (1843) disencumbered of many modern additions and inconsistencies, and restored, as is said, on what is supposed to have been its primitive model.

Richard. Was the Bible we read translated by Wickliffe?

Mrs. M. No; the translation now in use was made many years afterwards. You shall hear about that when we come to the reign of James I. Even Wickliffe was not the first who gave this country a translation of the Bible. The old Saxon bishop Aldhelm translated the book of Psalms into Saxon in the year 706. Other considerable portions of the Bible were translated in the Anglo-Saxon times, and these translations are still extant. But when the popes gained a complete ascendancy in the affairs of the English Church, none but Latin Bibles were allowed to be used.

Richard. What could be the reason of that?

Mrs. M. I am afraid that one reason must have been the desire to keep the people in ignorance, and so to prevent them from questioning the authority of the priests and the monks.

Mary. Then how very glad the Wickliffites must have been when they got a Bible in English!

Mrs. M. The followers of Wickliffe were called Lollards, a name given them by their adversaries out of derision, the word meaning "noisome weed." Wickliffe's opinions were not confined to our island. A young Bohemian gentleman, who came to England in the train of Richard's first queen, became a proselyte to them during his residence here, and on his return to Bohemia spread the knowledge of the new doctrine amongst his countrymen, which laid the foundation of the Reformation in Germany?

Mary. Did Richard and his queen become Lollards?

Mrs. M. The king was too much occupied with frivolous amusements to concern himself about serious matters; but the queen was one of Wickliffe's best friends. John of Gaunt was also, at one time, a very warm advocate for the new doctrine; but after a time his zeal cooled. Indeed, during the latter part of his life he forbore to interfere in any public or party concern. His once turbulent ambition seemed quite satisfied with having two of his daughters queens; and ever after his return from Spain he led a private life. His second wife died in 1394, and he married almost immediately afterwards Catherine Swynford, who had been governess to his daughters, and who was sister to the wife of Chaucer, the father of English poetry.

Mary. Father of English poetry! What does that mean?

Mrs. M. It means that he was our first eminent poet. Indeed, few of our modern poets have equalled him in the excellence of his descriptions; but, from the great changes that have taken place in our language since his time, his poetry is often so obscure, that persons unaccustomed to the old style of writing cannot easily understand it.

Richard. Can you tell me what it is like?

Mrs. M. I believe I can recollect a pretty description of the morning, which you will find intelligible.

"The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth with her song the morning grey;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth at the sight;
And with his beames drieth in the *greves*
The silver droppes hanging on the leaves."

Richard. I know that Phœbus means the sun, and the orient means the east; but I do not understand what *greves* are.

Mrs. M. The same as *groves*.

George. Is Chaucer the only old poet we have?

Mrs. M. There are some others as old and older, whose works have been preserved to us, but none who can bear any comparison with him. There was a poet who lived about this time, Robert Langland, a priest of Oxford, who wrote a very severe satire against persons of all professions, called the "Vision of Piers Plowman," which for the insight it gives us into the manners of the times, is a very valuable relic.

Richard. Is that as difficult to understand as Chaucer's poetry?

Mrs. M. You will find it more so. It is without rhyme, and is written in a very singular kind of verse, which is called alliterative, and which consists in having, in the same line several words beginning with the same letter. You will have a better idea of it if I can find a passage not too difficult for you to make out. Here is one. The poet is satirising the magnificence of a monkish dwelling, and says—

"I found there
A hall for a high king, a household to holden,
With broad boards abouten, y-benched well clean.
With windows of glass wrought as a church,
And chambers with chimneys, and chapels gay."

George. You said Richard was fonder of amusement than of anything serious: what sort of things did he amuse himself with?

Mrs. M. He was fond of tournaments, and all kinds of shows: he was a great lover of dress, and encouraged it in his courtiers, as it should appear, for the fashions of his time were more costly and absurd than they had ever been before. A fine gentleman did not then think himself well dressed unless his clothes were literally made of patchwork. For instance, one sleeve was blue, the other green; one stocking red and the other white; a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other. And they not only wore many different colours, but had also a great variety of clothes. It is recorded of Sir John Arundel that he had fifty-two suits of gold tissue. There is an old Scotch song ridiculing this passion for dress amongst the fine gentlemen of Richard's court. I only remember one stanza:—

"Long beards, thriftless,
Painted hoods, witless,
Gay coats, graceless,
Maketh England thriftless."

George. Well, I like the fighting days of Edward III. better than the dressing days of Richard II.

Mrs. M. And yet "the fighting days" of Edward III. produced in the young nobility a ferocious, overbearing character, which made them perpetually think themselves affronted, and entitled to revenge these supposed affronts by open violence. I recollect a very striking anecdote exemplifying this, in Froissart's Chronicles. King Richard marched into the north in 1385 to check an incursion of the Scots, and halted some days at Beverley by the way. His army was too numerous to be lodged in the town, and part was, therefore, dispersed in the neighbouring villages. A poor German knight, who was one of those who were so dispersed, was looking for a lodging, and trying in very bad English to make himself understood. A squire belonging to the king's half-brother, Sir John Holland, began to abuse the poor German, and laughed at him; but an archer of Sir Ralph Stafford's took part with the German, and shot the squire. When Sir John Holland heard of his squire's death, he made a vow that he would neither eat nor drink till he had killed the German knight, the innocent cause of the affray; and, riding furiously about the lanes in search of him till it was dark, he met Sir Ralph Stafford in a narrow lane, and struck at him with his sword as he passed. The blow was fatal; but Sir John Holland rode on without perhaps knowing at the moment that he had killed him.

Mary. But was not he hanged for the murder?

Mrs. M. He would have been, had he not taken refuge in the sanctuary of St. John of Beverley. The king was exceedingly angry with him, and refused to pardon him; and his mother, the princess of Wales, was so miserable that she died of grief. He afterwards obtained the king's pardon, and was made duke of Exeter, and married John of Gaunt's youngest daughter.

George. To be sure he was the king's brother, which, I suppose, accounts for his not being punished as he deserved.

Mrs. M. But I have not quite finished my story; in which, as the beginning has shown you an example of the lawless manners of the age, so the end exhibits an instance of the high-wrought feelings of honour which are characteristic of chivalry. Sir Ralph was a very accomplished young man, and the only son of an old Lord Stafford, who was then with the royal army. Lord Stafford, as soon as he had recovered from the first burst of grief at his son's shocking murder, went to the king, and told him that, as he was on the road to fight the Scots, he would not let his grief prevent him from serving his country in the hour of need. "And," added he, "during this expedition I shall not think of my affliction; for I like not that the Scots be rejoiced at the misery of the earl of Stafford." The afflicted old man accordingly accompanied the army into Scotland, and performed all the duties of a soldier and commander, as if he had had a heart free from sorrow; but as soon as the expedition was ended he went

to the Holy Land, on account of his son's death, and did not live to return.

Richard. Those "Chronicles" of Froissart must be very entertaining.

Mrs. M. Froissart was a native of Hainault; and, having been desired in his youth, by his "dear lord and patron," Robert de Namur, to write the history of the wars of his own time, he devoted his whole life to that purpose, and to travelling about to collect news. He was some time in England in the service of Queen Philippa, and has given us more minute details of passing events than are to be found in any other writer.

Richard. I must, dear mamma, ask you one more question. Was not Richard II. the first king who made dukes? for I do not think you have mentioned any before.

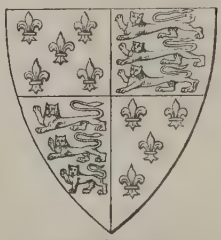
Mrs. M. You forgot the five sons of Edward III., who were all made dukes by their father. They were not however the first persons in England who bore that title; it had already been created, a few years earlier, in favour of Henry of Lancaster, the father of the great heiress, Blanche, who was John of Gaunt's first wife. The Black Prince was the first duke of Cornwall.

Costumes of the period, from St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, and a MS. in the British Museum, drawn from the originals

CHAPTER XX.

HENRY IV.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1399-1413.



Shield of Henry IV.

Effigies of Henry IV. and his Queen, from a Monument in Canterbury Cathedral.

HENRY IV., only three months before he obtained the crown, was wandering about, a banished man, in a foreign land. His success was the more surprising, because he had no personal qualities, except the kingly quality of courage, to attach the people to him. Nor had he, even after Richard, the next right of inheritance; for the undoubted heir was Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, whose grandmother was daughter of Lionel duke of Clarence, elder brother of John of Gaunt. Mortimer was at this time a child of seven years old; and though the parliament passed him by, and settled the crown on Bolingbroke and his heirs, yet Henry thought him too dangerous a rival to be at large, and kept the poor boy a prisoner at Windsor.

The king himself was in no enviable condition. His life was made miserable by continual apprehensions of plots and conspiracies—apprehensions as much occasioned by his own jealous and suspicious temper, as by the circumstances in which he was placed. He had possessed the crown only a few months when a very dangerous conspiracy against him was entered into by some nobles attached to Richard, which soon after broke out into an open war. The conspirators surprised Windsor Castle; but one of their number was a traitor, and had forewarned the king, who thus had time to escape, and the rising was easily crushed. All the nobles who were taken in arms were beheaded, and thus a bloody beginning was made to this distracted reign. Henry, believing that while Richard lived he never should possess the throne in peace, caused him to be murdered in prison, as you have already heard; and, to prevent any one from pretending in future to personate him, made known the certainty of his death by causing his dead body to be brought to

London, and exposed, with the face uncovered, for three days before it was buried.

In the year 1401 the king had a very narrow escape. One night he perceived concealed in his bed, just as he was stepping into it, a steel instrument with three sharp points, which would either have killed him or wounded him severely, had he lain down on it. The author of this attempt was never discovered.

Besides his secret enemies, Henry had a very formidable open foe in Owen Glendower, a Welsh gentleman of high spirit and courage. Glendower had a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn; and considering himself aggrieved by Henry, who took part with Lord Grey, he proclaimed himself Prince of Wales, and his countrymen crowded to his standard. Favoured by the mountainous nature of the country, he was able to maintain himself for seven years against all the endeavours of Henry to subdue him, and frequently made incursions into the English border, and plundered and killed the inhabitants. In one of these incursions he took prisoner Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the poor boy whom Henry kept at Windsor; and the king was so well pleased that any of that family should be in safe custody, that he prevented the earl of Northumberland, who was Mortimer's near relation, from entering into any treaty for his ransom.

In 1402, the Scots, commanded by Earl Douglas, entered England with 10,000 men. They were defeated at Homildon Hill by the earl of Northumberland and his son Henry Hotspur. Douglas, with many others, was taken. Immediately on the news of this victory, Henry sent to prohibit the earl from ransoming any of the prisoners—a prohibition which the Percies resented violently, and the more so, as it was chiefly by their means that Henry had been enabled to ascend the throne. They therefore considered themselves doubly injured. Northumberland, with his brother the earl of Westmoreland, and his son Hotspur, in talking over this business together, more and more inflamed their mutual resentments; and Hotspur, who had that name from his fiery temper, fanned this irritation of his father and uncle till they resolved to dethrone Henry, thinking that they could do this with as little difficulty as they had found in dethroning Richard. To strengthen their cause they gave Douglas his liberty, and engaged him to assist their enterprise. They also admitted Glendower into their confederacy, who undertook to join them on the borders of Wales with 10,000 men.

Douglas and Hotspur, leaving Northumberland to follow with the main army, reached Shrewsbury early in July, 1403: but before they could be joined by Glendower, the king's army approached; and on the morning of July 21 the great battle of Shrewsbury was fought. The king commanded the main body of his army; and displayed the utmost prudence as a general, and courage as a soldier. His eldest

son, Henry, began on this day his career of military glory; and, though he was wounded by an arrow in the face, would not quit the field. On the other side, young Hotspur and the earl of Douglas performed prodigies of valour. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, each consisting of about 14,000 men, and the victory remained some hours undecided. The king had caused several of his attendants to wear armour resembling his own, and Douglas, who ardently desired to engage with him personally, sought him over the field of battle, and often thought he had fought with him and slain him; but he as often found himself deceived, and was at last himself taken prisoner. Hotspur was killed, and the royal army at length remained masters of the field, on which six thousand men lay dead.

When Northumberland heard of his son's death, he disbanded his army, and retired almost broken-hearted to Warkworth. But when Henry proclaimed a pardon to all the rebels who would return to their allegiance, the earl, encouraged by these gentle measures, came to York, where the king then was, and threw himself at his feet, to implore his mercy and forgiveness. At first the king received him with a frown; but, remembering how much he owed to his former services, and pitying the poor old man's bereaved condition, he granted him his life, and soon after restored to him almost all his honours and estates.

Notwithstanding the attempts which Henry had made to conciliate the people, they became more and more discontented; and in 1405 another formidable insurrection broke out, of which Scroop, archbishop of York, and Thomas Mowbray, earl marshal, were the active movers. They soon assembled a body of 15,000 men, and encamped on Shipton Moor, expecting to be joined by the earl of Northumberland, who had again taken arms against the king. To suppress the sudden and formidable rising, the king sent Ralph Nevil, earl of Westmoreland, into the north. Nevil, finding the insurgents more numerous than he had expected, had recourse to stratagem. He sent to inquire of them what were their grievances, that, if reasonable they might be redressed. He then invited the archbishop and the other leaders of the party to a conference, in which they stated their demands. To all these Nevil agreed, and solemnly pledged himself to procure the king's ratification. When he had thus completely lulled them into security, he persuaded them to send messengers to their troops, to tell them that peace was made, and that they might return to their own homes; promising, on his own part, to do the same. But whilst the archbishop, unsuspicious of any fraud, sent orders to his men to disband, the wily Nevil gave his own message to a person whom he had previously ordered not to deliver it; and, as soon as he had perceived that the insurgents' camp was broken up, and the men dispersing, he caused a body of

his own soldiers to come suddenly to the place of conference, and carry off the archbishop, and all those who had accompanied him, prisoners to Pontefract. They were every one beheaded, even Scroop himself, which was the first instance in this country of a capital punishment being inflicted on a bishop.

Northumberland, on hearing of the death of his friends, fled first into Scotland, and afterwards into Wales, where he wandered about for some time. In 1408 he returned into the north, and made a last attempt to overthrow the power of Henry; but his party was defeated, and himself slain, in a battle on Bramham Moor, in Yorkshire. The repeated ill success of these rebellions at length subdued all the king's enemies. Even the Welsh, despairing to establish their independence, abandoned Glendower, who wandered about in various disguises, till he died at his daughter's house at Mornington, in Herefordshire, in 1415.

In the year 1405 a most unexpected chance threw into the hands of Henry the only son of Robert III., king of Scotland. David Bruce, having no children, had been succeeded in 1371 by his sister's son, Robert Stuart, who died in 1390, leaving two sons. The eldest, Robert III., succeeded his father, and was a prince of a very feeble character; the other son was duke of Albany, a restless and ambitious man, who got the affairs of the nation into his hands and ruled them imperiously, and even imprisoned and starved to death the elder of his brother's two sons. Robert, anxious to save his other son, James (afterwards King James I. of Scotland), from falling into the hands of his cruel uncle, was desirous to send him to France, and committed him to the care of the earl of Orkney, whom he directed to conduct him to that country. They embarked secretly, and set sail, but their vessel was taken off Flamborough Head by an English privateer; and the prince and his attendants were conveyed to Henry, who, on being told by the earl of Orkney that the young prince was going to France to learn French, said, "I understand French, and therefore ought to be intrusted with his education." He then committed James and his attendants close prisoners to the Tower. When the poor old father heard the news, it threw him into such agonies of grief that he died in three days. James remained a prisoner till he was twenty-eight years old, the duke of Albany being in the mean time regent in Scotland: but Henry made some amends for his unjust and cruel conduct towards the young prince, by giving him the best education the times afforded, so that he proved, when restored to his kingdom, the most accomplished monarch that ever sat upon the Scottish throne.

Now at last Henry had some respite from his enemies; but he had none from the bitter reflections of his own mind, which was a perpetual prey to remorse and fear. He also suffered greatly from bad

health; and soon after the death of Archbishop Scroop he became afflicted with a loathsome eruption in his face, which the common people considered as a punishment for the death of that prelate, who was much beloved by them. The king's happiness was also much embittered by the wildness and eccentricity of his eldest son, the "Madcap Harry," who, when not engaged in military exploits, in which he displayed great courage and ability, passed his time in a very licentious way. One of his companions was committed for a robbery, and brought before the chief justice Gascoigne. Gascoigne refusing to release the offender, the prince drew his sword, and behaved in a very violent manner, on which the chief justice ordered him to be taken to the King's Bench prison. The prince, conscious of the impropriety of his own conduct, submitted to the punishment; and when this incident was related to the king, he exclaimed—"Happy the monarch who possesses a judge so resolute in the discharge of his duty, and a son so willing to submit to the laws!"

In the last year of Henry's reign he sent a body of troops to France, under the command of his second son, the duke of Clarence, to join the duke of Burgundy in a civil war which he was carrying on against the duke of Orleans. He, no doubt, hoped that, by fomenting the distractions of that unhappy country, he might be able to regain some of those possessions in France which were now lost to the English. But both parties, dreading the admittance of a large body of English troops into the country, prevailed on Clarence, by the promise of a sum of money, to retire into Guienne.

The king's health now rapidly declined, and he became subject to epileptic fits. It is said that one day, when he was in one of these fits, the prince, who believed him to be actually dead, carried the crown, which was placed by the king's bedside, out of the room. When the king came to himself, he instantly missed it, and sternly asked who had taken it away. The prince made a dutiful apology, which pacified the king, who said with a sigh, "Alas! fair son, what right have you to the crown, when you know your father had none?" —"My liege," answered the prince, "with your sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it."—"Well," replied the king, "do as you please; I leave the issue to God, and hope he will have mercy on my soul." Not very long afterwards, while he was performing his devotions in Edward the Confessor's Chapel at Westminster, Henry was again seized with one of his fits. He was conveyed to the abbot's lodging, and there expired, on the 20th of March, 1413, in the 46th year of his age, and the 14th of his reign. His first wife was Mary de Bohun, by whom he had four sons and two daughters:—

Henry, prince of Wales:

Thomas, duke of Clarence;
John, duke of Bedford;
Humphrey, duke of Gloucester;
Blanche, duchess of Bavaria;
Philippa, queen of Denmark.

His second wife was Isabella of Navarre, widow of the duke of Bretagne, by whom he had no children.

Several Lollards were in this reign condemned to death for their opinions under a statute authorizing the burning of heretics, passed in 1401.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XX.

A gentleman and ladies of rank of the fifteenth century.

George. Surely it was very hard to persecute the Lollards for what they thought.

Richard. But what were their opinions, mamma?

Mrs. Markham. In the first place, they put no faith in the pardons and indulgences granted by the pope, not thinking that the souls of men were in the keeping of any sinful and mortal man like themselves; and this opinion, you may suppose, was very displeasing to the Roman Catholic clergy, who made a great profit by the sale of those indulgences. The Lollards disbelieved also in transubstantiation.

Mary. Pray what was that?

Mrs. M. The belief that the bread and wine taken at the Sacrament actually become, by the priest's blessing, the real body and blood of our Saviour, instead of considering them, as we Protestants do, to be solely a memorial of Christ's last supper, or to be taken in remembrance of him, in the hope that our prayers for the pardon of our past sins, and for the amendment of our future lives, may, by God's mercy, be sanctified and accepted. There were many other

points in which the Lollards differed from the then established Church, such as the praying to images and relics, the doing penance, and the saying masses for the souls of the dead; but that of denying transubstantiation was considered the most material difference, or rather was made a sort of test of faith by which heretics were to be distinguished. There was in after-times an artful trap laid to convict queen Elizabeth (before she was queen) of heresy. She was asked her opinion about transubstantiation, and with wonderful readiness replied,

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word doth make it,
That I believe, and take it."

An answer that did not contradict her own opinion, and yet gave her enemies nothing to find fault with. But to return to the reign of Henry IV. Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, was the chief persecutor of the Lollards, and caused many of them to be condemned and executed. One of them, of the name of Badby, was sentenced to be burnt at Smithfield. He was tied to a stake, and fagots were piled around him, which were just going to be set on fire, when the prince of Wales rode up to him and besought him to renounce his opinions and save his life, promising to give him enough to live comfortably upon if he would do so. The poor man thanked the prince with many expressions of gratitude; but said that, as he firmly believed his opinions to be true, he would not sacrifice his conscience to save his life. When the fagots were set on fire the prince came again, and entreated him to recant; but he continued steadfast as before, and was accordingly burnt.

Richard. Of all the reigns you have yet given us, this is by far the most cruel; for, besides those poor Lollards, what numbers of other people were put to death for plots and conspiracies!

Mrs. M. Perhaps Henry might not have been naturally cruel, but he was drawn on to be so by his continual apprehension of losing the crown he had so unjustly gained.

George. Mary wants to know if all kings sleep with their crowns by their bedsides.

Mrs. M. Henry is the only king I ever heard of who did so.

Richard. I suppose he was so much afraid of having it taken away from him, that he could not bear it out of his sight. But pray, mamma, tell us how those dukes of Burgundy and Orleans came to have a civil war in France. Was there no king there?

Mrs. M. There was a king, Charles VI., but he, by a madness of a most deplorable nature, was incapable of performing any of the royal functions. His brother the duke of Orleans, and his cousin the duke of Burgundy, taking advantage of his calamity, contended, with the most culpable ambition that ever inflamed two selfish men,

for the management of the kingdom. The queen, Isabella of Bavaria, a very bad, proud woman, abandoned the king and her children, who were neglected, and often in want of necessaries, while she and the duke of Orleans tried to get everything into their own power. At last, in 1407, the duke of Orleans was assassinated in the streets of Paris by the contrivance of the duke of Burgundy. The son and widow of the murdered prince called on all France to revenge his death; and the friends of the Orleans family, under the name of Armagnacs, and the other party under that of Burgundians, carried on for many years a bloody and inveterate war. Sometimes one party, and sometimes the other, got the poor king into its hands, and used his name and authority for its own ambitious and vindictive purposes.

George. I am sure, if England was ill off at that time, France was still worse off.

Richard. And so I think was Scotland, with that cruel duke of Albany for regent, and the poor little prince, that should have been king, a prisoner in England.

Mary. How long, mamma, was he kept in prison?

Mrs. M. He remained in England from the age of ten till he was twenty-eight; but I should hope that he was not kept in close confinement all that time. He had an excellent tutor appointed to superintend his education; he learnt tilting, wrestling, archery, and all the exercises then usually practised by young men of rank; and excelled in these exercises, as well as in the more refined studies of oratory, jurisprudence, and the philosophy of those times. He had also an extraordinary talent for music and poetry. Indeed, some say that he was the inventor of that sweet plaintive style of music which is peculiar to Scotland; but others assert, with more probability, that he merely reduced the wildness of Scottish melody to the rules of composition. His poetry is quite extraordinary, considering the time and circumstances in which it was written. "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and "Peebles to the Play" (though it is not quite certain that he wrote them), are popular ballads even to this day; but what pleases me best of all his writings that have come down to us is "The King's Quair," in which he describes very touchingly his manner of life when he was a prisoner at Windsor.

George. How did he gain his liberty at last?

Mrs. M. When the duke of Albany died, the people of Scotland paid their king's ransom, and he returned home. After reigning fifteen years he was assassinated.

Mary. Poor man! How unfortunate his death was, as well as his life!

Mrs. M. His whole life was not unfortunate, for he lived to do much good to his native country. He made excellent laws, and reformed many abuses; and conducted himself with so much firm-

ness, justice, and good policy, that the name of James the First of Scotland is still held in reverence. While at Windsor he became attached to Jane Beaufort, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, whom he married as soon as he was restored to his own country.

Mary. You told us yesterday, mamma, what odd figures the gentlemen made of themselves in Richard the Second's time; but you did not tell us what the ladies wore.

Mrs. M. They wore the most extraordinary head-dresses you can imagine, and so immoderately large and high as to be quite preposterous. Some were like steeples, with long streamers hanging down from the top; others were so immensely broad, as well as high, that the head looked like a loaded waggon. Isabella of Bavaria adopted such an extreme of this fashion, that the doorways of some of the royal palaces were obliged to be made higher and wider, that she might be able to go through them. Some ladies fastened two great projecting towers of rolled lawn and riband on their heads, which looked like great horns. The rest of the dress was not ungraceful. The waist was worn short, and the petticoat very full and flowing, and adorned with broad borders of fur, or with other ornaments. At one time there was a fashion of wearing immoderately large sleeves, ending in a pouch, which answered the purpose of a pocket; but this awkward contrivance did not last long, for in most of the pictures of the fifteenth century both ladies and gentlemen are drawn with bags hanging from the girdle, instead of those sleeve-pouches.

Richard. What were their clothes made of?

Mrs. M. Those of the higher ranks were chiefly of silk or stuff, with richly embroidered girdles. The labourers and poor people were forbidden to wear anything except coarse flannel, and fustian clothes with linen girdles.

George. But did gentlemen wear silk and stuff coats?

Mrs. M. Tight coats, such as are now worn, were not then in use. A tight waistcoat or jacket, with a loose robe over it, was the general dress of the men when not in armour. On one occasion prince Henry is described as having been dressed in a blue satin robe, full of oylet-holes, and from each hole hung the needle it was worked with.

George. If that fashion ever comes in again, I'll wear flannel and fustian, and give up being a fine gentleman.

Richard. I have seen people in old pictures painted in dresses all over coats of arms.

Mrs. M. Those were called tabards, and were worn by noblemen and heralds at tournaments, and on occasions of ceremony. I believe they are still sometimes worn by the officers of the Herald's College. A tabard is a sort of mantle, open at the sides, and covering only the back and front, and richly ornamented with coats of arms and other devices.

CHAPTER XXI.

HENRY V.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1413—1422.

Henry V. receiving a Book from John de Galopes, from an illuminated MS. in Bennet College Library, Cambridge.

HENRY, as soon as his father had breathed his last, retired to his own room, and spent the remainder of the day in prayer and privacy. On the following morning he is said to have sent for the low companions of his youthful follies, and to have told them that he was now going to lead an altered life, and to enter on new and important duties, at the same time forbidding them to appear in his presence till they, like himself, should have reformed their conduct.

The young king possessed in an eminent degree the qualities most calculated to make him a favourite with the people. Even in the midst of his wildest excesses he had always given proofs of a good and feeling heart. He had already distinguished himself for military courage, and his deportment was at once commanding and ingratiating. His person was tall and slender, his hair dark, and his features exceedingly beautiful; and, in the general joy with which he was received as king, the defect in his father's title to the crown seemed to be forgotten.

Henry, confiding in his general popularity, set at liberty the earl of March (who had been kept in close confinement during the whole of the last reign), and treated him with an unsuspicious frankness which more effectually secured his fidelity than bars and bolts could have done. This young nobleman, in the following year, was made a party to a plot against Henry, which had for its object to place himself on the throne; but he discovered the whole plot to the king,

who put to death all the ringleaders of the conspiracy. To show his respect for the memory of the unfortunate Richard, who had knighted him, and from whom he had when a boy received many kindnesses, Henry caused his remains to be removed from Langley, where they had been buried, and re-interred at Westminster with great pomp. Amongst many other generous acts, he recalled the son of Hotspur from exile, and restored to him the estates and honours of his family. In short, his conduct fully justified in all respects, except in that of his persecution of the Lollards, the high opinion the nation had formed of him. But in that instance we may suppose him to have been actuated by a mistaken zeal for what he considered as the true religion.

One of the most distinguished followers of the new doctrine was Lord Cobham. He had been in the early part of his life very wild and ill-conducted; but from the time he adopted the reformed opinions he had led a moral and religious life. Henry, thinking highly of him as a wise and virtuous man, attempted to reason with him on what he himself thought the fallacy of the new opinions. The king, however, after a long conversation, became so much shocked and provoked at Cobham's obstinacy in the defence of his tenets, that he turned him over to an assembly of bishops, by whom he was committed prisoner to the Tower. From thence he made his escape, and secreted himself in Wales till the year 1417, when a particular search was made for him, on suspicion of his having excited a popular tumult, and, being taken, he was condemned to be hanged as a traitor and burnt as a heretic.

Meanwhile the miseries of France had increased rather than abated. The civil war raged with greater fury than ever: the nobles seemed to have caught the frantic madness of their monarch, and to be actuated by the desire of exterminating each other. Towns were taken and destroyed, the open country was desolated by fire and sword, and all to gratify the hatred and revenge of the dukes of Orleans and Burgundy. This sad condition of that unhappy country added fuel to the ambition of the English king. Few of our kings have been able to resist the temptation of a war with France. We ought not, therefore, to wonder that the military ardour of Henry induced him to revive the claim to the crown of that country which had been made by Edward III. He accordingly made preparations for asserting it; and the leading parties in France were so intent on their own internal quarrels, that they saw not the gathering tempest till it was ready to burst on their heads, and Henry with 30,000 men had already crossed the Channel. He had time to besiege and capture the town of Harfleur, while the dukes of Orleans and Burgundy were at Paris, contending who should command the army which was to be sent against him. This contest being at length decided in

favour of the duke of Orleans, he marched from Paris with 100,000 men, meaning at one blow to annihilate the English army, which, by the heat of the weather, and by disorders brought on by eating too much fruit, was now reduced to 10,000 men.

Henry, after repairing Harfleur, and placing an English garrison in it, designed to return to England; but, not to discourage his men by the appearance of a flight, he resolved to march round by Calais. To do this, he had to travel through an enemy's country, in which there were strong towns to pass, and deep rivers to cross. Nothing daunted, however, he departed from Harfleur in October, 1415, proceeding by easy journeys, and enforcing the strictest discipline. He paid the country-people liberally for everything he had of them, and they consequently brought him supplies of provisions, notwithstanding the orders they had received to the contrary. During the march the king fared no better than the meanest soldier, and encouraged his men by the cheerful and friendly manner in which he conversed with them. His way led him to the ford at Blanchtaque, the same that had been crossed by Edward III. the day before the battle of Cressy; but the French, profiting by past experience, had driven sharp stakes into the river, and made the ford impassable, and had also placed a strong body of men on the opposite side. This obliged Henry to march farther up the river, till at Berthencourt he fortunately found a ford, where the whole army crossed.

On October 24th they arrived near the village of Azincourt, where they beheld the whole French army drawn up at some distance before them. Henry took an attentive survey of the country from a rising ground, and saw that it was equally impossible to retreat or to advance without a battle. He therefore resolved to hazard one the next morning, and sent his faithful Welsh squire, David Gam, to reconnoitre the number of the French army. Gam's blunt account was that "there were enough to fight, enough to be killed, and enough to run away."

The evening was dark and rainy; but as soon as the moon was risen, the king took advantage of its light to examine the ground with great care. He chose his position on a small rising ground, surrounded on every side by brushwood and trees. He then placed guards, and lighted fires; and the army, with the exception of some who passed in prayer what they supposed would be the last night of their lives, retired to rest. As some of the nobles were conversing together, one of them said, he wished all the brave men who were then living idly in England were there to help them. The king happened to overhear them, and cried out, "No! I would not have one more. If we are defeated, we are too many; but, if it please God to give us the victory, as I trust He will, the smaller our number the greater our glory."

While these things were passing in the English camp, the French passed the night in noisy festivity; and, confident of victory on the morrow, it was agreed among them that all the English should be put to the sword, excepting the king and the chief nobility, who were to be saved for the sake of their ransoms.

When morning dawned, Henry summoned his men to attend mass, and then prepared for the battle. He disposed his little force in such a manner as to make it appear more numerous than it really was. In front he placed sharp stakes pointed with iron, a contrivance which was of great service in keeping off the enemy's cavalry. He then rode along the line clad in shining armour, with a crown of gold, adorned with precious stones, on his head, and addressed an animating speech to each corps as he passed.

The two armies were now drawn up nearly opposite to each other; but for want of space the French were not in such good order as the English, who were waiting, every man in his place, with his bow ready bent, for the moment when the charge should be sounded. That instant, the archers who were in front discharged a flight of arrows which threw the French line into some confusion. As soon as they had expended all their arrows, they rushed on the enemy with their swords and battle-axes, and defeated the first line. The second French line, commanded by the duke d'Alençon, then advanced, and encountered the second line of the English, led on by Henry. The conflict was close and furious, and the duke of Gloucester was wounded and unhorsed, and would have been slain had not Henry defended him till he could be borne off the field. On this the duke d'Alençon, who had made an oath to kill or take the English king, forced his way to Henry, and aiming a furious blow, cleft the crown on his helmet; but was immediately overborne and slain without doing him any further injury. Eighteen other French knights had also taken the same vow, and, like the duke, lost their lives in attempting to fulfil it, being all killed by the king's faithful squire David Gam, and two other Welshmen, who defended their master at the cost of their own lives. Henry knighted these his brave defenders as they lay bleeding to death at his feet.

When the second line of the French army knew that their leader, the duke d'Alençon, was killed, they made no more resistance, and the remaining division of the army fled without having struck a blow. Thus did Henry, after a conflict which lasted only three hours, obtain a complete victory in circumstances that scarcely seemed to allow him any hope of escape from his enemies. The loss of the French, both in killed and prisoners, was immense. Among the latter were the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon; and it is remarkable that the principal loss fell upon the nobles of the two factions, and that comparatively few of the common men were slain. Henry

returned to England in great triumph with his royal prisoners; and the people were in such ecstacies of joy, that when he approached Dover many of them plunged into the sea to meet his barge.

The cabals amongst the nobles of France, instead of being checked by the late national calamity, only became the more violent. The count d'Armagnac was now, in the absence of the duke of Orleans, the head of the Orleans faction, and was promoted to be constable of France. The duke of Burgundy, who had himself been ambitious of this dignity, being exceedingly provoked at the preference given to the count d'Armagnac, entered into a treaty of alliance with Henry, acknowledging his claim to the crown of France, and engaging to assist him in obtaining it. The new constable, instead of considering of the means to defend his country in this crisis, thought only of his own private animosities. Such was the state of things when Henry landed with a considerable army in Normandy, on the 1st of August, 1417. No preparations had been made for opposing him, and he marched forward, taking possession of all the towns in his way; little resistance being attempted, except at Rouen, which sustained a siege of nearly six months, and was at last only reduced by famine.

In the mean time the factions of France, as on Henry's former invasion, were too much occupied in their mutual contests to observe the progress of the English king. The queen, who had been kept in prison by the constable, made her escape, and put herself under the protection of the duke of Burgundy. The dauphin took the side of the Armagnacs, and each party formed bloody plots against the other; but those of the Burgundians were the most successfully executed. The son of the governor of Paris, being in the interests of that party, stole the keys of one of the gates from under his father's pillow while he slept, and admitted a small number of the duke's friends into the town at night. They seized the constable and some of his most powerful partisans, and threw them into prison, and they would also have seized on the person of the dauphin, had he not made his escape. The queen and duke of Burgundy had sent secret orders to their friends in Paris to put every one who was known to be an Armagnac to death. It is said that, in consequence of this bloody mandate, 14,000 persons were massacred; and while the streets were actually streaming with blood, the queen and duke made their triumphant entry into Paris!

At last, when Henry had conquered the whole of Normandy, the contending parties began to look about them, and to consider, when too late, what was to be done. The queen and the duke of Burgundy invited Henry to a personal interview, where many points were discussed, but nothing finally concluded. The dauphin, or rather his adherents, alarmed by the duke of Burgundy's alliance

with Henry, contrived to detach him from it, and to induce him to make peace with himself; and this apparent reconciliation was hailed as the beginning of a happy change, and was celebrated throughout France with every demonstration of joy. This joy, however, was but of short continuance, the reconciliation serving only as a pretence on the side of the dauphin to invite the duke to a personal conference on the bridge of Montereau-sur-Yonne, where he was assassinated, while the dauphin himself stood by and witnessed the murder.

Nothing could exceed the fury of the Burgundians at this dreadful tragedy; and Philip, the son and successor of the murdered duke, forgetting every other consideration in the desire of vengeance, concluded with Henry the treaty of Troyes, which went to confer on him the regency of France during the life of the present king and, at his death, the succession to the crown in exclusion of the dauphin, against whom England and Burgundy agreed to unite their forces. The king of France was at this time in the power of the Burgundians, and was made a party to their treaty. One of the articles was, that Henry was to marry the princess Catherine, the king's youngest daughter. This marriage was accordingly solemnized, and the two kings and their queens made a triumphant entry into Paris in May, 1420. The title of the new regent was ratified by the states-general (a kind of parliament), and the union of the two crowns was celebrated with great outward demonstrations of joy. The duke of Burgundy presented himself to the assembly of the three estates, clothed in the deepest mourning, to demand justice on the murderers on his father; and a sentence of excommunication was pronounced on the dauphin and his accomplices, who were declared incapable of succeeding to any honour or dignity. The dauphin did not submit tamely to be thus disinherited; but appealing to God and his sword for the maintenance of his title, he assumed the title of regent, and vigorously defended himself and the few places that still adhered to him.

Early in the following year, Henry, with his young queen, came to England, leaving his brother the duke of Clarence behind him as his lieutenant; but, after a few months' absence, he returned hastily to France, on hearing that the duke of Clarence had been killed in a battle fought at Beaujé, in Anjou, against a French army assisted by a body of Scottish mercenaries in the dauphin's service. Henry took with him the captive king of Scotland, in the hope that the presence of their king would detach the Scots from the dauphin. But his project did not succeed, for they remained steady to the side they had taken. In May, 1422, Henry, with the queen and his son, who had been born a few months before, made a triumphant entry into Paris, to show the people their future king; but, though the magnificence of the show might amuse the Parisians for the moment,

it could not stifle the discontent they in secret felt at the humiliation of their country.

After this, Henry rejoined his army, and reduced several towns which had adhered to the dauphin: but while besieging Cosne he was taken ill, and was obliged to give up the command of his army to his brother the duke of Bedford. He then retired to Vincennes, near Paris, where he grew rapidly worse. He soon felt himself at the point of death, and sent for the duke of Bedford and the earl of Warwick to come to him, and receive his last directions. He appointed the duke of Bedford regent of France, and the duke of Gloucester guardian of the realm of England; and his infant son he committed to the care of the earl of Warwick. He also gave a particular charge that the prisoners taken at Azincourt should not be set at liberty till his son was of age. After he had given his final directions, he asked his physicians "how long they thought he might live?" And when they told him "about two hours," he shut out from his thoughts every earthly care, and spent his remaining moments in devotion. He died August 31, 1422, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and the tenth of his reign. His death is said to have been hastened by the unskilfulness of his physicians. His funeral procession was conducted with prodigious pomp through France, and afterwards from Dover to Westminster, where he was buried. Tapers were kept burning day and night on his tomb for nearly one hundred years, and might be burning still, perhaps, if all customs of that kind had not been abolished at the Reformation.

He married Catherine of France, and left one son, Henry, born at Westminster, December 6, 1421.

The queen, soon after his death, married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, by whom she had three sons:—

Edmund, earl of Richmond, married Margaret, daughter of John Beaufort, duke of Somerset, and was the father of Henry Tudor, afterwards King Henry VII.;

Jasper, earl of Pembroke;

Owen.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXI.

Richard. How could queen Catherine marry a Welsh gentleman? I thought queens and princesses only married kings and princes?

Mrs. Markham. It is best for all persons to marry in their own rank of life. Catherine's ill-assorted match brought her into general contempt. Nor does it appear that Owen Tudor had anything to recommend him but his beauty and his fine dancing. His beauty seemed to be a family quality; for the queen said of some of his relations who were very handsome but who could only speak

Welsh, that "they were the goodliest dumb creatures that ever she saw." He himself had not much reason to rejoice in his great alliance, for after Catherine's death he was committed to the Tower for his presumption in marrying her; but he contrived to make his escape by the connivance of his keepers, and was killed many years after, in the civil wars, of which you will hear in the next reign.

George. Was it not an odd thing for Henry to knight his Welsh squire who was killed at Azincourt? As if it should do a dying man any good to say to him, "Rise up, Sir David Gam!"

Mrs. M. It could, indeed, do him little good; and yet it was perhaps the only means at that moment in the king's power to express his sense of gratitude and esteem for such a faithful servant.

Richard. Poor Henry! It was a sad thing that he should die in the midst of all his glory and triumphs.

Mrs. M. The French people had at that period of their history arrived at a very dreadful pitch of wickedness; and nothing, I think, appears more clear than that Henry was an especial instrument in the hands of Providence to humiliate and chastise them. When he had performed his appointed task, his career was stopped.

Richard. Was it not very extraordinary, mamma, that so small a number of English should again beat an immense army of French?

Mrs. M. The circumstances of the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincourt have a singular resemblance to each other. In each we see a wise and politic prince plunging, without any adequate object, into the midst of an enemy's country, and surrounded and in danger of being destroyed; and in each we see at the head of an innumerable host of French, a commander who commits the same error of despising, through vain-glory, a handful of desperate men; and that these handfuls of desperate men should each time obtain a complete victory is, doubtless, as you say, very extraordinary.

Mary. I am glad the duke of Orleans was punished by being carried prisoner to England. I hope the dauphin too got well punished.

Mrs. M. We may be willing to believe that the great crime of the murder of the duke of Burgundy is much more to be attributed to the evil counsellors who then governed him, than to himself. He was at that time only sixteen years old; and afterwards, when he became king, his conduct was not marked with cruelty. He had not, however, a very happy life; and the end of it was truly miserable, for he was in such a continual dread of being poisoned by his unnatural son, afterwards Louis XI., that he at last refused all food, and starved himself to death.

Mary. I wish, mamma, there were not so many shocking stories in history.

Mrs. M. History is indeed a sad catalogue of human miseries, and

one is glad to turn from the horrors of war and bloodshed to the tranquillity of private life. Shall I tell you something of the domestic habits of the English in the fifteenth century?

Mary. Oh! do, mamma; I shall like that very much.

Mrs. M. The nobility at that time no longer lived shut up in gloomy castles; but began to inhabit large rambling mansions, built of timber, and covered with plaster. The outside woodwork was very much carved, and the windows were large and wide. The principal apartment was the hall, which was two or three stories high, and commonly had an entrance porch. The floor of the upper half of the hall was raised about a foot higher than the rest, and called the *dais*, and there the lord of the mansion sat with his guests. The lower part was common to the menials of the family, of whom there were in every house a great number. The furniture of these halls was not very sumptuous, and usually consisted of only a long table fastened to the floor, three or four wooden benches for the gentlemen, with some low stools for the ladies, and perhaps a corner cupboard.

Mary. But what were the walls covered with?

Mrs. M. Large pieces of tapestry, hung on tenter-hooks and taken down, in summer, were, I believe, their most frequent decoration. I am not quite sure whether wainscoting was used so long ago as the time we are speaking of. Some houses had chimneys; but in many the fire-place was in the middle of the floor, and unless when a hole in the roof was made for it, the smoke found its way out through the rafters.

Mary. A fire in the middle of the floor! How very dangerous that must have been!

Mrs. M. There is in the great hall at Penshurst, in Kent, a fire-place of this kind, which is raised on a stone or marble hearth (I have forgot which), with a little ledge round it to prevent the ashes or blazing sticks from falling about.

In these halls, while the nobles and their guests sat at table, they were entertained by singers, minstrels, and dancers. Over their heads were the perches for their hawks, and at their feet the pavement was crowded with dogs, gnawing the bones that were thrown to them; and, besides all this, there was all the bustle and confusion of the numerous and noisy attendants, who, it should appear, were allowed to bawl and shout and talk to each other.

Richard. Well, I am sure I had rather dine in our neat little dining-room, with only our quiet Thomas to wait upon us, than in one of those great halls with all that noise and dirt.

Mrs. M. In some houses, while the company sat at one end of the hall, the servants dressed the dinner at the other end.

Mary. Why, mamma, that was worse and worse!

Mrs. M. Field sports being our ancestors' chief delight, they had no idea of coming to London for amusement; yet many of the nobility had houses there, which they occupied when they were summoned by the king, or attended parliament, or on any other public occasion. These houses were called inns; as Derby Inn, Salisbury Inn, or

Hall and Fireplace at Penshurst, in Kent. (Drawn on the spot by G. Scharf, junr.)

Furnival's Inn, from the names of their owners. A few very old houses are still standing in the city, and there is one in Bishopsgate-street nearly as old as the time we are speaking of. In towns, the common method of building was to make every story project beyond the one below it, so that in narrow streets the top stories almost met;

a style of building which may still be seen in some of our old towns. I remember to have seen several houses of this kind at Wakefield, and I am told that at Chester there are many more.

George. Can you tell us, mamma, what sort of things people had for dinner then?

Mrs. M. They had a great many things we should not think of eating now: a roasted crane, or a stewed porpoise, for instance. At their great entertainments they had much variety, and were very fond of ornamental dishes, such as castles made of pastry, with tigers of jelly. But the common way of living was plain enough: an enormous dish of salt fish, and huge joints of beef, with a little garnish of cabbage, formed the every-day dinner of many a noble baron. When he and his guests had eaten what they chose, the serving-men took their share, and what remained was given to the poor, who at the hour of dinner stood in crowds about the gate to receive it.

Mary. Then, at least, they were very charitable.

Mrs. M. I fear it was not a beneficial kind of charity, for it made the poor both idle and clamorous.—After what I have been telling you, you will not expect to find that our ancestors' accommodations for sleeping were very comfortable. In fact, there is not a servant in this house who is not better lodged than a nobleman was in the reign of Henry V., when a flock bed and a chaff bolster were considered as extraordinary luxuries; while pillows were only made for sick people. Feather beds, however, we may suppose, were used by kings and princes, as Richard the Second's uncle, the duke of Gloucester, found to his cost; for the common story is that he was smothered to death with one. The beds of the middle classes of people were straw pallets covered with a sheet, and a log of wood for a bolster, with a blanket and coverlet, like what is now used for horse-cloths. As for servants, they had very seldom any sheets at all to keep the hard straws from hurting them; and the sleeping in night-clothes was an extravagance they did not indulge in. And in war even such accommodations as these were sometimes denied to princes themselves. A few nights before the duke of Clarence was killed, a monk found him in his armour fast asleep in an orchard, lying on the damp grass, with a stone for his pillow. I must not forget to tell you, Mary, that your favourite "Whittington, lord mayor of London," lived in this reign.

Mary. Why, mamma, I thought the story of him and his cat was only invented to amuse children?

Mrs. M. As for his cat I do not pretend to vouch; but Whittington was a real person, and a munificent one too; and many of his charitable foundations exist in London to this day.

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRY VI.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1422—1461.

Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, presenting the infant King to the Parliament.

Arms and arched Crown of Henry VI.

Figure of the Duke of York, from the old bridge at Shrewsbury.

THE duke of Bedford, who was appointed to the regency of France by the late king, was not his inferior either in valour or wisdom, and was much superior to him in the excellent virtues of clemency and command of temper. The earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Arundel, and lord Talbot, who held high offices in the state and army, were all men of distinguished abilities; so that the death of Henry made no immediate change in the situation of affairs in France. On the death of Charles VI. the dauphin assumed the name of king, and lost no opportunity of trying to regain his kingdom: but Bedford did all that a wise and politic man could do to support the interests of his nephew. He agreed to the release of the king of Scotland, and made a seventeen years' truce with that country, which prevented Charles from obtaining any further assistance from it. In 1424 he defeated the French after a hard fought battle at Verneuil.

In 1428, the earl of Salisbury, with a powerful army, laid siege to Orleans, which still adhered to Charles. At the second assault, a small tower which defended the bridge was taken. At the top of this tower was a grated window, which overlooked the town; and while the earl of Salisbury was taking a survey from it, he was perceived by the master-gunner of the enemy, who aimed a gun at the

window, which shivered the iron bars of the grate, and wounded the earl so desperately that he died a few days afterwards. By his death, as the old chronicles tell us, the duke of Bedford was "sore stricken with heaviness, as that he had lost his chief aid in time of necessity." The siege was continued under the direction of the earl of Suffolk and Lord Talbot, who completely defeated the army which had been sent to the relief of the town, and Charles now thought it impossible to save it; when one of the most extraordinary circumstances that has ever been recorded in history occurred, and not only preserved Orleans from the English, but also greatly contributed to their being deprived soon after of all their late conquests in France.

There was a young woman of the name of Joan d'Arc, who was a servant at an inn at Neufchatel in Lorraine. The accounts she was continually hearing from the travellers who came to the inn, of the distress the people of Orleans were reduced to, and of the little probability there was that Charles would be able to preserve that town, or any other that remained to him, worked up her mind to such a pitch of sympathy for the sufferers, and of enthusiasm for the cause of her king, that she fancied herself delegated by God to raise the siege of Orleans, and restore to Charles the kingdom of his ancestors. She imparted what she considered her high commission to the governor of a neighbouring town, and desired him to send her to the king. At first the governor treated her as an insane enthusiast; but at last, being overcome by her importunities, he allowed some of his attendants to conduct her to the royal presence. It was two days before she could gain admittance; but when she appeared before the king, and announced her errand, he and his courtiers were so much astonished by her appearance and manner, that they declared themselves convinced of her being commissioned by Heaven to expel the English from France; and an escort was ordered to conduct her to Orleans. The hardships to which Joan had been inured had qualified her to bear the fatigues of a soldier's life. It having been part of her business at the inn to tend the horses, she was already an expert rider; and when she got admitted into the town, she headed the troops, and made several sallies against the English, in which she was always victorious. The belief of her sacred mission, while it revived the sunken spirits of her countrymen, depressed those of the English soldiers, who, joining in the general superstition, imagined, when they were combating with her, that they were fighting against Heaven; and Suffolk was obliged to raise the siege of Orleans, May 8, 1429.

The French, improving this advantage, laid siege to several of the towns which were held by the English; and in all these sieges the Maid of Orleans, as Joan was now called, behaved with the intrepidity of an experienced soldier. On one occasion, when scaling a wall, she

was wounded in the head, and fell from the top of the ladder into a ditch; but without regarding the hurt, she exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Advance, advance, my countrymen! the Lord hath doomed the English to destruction!"—Another time she was wounded in the neck by an arrow, and drawing out the arrow herself, she retired to have the wound dressed, and then returned to lead on the troops.

In the month of June the French and English armies met. So much discord and confusion prevailed among the English, that the French obtained an easy victory.

These successes greatly increased the fame and influence of Joan: and now, having raised the siege of Orleans, she insisted on being allowed to attempt the object which she had next at heart, that of crowning Charles at Rheims; and in this attempt also she succeeded, although the country about Rheims was for the most part in possession of the enemy. When the ceremony of the coronation was over, Joan announced that she had fulfilled her mission; and, falling at the king's feet, besought him to permit her to return to her former station. The king denied her request, and constrained her to remain with the troops; but as a reward for what she had done (being too poor to give her a more substantial one), he ennobled her and her family by the name of "Des Lys." It is supposed that there are still some descendants of the family left who retain that name.

During these events the duke of Bedford was not idle; but his military skill and policy could do little to stem the torrent which was now rapidly leading back the French from their foreign conquerors to their rightful king. He hoped, by having the young Henry also crowned, to counteract the effect of Charles's coronation; but, though the ceremony took place at Paris with great parade and pomp, it had no effect upon the hearts of the French people, who were only drawn the more towards their own king by seeing another assume those honours that ought to have been his.

On the first unexpected turn of fortune, the French commanders had been willing to give all the honour of their successes to Joan: but after a time they became jealous of her fame; and one day, when some troops under her command were repulsed near Compiegne, and obliged to retreat into the town, the governor admitted all the party except poor Joan, who, it is said, was purposely shut out. Being thus left alone amidst a host of enemies, she was pulled from her horse and taken prisoner. It is with sorrow that I retrace the short remainder of this heroic woman's life. The treatment she received from the duke of Bedford and his council is a lasting stain upon the memories of men who, as soldiers, Englishmen, and Christians, should have shown humanity and justice towards her. She was burnt alive in the market-place at Rouen; and Charles, who owed so much to her services, made no efforts to save her.

In 1435 the duke of Burgundy withdrew from his alliance with the English, and a solemn peace was ratified between him and Charles at Arras; an event which was celebrated throughout France with transports of joy, but which caused such deep vexation to the duke of Bedford as to occasion his death.

His death was a serious loss to the English, and not only in regard to their affairs in France, but also in regard to the government at home; as he had often quelled, by his influence and authority, the disagreements between the duke of Gloucester, who was the regent of England, and the Cardinal Beaufort, a natural son of old John of Gaunt, who had now the principal care of the young king. The duke of Bedford's death opened a fresh subject of contention, in the choice to be made of a new regent of France; and while the English council was disputing who should be appointed to that office, Charles got possession of Paris, and of many other important places. The duke of York was at last appointed to the regency.

He, when he arrived in France, found affairs there in a very declining state, and only supported by the bravery and exertions of Lord Talbot, who was now the sole survivor of Henry the Fifth's brave band of warriors. In 1438 a dreadful famine and pestilence raged in England and France, and almost occasioned a cessation of hostilities; and a negotiation for peace was entered into, which the duchess of Burgundy, from truly Christian motives, laboured heartily to promote. This good princess was daughter of the king of Portugal, and grand-daughter of John of Gaunt; but some trifling difficulties on the subject of doing homage made her good offices of no effect, and prevented an end being yet put to a war which had desolated France and exhausted England for twenty-five years.

After some little interval the war was renewed with vigour on both sides. Charles, who was naturally very indolent, roused himself into activity. Talbot, who had the command of the English army, conducted the war with his accustomed skill and bravery; but the disputes and factions at home made all his endeavours to preserve the possessions of the English in France of no avail. In 1440 the duke of Orleans, after a tedious and melancholy captivity, which had lasted ever since the battle of Azincourt, regained his liberty and returned home; and, in 1444, he and the duchess of Burgundy procured a truce for six years between the two countries.

Hitherto Henry VI. has been almost entirely out of sight. In fact, he would have been very glad to have remained so; for, being of a timid and quiet disposition, he was unfit for the cares of royalty, and its parade and bustle brought him only weariness in his youth, disgust in his riper years, and sorrow in his age. He inherited neither the fine qualities nor the majestic figure of his father, nor any of his mother's delicate beauty. His personal appearance was inelegant

King Henry VI. attended by Cardinal Beaufort, the Duke of Gloucester, and Courtiers. (From the Tapestry preserved in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry.)

his countenance dull and unmeaning: he was of a gentle and humane disposition, but, from the inferiority of his understanding, was only fit to be a passive instrument in the hands of others.

Henry was in his twenty-fourth year when Cardinal Beaufort, chiefly for the sake of thwarting the duke of Gloucester, who wished the king to make some more advantageous alliance, contrived a marriage for him with Margaret of Anjou. Gloucester, as if he had foreseen the miseries which this fatal union was to bring upon the country, did all in his power to prevent it. But Gloucester's efforts only made Beaufort and his party the more eager to bring it about, and the marriage took place in 1445. Instead of the king's receiving any dower with his bride, he agreed to give up a large tract of Maine and Anjou to her father Réné, who was a relation of the king of France, and titular king of Sicily, but without territories.

Margaret was a woman of high spirit and a vindictive temper. She never forgave the duke of Gloucester for the opposition he had made to her marriage, and came to England vowing vengeance against him in her heart. She found willing associates in Cardinal Beaufort and the duke of Suffolk, who had already, by their machinations, involved Gloucester's wife, Eleanor Cobham, in a charge of witchcraft, and caused her to be sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man; and they now entered with the queen into a wicked confederacy to accuse the duke of high treason, but found it impossible to substantiate any actual charge against him. He was, notwithstanding, imprisoned, and soon afterwards was found dead in his bed. It has never, I believe, been clearly ascertained whether he died naturally, or by violent means; but the belief that the queen and Beaufort had caused him to be murdered was so general that the whole nation regarded them with detestation. If Margaret was really accessary to this horrid deed, she was fully punished. Gloucester's death was, in fact, her greatest misfortune; for had he lived, his ability, his integrity, and his great popularity would probably have preserved the royal family from those calamities that afterwards befel them. Cardinal Beaufort did not live to see the evils he had helped to bring on the country, and died just two months after Gloucester, in 1447.

The queen and Suffolk now managed everything their own way, and by their violent and rapacious conduct made themselves more and more abhorred. While Gloucester lived they had not ventured to acknowledge the agreement that had been made to give up Maine and Anjou to Margaret's father; and, knowing that the duke of York, who acquitted himself with great wisdom and prudence in the regency of France, would never consent to the execution of a measure so ruinous to the English cause, they recalled him, and gave the regency to Beaufort, duke of Somerset, nephew to the cardinal. Suffolk and Margaret had soon reason to repent of this unwise measure; for York, who had hitherto been a man of strict loyalty, feeling himself greatly injured, now meditated on a high revenge,

that of asserting his own right to the crown. By his father he was descended from Edward the Third's fourth son. From his mother, who was the last of the Mortimers, he inherited the claim of that family from Lionel, *second* son of the same king. You must not forget that John of Gaunt, from whom Henry VI. was descended, was Edward's *third* son: therefore, York, in right of his mother, had certainly a superior claim to the throne. He kept his designs secret for some time, lying in wait for an opportunity of forwarding them.

In 1449 the English were defeated at Formigny, Rouen was taken, and in this and the following year the whole of Normandy and Guienne were lost. In England these losses were ascribed to the mismanagement of the queen and Suffolk; and the popular indignation against them became so great, that the parliament committed Suffolk to the Tower, and tried him for high treason. The queen contrived that he should be only sentenced to five years' banishment. But the resentment of his enemies was not to be so easily satisfied. He was pursued to Harwich, where he had embarked, and overtaken before he had reached the opposite shore. Being brought to Dover, his head was struck off on the side of a small boat, and his body was left on the beach, where it was found by his chaplain, who conveyed it to be buried at Wingfield in Suffolk.

The unsettled state of the country now showed itself in tumults and insurrections. The worst was one that broke out in Kent, headed by a man named Jack Cade, who defeated an army of 15,000 men at Sevenoaks, and then advanced to London. Entering the city, he put to death the sheriff and several nobles, and, striking with his staff what is called London Stone, said, "Now I am master of London." But his triumph was short, for Lord Scales, with a strong body of men, soon drove out both him and his rabble; and, a pardon being offered to all who would return to their homes, Cade soon found himself without a single follower. For a short time he wandered about in disguise, but was at last found lurking in a garden at Rothfield, in Sussex, where he was killed by Alexander Eden, a gentleman of Kent.

In 1451 Calais was all that remained to the English in France. The venerable Talbot, now in his 80th year, obtained permission to make a last effort for the recovery of Guienne. He landed at Bordeaux, October 17, 1452, and for a time success attended him; but on July 23, 1453, this brave veteran was killed in an attack on the French camp at Chatillon; and his son, Lord Lisle, refusing to comply with his father's entreaties that he would fly and save himself, was slain fighting by his side.

The duke of Somerset now returned to England, and became the queen's adviser and favourite. His misconduct in France had made him very unpopular, and all eyes naturally looked up to the duke of York, who had acquitted himself so well during his regency. In

1454 the king sank into a state of total bodily and mental weakness. The duke of York was made protector of the kingdom; and the first use he made of his power was to put Somerset in prison. The king soon after recovered his reason, and then Somerset was set at liberty, and York displaced from the protectorship.

The animosity between these two nobles soon afterwards threw the whole nation into a ferment. They both assembled their followers, and met at St. Albans, where a battle—the first in the long "Wars of the Roses"—was fought, May 3, 1455, in which Somerset was killed, and the duke of York was completely victorious. The king, whom Somerset had dragged much against his will into the battle, was wounded, and took refuge in the house of a tanner. Here the duke of York found him, and, falling upon his knees before him, declared himself his loyal subject, and ready to obey his commands. "If so," said the king, "then stop the pursuit and slaughter."

The use which was made by the duke of York of this signal victory was marked with the greatest gentleness and moderation. He conducted Henry to London, and treated him with every mark of submission and respect; and though some people regard the duke's conduct on this occasion as a deep-laid artifice to lull the royal party into security till his own plots were more fully ripe, we may rather hope that it may have really proceeded from the natural goodness of his disposition: for throughout the whole of this unhappy contest he seemed more inclined to mercy than to vengeance.

Notwithstanding, however, York's professions of loyalty, yet, under pretence of freeing the king from evil counsellors, he continued to carry on a civil war against him; and the battle of St. Albans was followed by many others, which were fought with various success between the two parties. At last the duke declared his secret views on the crown itself; and on this many who had joined him because they supposed him to be contending solely for the public good, deserted his standard. He, seeing himself thus suddenly abandoned, retired for a time into Ireland. Neville, earl of Warwick, a very powerful nobleman, and nephew to the duchess of York, assembled a body of 25,000 men, and obtained at Northampton in 1460 so great a victory over the royalists that they fled in all directions. The queen, and her son the Prince of Wales, were obliged to fly with a few attendants, and escaped with great difficulty into Scotland, where they were received with great kindness by the young king, James III., and were soon after joined by the duke of Exeter, and others of the king's friends, who now began to be called *Lancastrians*. The earl of Warwick, after the battle of Northampton, had found the king sitting alone in his tent, and carried him in triumph to London.

The duke of York now returned to England, and laid before the

parliament his claim to the crown. That he was the direct heir of Edward III. could not be denied; but then the principle of keeping the succession in the direct line was not always strictly attended to; and the parliament was unwilling to dethrone the reigning king. It was therefore determined, after many warm debates, that Henry should continue on the throne during his life, but that, on his death, the duke of York and his heirs should succeed, instead of the prince of Wales, the king's only child. But Margaret was not of a disposition calmly to see her son thus set aside. By great exertions she contrived to collect a body of 20,000 men, consisting chiefly of borderers, whom she enticed into her service by the promise of giving them the plunder of the fertile lands of England. With this army she proceeded towards London, and at Wakefield was met by the duke of York, who, not aware of the number of her forces, had with him only 5000 men. He wished to have remained on the defensive in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, till his son Edward should arrive with a reinforcement; but by the advice of the earl of Salisbury he changed his plan, and on the 30th of December, 1460, marched in order of battle to meet the enemy—a fatal determination, for his little army was totally defeated. He himself was among the first who fell, and the spot where he was slain is still fenced off in a corner of a field near Sandal. Richard duke of York had many great and good qualities, and his death was sincerely lamented by all who had taken up his cause. He left three sons, Edward, George, and Richard, and three daughters. Another son, Edmund, who was earl of Rutland, a beautiful youth of seventeen years of age, was killed on the same day with his father, being butchered by lord Clifford on Wakefield bridge, where a small chapel, which is still standing, was afterwards built, to perpetuate the memory of that bloody deed.

Margaret, equally merciless in victory as she had been undaunted in defeat, sent the earl of Salisbury, and many other knights and gentlemen, to Pontefract, where they were beheaded without a trial. She caused the head of the duke of York to be stuck on the gates of York, with a paper crown on it. The head of the innocent Rutland was also cut off and placed by the side of his father's. The queen then set forward to London; and the borderers fully availed themselves of their licence to plunder, for they pillaged and burnt every church and dwelling, marking their way by fire and devastation.

The earl of Warwick hastened to meet the queen, taking with him the poor passive king. On February 17, 1461, the two armies met at St. Alban's, which was the second time the scene of a bloody battle. The Lancastrians obtained the victory, and Warwick fled from the field, leaving the king behind, who rejoiced to be restored

to the queen and his son. Margaret, however, notwithstanding this victory, finding, as she advanced nearer London, that the party of Yorkists was stronger than she had expected, was obliged to retreat again into the north; and Edward the young duke of York, after obtaining a victory over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford, entered London on the 3rd of March, and was proclaimed king with the loudest acclamations of the populace. The next day he went in solemn procession to Westminster Hall, where he took his seat on the throne, and received the homage of the nobles who were present. Henry VI. lived many years after this event, but, as we are now come to the conclusion of his *reign*, this chapter had, perhaps, best end here.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXII.

A Ship of the time of Richard II. | A Ship of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, 1420. | Ships of the time of Edward III.

Mary. I am glad the duke of York is made king. I hope there will be some quiet now.

Mrs. Markham. I fear you will be disappointed. Margaret, you will find, did not submit patiently to see her son deprived of his rights.

Richard. Of his rights, mamma! Why you know he had none, for the duke of York had more right to the crown than he had.

Mrs. M. I see, my dear, you are like the rest of the good people of England, who, while they had a brave and victorious monarch like Henry V., never troubled themselves about the forgotten claims of the Mortimers; but you now find out that his poor helpless son is a usurper, and are become a furious Yorkist.

Richard. Why, to be sure, mamma, there is something in that; for, as to Henry VI., he was no better than a baby king from first to last.

Mrs. M. Some witty person has said, "Princes are flattered by all things but their horses, who will make no more ceremony about throwing a king than a groom;" and few kings can have been earlier inured to flattery than Henry VI.: for, when only eight months old, he was kept quiet on his mother's lap, to listen, or rather appear to listen to a long oration from the speaker of the House of Commons,

who called him "a most toward prince and sovereign governor." However, Henry was better off than most princes in having a wise and sincere friend in the good old Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, who, when the king was eleven years old, not only himself reprimanded him, but also desired the council would in a body admonish him of his faults; and we may hope their admonitions were not thrown away; for though he was a very insignificant king, he was, as a man, amiable, well-meaning, and pious. Indeed, an old historian says of him, that "there never was a more holy nor a better creature, a man of meek spirit and a simple wit, preferring peace to war, and rest to business, and honesty before profit. He was governed of those he should have ruled, and bridled of those he should have sharply spurred."

Mary. Pray, mamma, why was the duke of Gloucester's wife accused of witchcraft; and what are witches?

Mrs. M. There are no such people as witches in reality; but it was one of the vulgar superstitions of those ignorant times to believe that God permitted His all-wise decrees to be influenced by the malevolent feelings of particular persons, who were called witches and sorcerers, and were supposed to have the power of destroying life and health by their spells. It would be a most unprofitable waste of time to recount the wild and idle opinions that were entertained on this subject.

Mary. But why was Eleanor Cobham thought to be a witch?

Mrs. M. One of the proofs that were brought against her was a paper of mathematical figures written by her priest, which the ignorance of the people who found it imagined to be some magical incantation; but the real cause of poor Eleanor's accusation was the Cardinal Beaufort's hatred of her husband, which made him glad to vex and injure him in every possible way.

Mary. Then I am sure the duke of Gloucester could not have liked the cardinal.

Mrs. M. We cannot suppose that he felt much good will towards him. But Gloucester, the good duke Humphrey, as he is called, was a man of high principles and integrity, and sacrificed his private feelings of resentment to what he considered his duty to his king.

Richard. What three fine fellows Henry V. and his two brothers were!

Mrs. M. It is not often that history presents to us three brothers of such fine qualities and such superior abilities. I think that, of the three, the duke of Bedford is my favourite; and, excepting that dreadful blot in his conduct towards Joan of Arc, he was "a man almost blameless." When Charles VII. got possession of Rouen, his courtiers proposed to him to destroy a monument of black marble that was raised on the grave of the English hero. "No," said

Charles, "let him repose in peace, and be thankful that he *does* repose; for were he to awake, he would make the stoutest of us tremble."

Richard. I should like to know what the exact business of the parliament is.

Mrs. M. If you mean what the business of the parliament is *now*, that would lead me into too long a detail; but if you want to know what it was in the early part of our history, I can, I believe, satisfy you.

In the reign of Edward I. the parliament had little else to do but to grant supplies for the purpose of carrying on the king's wars. As its necessity and importance increased, so did its power; and succeeding kings, whatever laws *they* might make, could not establish them till they were ratified by the parliament. In Richard the Second's reign these functions were reversed; the parliament made the laws, and the king sanctioned them. The reigns of the Lancastrian kings proved favourable to the liberty of the people: for the first two monarchs of that family, conscious of the weakness of their own title, and how much they owed to the goodwill of the people, were naturally inclined to make concessions to them; and it was during this period that the power of the parliament became confirmed. And though the constitution, government, and laws of England had not then arrived at that degree of perfection which they have since attained, yet they were even then better than those of any other country in Europe; at least if we may believe Philip de Comines, a French writer, who wrote the memoirs of his own times (which are the times we are now speaking of), and who says, "In my opinion, of all the states in the world that I have seen, England is the country where the commonwealth is best governed, and the people least oppressed."

Richard. But surely, mamma, during the civil wars the people must have been oppressed?

Mrs. M. The sufferings of many thousands of individuals must doubtless have been very great; but the laws and constitution remained unchanged; and the cause of freedom, having once taken root, strengthened by degrees, till the liberty of the people, the power of the nobles, and the dignity of the crown became, at length, happily balanced.

George. As Richard says he means some time or other to be a member of parliament, it may be very right to tell him about laws and government, and all that; but as I should like to be a sailor, I wish you would tell me something about ships, and the progress of the British navy.

Mrs. M. Henry IV., who was in many respects a politic ruler, strengthened his navy, and checked the depredations of the privateers, who had become so troublesome, since the time of Edward III.,

as greatly to impede the commerce of England. His son, Henry V., was as victorious by sea as by land; and while he and the duke of Bedford lived, England maintained the dominion of the narrow seas. Then Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, for a while kept up the honour of the English navy. During the long wars of York and Lancaster its glory declined; but again revived under Edward IV., who not only was an encourager of commerce, but was also a sort of merchant himself, for he had many trading vessels of his own. In his reign the fisheries also began to be much attended to, so that, about this period, many different kinds of ships were employed. The importance of a navy to England was long ago discovered, and in a poem written in the beginning of the fifteenth century we are told that our prosperity can never be shaken so long as we keep possession of our "sea walle."

The construction of ships had undergone very great changes since the reign of Richard II. The ships of war were of a much larger size, and on the top of the mast was a little wooden tower, where three or four men could stand to hurl down stones and arrows into an enemy's ship. In Henry the Sixth's time decks and bowsprits were added; and the large ships were exceedingly encumbered by a sort of wooden house or castle at each end.

George. Oh pray, dear mamma, don't forget to call it *fore* and *aft*, instead of talking of *each end.*

Mrs. M. I see I must take care what I am about when I describe ships to such an experienced seaman.—The ships of war were much ornamented with gilding and painting; and armorial bearings and badges were embroidered on the sails and streamers. The vessel in which Henry V. sailed to France, just before the battle of Azincourt, had purple sails embroidered with gold.

George. Well, give me good plain sackcloth and a 50-gun frigate.

Mrs. M. The ships I have been describing were not without guns, though these guns were not very serviceable; for they were fixed in their places in the ship, and had no carriages.

Mary. Pray, mamma, what is London Stone, that Jack Cade struck with his staff?

Mrs. M. It is a large stone, preserved to this day in Cannon-street, in the City. It is supposed to have been placed there by the Romans, to mark the spot from which they measured the distances from London.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDWARD IV.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1461—1483.

Arms of Edward IV. from Windsor.
Figures of Charles VII. and Joan of Arc from the Monument at Orleans.

EDWARD was scarcely nineteen years old, when he found himself, almost beyond his own expectations, thus suddenly placed on the throne. He was brave, active, and enterprising, with a capacity far beyond his years, and was exceedingly handsome. Comines says of him, that "he was tall of person, fair of face, of a most princely presence, and altogether the goodliest man that ever mine eyes beheld;" but one almost regrets to find all these attractive and brilliant qualities in a sovereign whose character is blackened by the worst vices. In peace he revelled in every kind of self-indulgence, and in war was sanguinary beyond all who had gone before him. As a warrior he had great skill, or, at least, great success. He told Comines that he had been in nine battles, in eight of which he fought on foot, and had never once been defeated.

The first battle which was fought after he became king was at Towton, a village between Ferrybridge and Tadcaster. Never did two mighty armies encounter each other with more inveterate hatred: and the orders of the commanders on each side were to take no prisoners, and give no quarter. The battle lasted from early in the morning till late in the evening, and was one of the most bloody ever fought in Britain. The snow fell thickly, but the Yorkists had their backs to the storm, while the Lancastrians, who faced it, were

greatly incommoded by it. The latter after a desperate struggle at length gave way, and, flying from the field, were pursued with great slaughter. When the news of this defeat reached York, Henry and his family, who were there waiting the result, fled with the utmost precipitation to Scotland.

A parliament, which was now summoned to settle the government, confirmed Edward's title to the throne. The new king satiated his revengeful temper by many bloody executions, and every Lancastrian who fell into his hands was condemned as a traitor. To strengthen his own party, he conferred honours and titles on all his friends. Indeed, it was doubly expedient for him to make new peers, since the late exterminating wars, and the executions which he himself had caused to be made, had greatly reduced the numbers of the nobility. He created his brother George duke of Clarence, and his brother Richard duke of Gloucester.

In the mean time Queen Margaret made two voyages to France in hopes of obtaining aid from thence. At last Louis XI., who had succeeded his father Charles VII. in 1461, supplied her with a small body of troops, on condition that she should give Calais up to him, if she ever regained the crown of England. With these troops she advanced from Scotland, and took the castles of Alnwick and Bamborough, in Northumberland. But her success was of short duration. Lord Montacute, brother of the earl of Warwick, gained a victory over her at Hedgely Moor, April 25th, 1464; and three weeks afterwards he gained another at Hexham, which was so decisive, that Henry was only saved by the swiftness of his horse from being made prisoner. The queen and her son sought to conceal themselves in a wood; but there, losing their way, they fell amongst a gang of robbers, who took from them everything they had that was valuable. The robbers then luckily began to quarrel about the division of the plunder, which gave Margaret and the prince an opportunity of escaping from them. As they were wandering about bewildered in the wood, they encountered another robber. The queen, knowing that both flight and resistance were impossible, went boldly up to him, and, presenting her son, said, "Behold, my friend, the son of your king! I commit him to your protection:" which appeal so wrought upon the man, that he led him to a place of concealment, where they remained till the pursuit was over. He then conducted them to the sea-coast, from whence they made their escape to France.

Henry, meanwhile, had fled into Lancashire, where he was with difficulty protected by his friends for more than a year, and where he suffered many hardships and privations in his wanderings from one place of concealment to another. In July, 1465, as he was at dinner at Waddington Hall, he was betrayed by a monk to Sir James Harrington, who conveyed him to London, and resigned him into

the hands of his great enemy, the earl of Warwick. Warwick treated him with the utmost indignity, and, tying his feet in the stirrups, as if he had been a criminal, compelled him to ride in that manner three times round the pillory, while the populace were by proclamation forbidden to show him any marks of respect or compassion. He was then committed to the Tower.

The Lancastrians were now reduced to so much distress, that many of the most distinguished nobles of that party were absolutely begging their bread in foreign lands, while the Yorkists were revelling in their forfeited estates. Edward indulged himself in all the luxuries and pleasures to which his disposition strongly inclined him. Some time before he had become attached to Elizabeth Wydeville, daughter of Jaqueline duchess of Bedford (who, after the death of the duke of Bedford, had married Sir Richard Wydeville), and widow of Sir John Grey, of Grooby, by whom she had two sons. Edward soon after privately married her, though he did not at first venture to declare his marriage. The court was soon filled by the new queen's relations. Her father was created Lord Rivers. Her three brothers and five sisters were all raised to the rank of nobility, and married into the greatest families, and her eldest son was married to the king's niece, daughter of the duke of Exeter. This sudden prosperity made the new queen's family objects of jealousy to all the other courtiers; and though the court was one continued scene of revelry, there was no real happiness to be found in it, for under an outside of gaity and amusement was hid a smothered fire of hatred and envy.

The earl of Warwick, who had been desirous to connect the king with some powerful foreign family, was exceedingly indignant at his impolitic marriage, and could with difficulty conceal his dislike of the queen and all her relations. The king's two brothers also, seeing themselves supplanted by these new favourites, felt a growing antipathy to them all. The queen's father and one of her brothers were, however, soon removed out of the reach of enmity, being killed in an insurrection which broke out in 1469. In the same year the duke of Clarence, who had married Isabella, Warwick's eldest daughter, conspired with his father-in-law against the king. They at first retired into France, where they were soon joined by all the scattered friends of the house of Lancaster. Queen Margaret, who, with her son, had been living in retirement in Lorraine, seized this opportunity of again coming forward, and cemented the union she now made with Warwick, who had before been her most inveterate enemy, by the marriage of the young prince, her son, with the earl's youngest daughter Anne. And it was concerted amongst them to dethrone Edward, and that Warwick should be regent of England during the life of Henry, or till his son, Prince Edward, should be

of age; and that, in case the prince should die without children, Clarence should be king after him.

While these plans were forming, Edward was giving himself up to a succession of diversions; and though he was warned of the coming storm by the duke of Burgundy, who had married one of his sisters, still he seemed wilfully blind to his danger; and when Warwick landed at Dartmouth, September 13, 1470, and was joined by numbers of disaffected persons, he was as much taken by surprise as if he had received no notice of the intended invasion. With great hazard he and his brother the duke of Gloucester escaped in a trading vessel to Alkmaar in Holland. They had embarked with so much haste, that they were unprovided with money enough to pay for their passage, and the king was obliged to recompense the captain of the ship by giving him his cloak. The queen remained in England, and, with her daughters, took refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster, where her son, afterwards Edward V., was born.

Edward being gone, and the Yorkists stunned, as it were, by so sudden a blow, the earl of Warwick carried all before him. The poor forgotten Henry was now dragged from his prison, and once more made a king. But he enjoyed, or rather endured, his restoration, only a few months; for the Yorkists recovering from their consternation, Edward returned to England, and, early in 1471, regained possession of London, and again committed his helpless rival to the Tower. Warwick collected all his forces, and marched in haste against Edward, who, aware of his movements, advanced to meet him. The two armies approached each other near Barnet, April 12th, and in the night-time the fickle Clarence deserted to his brother with 12,000 men. The next day the fight began, and the advantage was undecided, till the soldiers of Warwick attacked by mistake a party of their own friends, who, thinking they were betrayed, immediately fled. This threw the Lancastrians into confusion, and Edward, improving the advantage, became entire master of the field. The great earl of Warwick died covered with wounds, and lord Montacute and many other nobles fell with him.

Queen Margaret and her son had embarked for England on March the 4th, but had been tossed about by contrary winds, and did not land till the evening of the day on which the battle of Barnet was fought. When, instead of the triumphant return they had anticipated, they found that all their hopes were blasted by the catastrophe of that fatal day, the queen's undaunted spirit forsook her for the first time. She sunk to the ground and fainted. When she revived, she fled with her son to the Sanctuary at Beaulieu, and intended to have returned immediately to France; but some of the dispersed Lancastrians gathering around her, she was persuaded to stay and make one more effort to regain the kingdom: a fatal resolution, which cost

the lives of many brave men, who were defeated and slain in a battle that was fought at Tewkesbury on the 3rd of May. The queen and the young prince were soon after taken prisoners, and thus an end was put to the bloody contest between these two rival families—a contest which had lasted eighteen years, and had cost the lives of sixty princes of the royal family, above one-half of the nobles and principal gentry of the kingdom, and 100,000 of the common people.

After the battle of Tewkesbury, the young prince Edward was brought into the king's presence, who asked him how he dared to come into his kingdom in arms? He boldly replied, "I came to recover my father's kingdom;" upon which Edward struck him on his face with his gauntlet, and the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, with their attendants, instantly fell upon him with their swords, and killed him.—Margaret survived her son nine miserable years, five of which she was kept prisoner in the Tower. Louis XI. then ransomed her, and she returned to France, where she died in 1480.

Edward, after the murder of the prince, returned in triumph to London, and the next day Henry VI. was found dead in the Tower. The manner of his death will probably ever be a secret; but there is a suspicion of his having been murdered by the duke of Gloucester. By the death of Prince Edward, Anne, daughter of the earl of Warwick, was now a widow. Gloucester, though his hand were stained with the blood of her husband, resolved to marry her; but Clarence, who had married her eldest sister, wished her to remain single, that he might secure to himself the whole of earl Warwick's vast estates, and contrived to secrete her. At last Gloucester discovered her, disguised as a cookmaid in London, and immediately married her.

In 1475 Edward made great preparations for a war with France, and landed at Calais with 30,000 men. But while the English at home were expecting great conquests, Edward, who was now grown indolent, and fonder of pleasure than of war, suffered himself to be cajoled, by the cunning of Louis XI., into the disgraceful peace of Pecquigny, and into the acceptance of a large sum of money as the price of his peaceable return to England. Louis also corrupted the integrity of many of the English nobles, and bribed them by rich presents and pensions to be favourable to the interests of France.

The king now led a life of self-indulgence and luxury, but he had one secret care which corroded all his enjoyments. Although the family of Lancaster had been in a manner extirpated, one distant and illegitimate branch still remained. Henry Tudor, earl of Richmond, a grandson of Owen Tudor, was descended, by his mother, from a natural son of John of Gaunt, and was now considered as the only representative of the Lancaster family. He had been brought up in the court of the duke of Bretagne, who protected him from every attempt which the king of England made to get him into his power.

Edward promised to marry the young Richmond to his eldest daughter, and thus to unite the two houses of York and Lancaster; and by this promise the duke was prevailed on to send him to England. But no sooner was he set out than the duke began to doubt the sincerity of Edward's intentions, and sent after Richmond and brought him back, and thus, probably saved him from destruction; for Edward's disposition to cruelty seemed to have increased with his years.

In 1478, Clarence, having spoken with imprudent freedom of the king, Edward appeared glad to seize the opportunity of getting rid of a brother whose fickleness and petulance were continually giving him offence. Clarence was impeached and condemned to die by the parliament; but, as a royal and brotherly favour, the king allowed him to choose the manner of his death. It is difficult to believe historians when they gravely tell us that he desired to be drowned in a butt of malmsey. He left a son who had the title of Warwick from his grandfather, and a daughter, afterwards countess of Salisbury, who both, as you will hear, died on the scaffold.

Edward was chiefly employed during his latter years in making negotiations with foreign princes, most of which came to nothing. In his private life he was sunk in sloth and vice. He died April 9, 1483, in the forty-first year of his age and the twenty-third of his reign. His life is said to have been shortened by his excesses, and by vexation at having been outwitted by Louis XI. in a negotiation for a marriage between his eldest daughter and the dauphin.

He married Elizabeth Wydeville, and left two sons and five daughters:

Edward, who succeeded him;
Richard, duke of York;
Elizabeth, married to Henry VII.;
Cecilia, married Lord Wells;
Anne, married the duke of Norfolk
Bridget, a nun;
Catherine, married to Courtenay, brother to the earl of Devon.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXIII.

George. As for that Louis XI., I cannot bear to think of him, and his cunning, and his bribing King Edward and his courtiers.

Richard. But I think it was much worse in Edward and his nobles to accept bribes from a king of France. Well, I think that will not happen again: at least not in our time, I hope.

Mrs. Markham. Philip de Comines gives an entertaining account, though at the same time rather a mortifying one, of the artful way in which Louis cajoled the English. All the while he was treating

Edward and his courtiers with the most profound respect to their faces, he used behind their backs to divert himself and his confidants with ridiculing them for being so mercenary and greedy.

Richard. Pray who was this Philip de Comines?

Mrs. M. He was a Flemish gentleman, who was first in the service of the duke of Burgundy, and afterwards in that of Louis XI., and of his son Charles VIII. He did not, like Froissart, travel about to collect news, but merely wrote a relation of what passed within his own knowledge. Having been much employed in affairs of importance by his sovereigns, and being also a man of a fine understanding and clear judgment, his book is not only valuable for the insight it gives us into the times in which he lived, but also for the general remarks and reflections with which his anecdotes are interspersed. He gives in his memoirs a melancholy description of the condition of the Lancastrian exiles, who had taken refuge in the duke of Burgundy's territories. "Many of them," he says, "were in such extremity of want and poverty, that no common beggar could have been in greater. I have seen the duke of Exeter (but he conccaled his name) barefoot and barelegged, begging from door to door; but, becoming known, the duke of Burgundy bestowed on him a pension."

Mary. Indeed, that was very terrible: but I hope there were not many who were so distressed?

Mrs. M. The state of the Lancastrians was everywhere deplorable. Edward, with savage ferocity, did all he could to exterminate them, and those who remained in England could only save themselves by concealment. The son of that Lord Clifford who murdered young Rutland was concealed in a poor cottage in Yorkshire, and brought up as a shepherd. Sir Humphry Nevil, another Lancastrian, was hid for five years in a cave on the banks of the Derwent; and a lady of high rank, and related to the royal family, whose name I do not just now recollect, maintained herself and her family for some time by working with her needle, and when that failed she was obliged to beg in the streets of London.

Richard. What did Edward do with all the estates he took away from the Lancastrians?

Mrs. M. Edward enriched his two brothers with many of them. The earl of Warwick had also a very large grant. This nobleman inherited great estates from his ancestors, and had married the heiress of the old Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, so that he was the richest subject in the kingdom. On his different estates he maintained 30,000 people, a number which must be considered the more extraordinary, since the whole kingdom did not, probably, at this time contain much more than 2,300,000 souls, not the sixth part of its present inhabitants. Stow, a writer of the sixteenth century, who has given us a survey of London, describes Warwick coming there with a train

of 600 men, all in red jackets, embroidered on the sleeves with the bear and ragged staff, the badge of his family. He lodged in his house in Warwick Lane, and six oxen were often consumed in it for breakfast; and not only his own people were fed at his cost, but all persons who had any acquaintance with those of his household might come and carry off as much boiled and roast meat as they could take away on their daggers. So, you see, it is no wonder he was popular, and could raise armies and make and unmake kings as he pleased.

Mary. Pray, mamma, what was a badge?

Mrs. M. It was a device adopted by families, or individuals, and worn by their retainers. Sometimes political parties adopted these badges, or devices. For example, that of the Lancastrians was a red rose; and a white rose was that of the house of York

George. All these parties appear to me so bad alike, that, had I lived then, I should never have known whether to have followed the red rose or the white.

Mrs. M. The events of the reign of Edward IV. are exceedingly confused, and the accounts we have of them are so contradictory, that I have found no period of our history so difficult as this. Most historians complain of the same difficulty, and of our having but few books of this period, which some have thought to account for by attributing it to the then recent discovery of the art of printing.

Richard. How could that be the cause?

Mrs. M. It has been supposed that the business of transcribing declined before printing was brought to sufficient perfection to supply its place.

Richard. Will you, if you please, mamma, tell us all about printing, and who it was who was so lucky as to invent it?

Mrs. M. Whoever it was, we owe him a great deal; but so many persons have claimed the merit of the invention, that we hardly know to whom to ascribe it.[1] The common story is, that Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, was the person to whom the idea first occurred. And I will give you the account of it in the words of his old servant:—"He, one day, walking in a wood near the city, as the rich citizens were wont to do, diverted himself in cutting letters on the bough of a beech-tree, and for fancy sake the thought struck him to take the impression off on paper with ink, to please his grandchildren." This experiment succeeding beyond his expectation, he and his son-in-law applied their mind to improve the discovery. They made wooden types: but for a time they could only print on one side of the page. As this surprising art excited great admiration, and promised to be very profitable, Coster set up a printing-press in his own house, and

[1] It is now generally allowed that the real inventors of printing were Gutenberg and Fust of Mayence (1871).

wished to keep the secret confined to his own family; but two of his servants, whom he was obliged to employ in the business, stole his types and fled to Mentz, where, under the encouragement of John Fust, or Faustus, a rich citizen, they pretended to be the inventors of printing, and were probably the real inventors of some improvement in the art. The first book which was printed by Fust is an exceedingly splendid Bible, of the supposed date of 1450 or thereabouts.

George. And how did the art of printing get to England?

Mrs. M. The honour of introducing it into this country is generally ascribed to William Caxton, an honest citizen and mercer of London, who, while following the business of his trade in Holland, had heard and seen much of this new discovery. Being very solicitous of making so valuable an art known in England, he established himself for some time at Cologne, for the purpose of learning it; and though he was in his fifty-seventh year, he applied himself so diligently to his new undertaking, that in 1471 he printed, by the desire of the duchess of Burgundy, a book entitled "The Recule of the History of Troy." He then came to England, and set up a printing-press in the Abbot's lodging at Westminster, and printed a book on the game of chess, interspersed with many woodcuts, which, though they appear uncouth and strange to us, were at the time considered as very admirable specimens of engraving. Caxton lived till 1491, and printed nearly fifty different books, most of them translations by himself from the French. He says of himself that he was a "rude and simple man." I am sure he was a most industrious and useful one.

Richard. Well! it is a comfort to think that while all the princes and nobles of the land were murdering each other without remorse, there was this dear, good, quiet soul, who went on printing and translating, without troubling himself about any of them.

Mrs. M. I ought not to forget to tell you that playing-cards were first introduced into England in this reign. They had been known in France some time before, having been invented to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. during the paroxysms of his madness.

Mary. You have often mentioned the dukes and duchesses of Burgundy; and there really are so many of them, I cannot make them all out.

Mrs. M. I believe the fact is, there were so few, that I have not taken sufficient pains to make you distinctly know one from the other. There were only four dukes of Burgundy of the Valois family; but they were all men of great abilities, courage, and activity, and each of them in his turn bore a distinguished part in the busy scenes of his time.—The first duke was brother to Charles V. of France, and lived during the reign of our Edward III. He married the heiress of the earl of Flanders, and became an indepen-

dent and very powerful prince. His son, the second duke, was the one who murdered the duke of Orleans, and was himself assassinated by Charles VII., when dauphin.—*His* son, Philip, was the third duke of Burgundy, and married Isabella of Portugal, granddaughter to John of Gaunt. Philip affected more splendour and parade than any of the sovereign princes of his time, and was dignified by the name of *the Good:* but I suspect he owed this distinction more to his riches and generosity than to any other virtue; for he was tyrannical to his subjects, and treacherous to his allies, as the regent duke of Bedford often found. Philip's son, the fourth and last duke, was called Charles the Bold, from his rash and headstrong temper. He was killed in an engagement with the Swiss, and left an only daughter, Mary, who married the Emperor Maximilian. On the death of the last duke, the duke of Lorraine considered himself as showing extraordinary respect to his memory by attending his funeral with his beard covered with gold leaf.

Mary. But you have not told us who that duchess was that Caxton printed the book of Troy for.

Mrs. M. She was Margaret, widow of the last duke of Burgundy, and sister of Edward IV. of England. She appears to have been a very warm-hearted woman, though not perhaps always a judicious one. She was much attached to her friends and countrymen, and her court was always a place of refuge for them when in distress.

Earl Rivers presenting his Book to Edward IV. Drawn from the original MS. in Lambeth Palace.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD V.

YEAR AFTER CHRIST, 1483.

Mummeries. From a MS. of Edward the Third's reign.

WE are now come to the shortest reign and the most pathetic story in the annals of our country. When Edward IV. died, his eldest son was about thirteen years old, and was at Ludlow Castle under the care of his uncle, Lord Rivers, and his half-brother, Lord Grey. The title of the family of York to the crown was now completely established, and no objection was made to the young Edward's being proclaimed. But though the public willingly acknowledged him, there was, amongst his nearest relatives, one who had long marked the innocent boy for destruction. This person was his uncle Richard, duke of Gloucester, a prince of great bravery and ability. It was to him that the victories of Towton and of Barnet were principally ascribed; and his sense and penetration had often preserved the king his brother from many political blunders into which his indolence and carelessness would have betrayed him.

Richard's ability and vigour of mind have never been disputed; but there has been a great difference of opinion in regard to his moral character, some writers having loaded his memory with more crimes than it seems possible for any one man to have committed; while others, apparently with more ingenuity than truth, have endeavoured to vindicate him from most of the crimes of which he has been accused. He had long formed the project of usurping the crown, and had cloaked it with the most profound dissimulation. His first step, soon after his brother's death, was to impart to Lord Hastings a wish to remove the Lords Rivers and Grey from about the person of the young king. Hastings, a loyal and honest man, but who bore a bitter enmity to the queen and her relations, willingly agreed to second this design; and Richard, accompanied

by Hastings, and by the duke of Buckingham, who was still deeper in his secrets, set out with a numerous train to meet the king, who was on his way from Ludlow to be crowned at London.

They met the king and his little party at Stony Stratford, where the Lords Grey and Rivers waited on the duke of Gloucester, and passed the evening with him in convivial mirth and pleasantry, unsuspicious of the coming evil. The next morning, they and two other gentlemen of the king's retinue were seized and sent to Pontefract, and all the rest of Edward's attendants were dismissed, and forbidden on pain of death to come near the court. The poor young king, finding himself alone, and in the power of his uncle, whom he had been early taught by his mother to dread, was struck with grief and terror; but Gloucester falling on his knees, assured him, with strong professions of loyalty and affection, that what he had done was for his preservation. Edward then suffered himself to be soothed into composure, and set off with his uncle towards London, where the news of these violent measures arrived before them, and occasioned great alarm, for no one knew what to expect from such a strange beginning. The queen, fearing the worst, instantly fled into the Sanctuary at Westminster, taking with her the duke of York, then about seven years old, and her five daughters. Rotheram, archbishop of York, a faithful servant of the crown, hastened to her there, and found her sitting on the floor, weeping bitterly, and in the utmost agony of grief and despair. The good prelate endeavoured to give her some comfort; but her sorrow was beyond the reach of his consolation.

On the 4th of May Gloucester conducted his nephew into London, riding before him bareheaded, and saying to the people, "Behold your king!"

Two days after a great council was held, in which the artful duke was appointed Protector of the king and kingdom. Preparations were begun for Edward's coronation on the 22nd of June; but on the 13th of May, during the meeting of the council at Westminster, the door of the hall was suddenly opened, and a party of armed men rushed in, crying out "Treason! treason!" They seized on the archbishop of York, Morton, bishop of Ely, and the Lords Stanley and Hastings, who were all hurried off to the Tower, and committed to close custody, except Lord Hastings, whom Gloucester pronounced a traitor, and commanded to be immediately put to death. He was only permitted a few moments' delay to confess himself to a priest, and his head was cut off on a log of wood which happened to be on the spot.

On the same day Sir Thomas Ratcliff, one of Richard's chief confidants, entered Pontefract with 5000 men, and, without any trial, beheaded Lord Rivers and Lord Grey, and their two fellow-prisoners.

The death of Lord Rivers, who was the most accomplished nobleman of his time, caused much lamentation.

Gloucester, while committing these acts of violence, still kept on his mask of loyalty. He declared in council that it would be highly indecent to suffer the duke of York, during the ceremony of his brother's coronation, to remain in the Sanctuary, a place where thieves and murderers found refuge. The archbishop of Canterbury was in consequence sent to require the queen to surrender her young son. She had not then heard of the bloody deed at Pontefract, by which she had lost a brother and a son. Yet her presaging fears were so great, that nothing but the knowing that her child, if she refused to part from him, would be torn from her by violence, could at all prevail with her to submit to the separation.

Having now got both the young princes into his power, Gloucester employed a preacher to assert from St. Paul's Cross that the late king had been privately married to Lady Eleanor Butler, and that therefore his children by Elizabeth Wydeville were illegitimate. The duke of Buckingham made an harangue to the same purpose at Guildhall, before the mayor and citizens of London, who allowed themselves to be persuaded to accompany him to Baynard's Castle, a royal residence in the city, and to make the Protector the offer of the crown. Richard at first affected to decline it, and said, "his love of his brother's children was greater than his love of a crown;" but when Buckingham urged the suit, Richard pretended to overcome his reluctance, and accepted the offered gift. He was the same day proclaimed king, and was soon after crowned. The preparations which had been made for the coronation of Edward V. served for that of Richard III. It was long before the fate of the two unfortunate young princes was known with certainty; but they never appeared more.

Some years afterwards two men owned themselves to have been concerned in their murder, and said that the two princes had been suffocated in their bed, and buried at the foot of a staircase in the Tower. This confession was not generally credited at the time, being supposed to have been fabricated for political purposes; but it had an extraordinary confirmation two hundred years afterwards, when, in altering a staircase in the Tower, a chest was found buried under it, in which were the bones of two children, answering in size to the ages of Edward and his brother. These bones were taken care of, and by order of Charles II., in whose reign they were discovered, were removed to Westminster Abbey, where a monument from a design by Sir Christopher Wren was placed over them. Edward was in his thirteenth year when his father died, and reigned not quite three months.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXIV.

Mary. Indeed, mamma, of all the many sad stories you have told us, this is the saddest!

Mrs. Markham. Few situations can be supposed more heart-rending than that in which the queen was here placed; for though she was weak and thoughtless in her prosperity, and without energy in her adversity, she must still have felt as a mother. Holinshed, an old chronicler, has described Archbishop Rotheram's visit to her on her flying to a sanctuary in a way that always appears to me very touching, notwithstanding that the homeliness of his style makes it at the same time almost ludicrous. I believe I can find the passage: — "He (the archbishop) found about the queen much heaviness, rumble, haste, and business; carriage and conveyance of her stuffe into sanctuarie; chest, coffers, packs, fardels,[1] trussed all on men's backs; no man unoccupied; some lading, some going, some unloading, some going for more, some breaking down the wall to bring in the nearest way. The queen herself sate alone low on the rushes, all desolate and dismal."

Richard. Why did Richard behead Lord Hastings? I thought they were great friends!

Mrs. M. They agreed only in disliking the queen and her relations; and when Richard imparted to Hastings his secret plot on the crown, he expressed so much disapprobation, that the duke determined to get him out of the way.

Mary. You have not given us any description of poor little king Edward. I always want to know what people are like.

Mrs. M. He lived so short a time, and was so little seen, except by his attendants, that I do not recollect that his person has ever been described. There is a picture of Lord Rivers presenting Caxton to Edward IV. and his queen, in which Edward V. is introduced, and in which he appears like a pretty little delicate boy. And this, I believe, is the only picture of him that is known. (See illustration, page 196.)

Richard. Is that picture an oil painting?

Mrs. M. No; it is in an old manuscript. Oil-painting was very little used in England at this time, having been known here only since the reign of Henry VI. Nor do I believe there were yet any English artists, as all our earlier paintings are by foreigners. Mabuse and Holbein are those whose works are best known to us. Indeed Holbein's paintings are valuable, as well for their beauty as for their curiosity.

George. Did he live in this reign?

Mrs. M. Perhaps, in strictness, I ought to put off speaking of him till we get into another century. However, as I have begun, I may

[1] Bundles—from the French *fardeau*.

as well go on. He lived in the reign of Henry VIII., and has left us portraits of some of the most remarkable personages of his time. He, on some occasion, offended one of the lords of the court. Henry protected him from the rage of the irritated noble, and said, "I can, when I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen; but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords."

Mary. I have often wanted to ask you something about plays. I think, when you were telling us about Edward the Third's reign, you said there were no playhouses then.

Mrs. M. There were theatrical entertainments long before there were theatres. The first public representation that was anything like a play was exhibited as early as 1110, and was called a *miracle*. It was the history of St. Catherine, and was performed by the priests of Dunstable. The actors were attired in the holy vestments belonging to the abbey of St. Alban's. In Richard the Second's reign the clergy of St. Paul's enacted a miracle before the king and queen, which lasted eight days, and in which was represented the greater part of the history of the Bible.

George. Those acting priests were not sparing of their trouble—I will say that for them.

Mrs. M. These miracle plays, or, as they are sometimes called, mysteries, gave way to *moral plays*, which consisted of long elaborate speeches from allegorical personages, as Theology, Adulation, Admonition, &c.

George. I do not think they would have been any great entertainment to me.

Mrs. M. These plays were generally performed in connexion with church festivals, and the actors were almost always ecclesiastics. Besides these church plays, there were *secular* plays and interludes performed in private houses and in the streets by jugglers, tumblers, and jesters, whose business it was to rove about and exhibit their talents. Sometimes these people were the servants of noblemen. I have met with a letter[1] from the famous Lord Leicester to the earl of Shrewsbury, praying him to show "some conformity," meaning, I suppose, encouragement, "to certain of his servants who were players of interludes." There is no mention made of public theatres till the reign of Elizabeth. The first regular play we know of is one that gives us no very pleasing idea of our ancestors' taste or refinement. It was written about 1560, and is called "Gammer Gurton's Needle."[2]

Mary. If the amusements of the grown-up people were so dull and stupid, I wonder what sort of amusements the children had.

[1] In Lodge's Illustrations of British History.

[2] Since this was written, a comedy of earlier date has been discovered, *Ralph Roister Doister*, composed by Nicholas Udall, about the year 1550.

Mrs. M. They seem to me to have been better off than their elders; for they had balls, paper windmills, and hoops, even so long ago as the time of the Conquest.

George. I think, Richard, you and I shall play with our hoops and our balls with more glee than ever, now we know that the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, ay, and maybe Thomas à Becket, and old Caxton too, trundled hoops and tossed balls as well as ourselves.

Mrs. M. Shuttlecock and blindman's buff are also very ancient games, and amused our ancestors many hundred years ago. But they had some amusements which were not so unexceptionable. There was a very strange ceremony observed in most, if not in all the cathedrals, on Innocents' Day, in which children were the principal performers. A boy was dressed up in the vestments of a bishop. He was attended by a parcel of other boys habited like priests, and in this guise preached a mock sermon in the church, and then went in procession about the town. This was called the festival of the *boy-bishop*. There was another strange piece of buffoonery, in which grown-up people were the actors, and which was called the *festival of fools*, a sort of religious, or more properly irreligious, mummery, acted at Christmas, and which, as well as the festival of the boy-bishop, was happily put an end to at the Reformation.

Mary. But you forget, mamma, the mummers still sometimes come about at Christmas!

Mrs. M. That is quite a different thing, and is a harmless merry-making among the common people, which is still kept up in some parts of England, particularly in the northern counties, and which I must own I should be sorry to see discontinued. The mummeries of the festival of fools and of the boy-bishop were very different things, being a mockery of the ceremonies of religion. Nothing that relates *in any way* to the worship of God ought ever to be treated lightly, or made a jest of. The mumming and morris-dancing of the present day is the remnant of an ancient and favourite pastime of our ancestors, who were very fond of going about in what they called *disguisements*. The morris-dance was introduced by the crusaders, and the word means Morisco or Moorish dance.

The love of sports and merry-making was, however, not confined formerly to the lower orders. When the rich, who were almost devoid of all cultivation of mind, had so few sedentary amusements, they were glad to fly to active and boisterous ones. Even the fine ladies did not then disdain to seek diversion from things that in these times the very fishwomen in the streets of London would shrink from: such as bear-baitings and bull-baitings. These, however, were only on great occasions, and to entertain queens and princesses. Cudgel-playing and wrestling were the every-day amusements. But Christmas was the chief time of sports; and in the king's court, and

probably also in private families, a leader of the sports was elected, who had for the time the pleasant title of *lord of misrule*.

George. Oh, then, mamma, do let me be the lord of misrule on Mary's birthday next week!

Mrs. M. If Mary will elect you, I have no objection.

CHAPTER XXV.

RICHARD III.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1483—1485

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King. From a Royal MS. in the British Museum.

You must not suppose that the citizens of London solicited Richard to accept the crown entirely from the love they bore to him. He had caused the city to be surrounded by numerous bodies of troops, and would have proceeded to violent measures had not the citizens acted as they did.

The new king, soon after the coronation, set out with his queen and only son, then about eight years old, on a royal progress through the kingdom; and it is conjectured that the murder of the two young princes in the Tower was perpetrated during his absence from London on this occasion. When the court arrived at York, the king, to gain popularity amongst the people, who flocked there in great numbers to see him, entertained them with the ceremony of a coronation, and was crowned in the cathedral at that city a second time. But while he was thus making a parade of his royalty, a plot was already brewing to deprive him of it. Morton, bishop of Ely, had been committed to the custody of the duke of Buckingham.

That shrewd prelate soon saw that though the duke had received great rewards from the king, he yet wanted more, and that resentment and discontent were rankling in his mind. Morton accordingly found no difficulty in persuading him, notwithstanding he had so greatly contributed to the exalting of Richard, to join in a conspiracy formed for deposing him, and for placing Henry Tudor earl of Richmond on the throne.

I believe I have already told you that war and the scaffold had destroyed so many princes of the house of Lancaster, that this young earl of Richmond was now considered as the only representative to be found of that family. He himself too in any other case would scarcely have been reckoned of the blood-royal, his only claim to it being by his mother, who was grand-daughter of one of John of Gaunt's natural sons. I must not say, indeed, that he was absolutely the only person in that line of descent. There were also the royal families of Spain and Portugal, which were descended from the two daughters of John of Gaunt; but their claims seem never to have been thought of, even by themselves. The friends of Richmond were desirous of supplying the defects of his title by marrying him to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., who certainly, now that her brothers were gone, seemed to have the best right to the crown. Having formed their plan, they sent messengers to the young earl, entreating him to come to England immediately; and they made preparations at the same time for a general rising on the 18th of October. But Richard, whose vigilance had not let this tempest gather unperceived, assembled an army rapidly at Northampton, to be ready to march to that part of the country where the storm should burst.

The duke of Buckingham, who was at Brecknock, was to have joined his confederates on the other side of the Severn; but an extraordinary flood, such as had never been known before, and which was long remembered by the name of *Buckingham's flood*, prevented his crossing the river; and his Welsh soldiers, taking alarm, disbanded and returned home. The officers, thus finding themselves deserted by their men, either fled the country, or took refuge in sanctuaries. Buckingham concealed himself for a time at Lacon Hall, in Shropshire, with a person of the name of Bannister, a dependent on his family; but this man, tempted by the reward of a thousand pounds, which was offered for the discovery of the duke, betrayed the place of his concealment to the sheriff of Shropshire, who found him, in the disguise of a peasant, hid in an orchard behind Bannister's house. He was taken to London, and begged earnestly to see the king, and plead his cause before him; but Richard refused his request, and ordered him to be immediately executed. The other conspirators, discouraged by this disastrous beginning, dispersed, but many of them

were taken, and the execution of some of the ringleaders terminated this formidable insurrection.

Richard made a triumphal entry into London in December, 1483; and all things now seemed to prosper to his wishes. But he whose heart was too hard to feel for the affliction of others was himself vulnerable in his paternal affection. Edward, his only child, died April 9, 1484, and we are told that the king's grief was so excessive, that he almost "run mad." The grief of the queen was not less violent, and her death, a few months afterwards, is generally ascribed to it, though some authors have asserted that she was poisoned by her husband. Richard certainly showed little respect to her memory, and is said to have been desirous of marrying his own niece, Elizabeth; though I cannot help thinking that such a union as this could not have been his serious intention, and that he only pretended to desire it in order to prevent her marriage with Richmond, his most dreaded enemy, of whose designs on the crown, and preparations for a descent on England, he was not ignorant.

Henry had put to sea from Brittany, where he had been living since the year 1461, at the time of Buckingham's rising in 1483, but he was fortunately informed in time of the duke's ill success, and returned to France. Now, hearing of Richard's intended marriage with his niece, he hastened his preparations. Collecting all the English exiles, and a few French soldiers, he mustered a body of 3000 men; and with this small army he landed at Milford Haven, August 7, 1485, trusting to the co-operation of his friends in England. Upon first hearing of the assembling of the fleet in the Seine, which was to transport the invading army to the English shores, Richard published a long and artful proclamation, in which he said that "the king's rebels and traitors," after having been justly attainted by parliament, had betaken themselves to the king of France, the ancient enemy of England, and had chosen for their captain one Henry Tudor, who had covenanted that, in return for French aid, all the English claims in France should be given up.

When Richard heard that his rival, marching through Wales, had been joined by some Welsh troops that were sent against him, and that his numbers were fast increasing, he began to think the danger urgent. He might still have quelled it, could he have known in whom to confide. His spies either could not or would not give him true information, and he began to suspect and distrust all about him. Nor indeed without reason; for Lord Stanley, to whom he had given the chief command in his army, was in secret league with Richmond, whose mother he had married. Richard, though he knew not exactly what to apprehend, seized on Stanley's son, and kept him as a hostage for the fidelity of his father, who was

thus prevented from openly appearing in Richmond's cause. The state of Richard's mind at this juncture is represented as so fearfully disturbed, that the description, as given by Sir Thomas More, might alone deter any one from becoming a villain. "He never had quiet in his mind; never thought himself sure: when he went abroad, his eyes whirled about, his hand was on his dagger: his countenance and manner like one ever ready to strike again: he took ill rest at night; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watching; rather slumbered than slept; troubled with frightful dreams: sometimes started up, and ran about the chamber: so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled."

He at length roused himself like a desperate man, and collecting what troops he could, marched from Nottingham, where he was keeping his court, to Leicester. August 22nd he left Leicester with great pomp, wearing a crown on his helmet, but with a countenance indicating a troubled mind, and encamped at the abbey of Merivalle, not far from Bosworth, where Richmond had arrived the night before. The two armies were placed so near together, that during the night many deserted from the royal army and joined Richmond.

The next morning the forces on both sides were drawn out in line of battle. Lord Stanley and his brother, Sir William Stanley, with the troops under their command, detached themselves a little from the royal army. Richmond, who was no soldier, sent to request that Lord Stanley would assist him in forming his men; but Stanley returned for answer, "that he must form them himself, and he would come to him at a convenient season." He did contrive, however, to get over unperceived for a short time. When he had returned to his men, he received a very angry summons from Richard, who did not like to see his troops drawn up so far aloof from the main army, threatening that if he did not come to him immediately, his son should be executed on the spot. I know not what was Lord Stanley's answer.

The battle began, but no vigour or spirit was displayed in the royal army; and when Lord Stanley suddenly turned and attacked it it in flank, Richard saw that all was lost, and exclaiming "Treason! treason! treason!" rushed, in the madness of rage and desperation, into the midst of the enemy, and made his way to the earl of Richmond, hewing down all before him. The earl rather shrunk back at the approach of such a desperate antagonist; but his attendants gathered round Richard, who fought like a wild beast at bay, till at last he fell covered with wounds. His helmet was so beaten in by the blows it had received, that its form was quite destroyed. Scarcely any persons of note fell on this memorable field. The duke of Norfolk was among the few exceptions. Some friend

had tried to save him from his impending fate, and had that morning thrown an admonitory warning into his tent. It ran thus—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

Richard reigned little more than two years, and was slain in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He fell near a brook which runs through Bosworth field, the water of which long remained stained with blood; and even to this day I am told that the country people are scrupulous of using it. The dead body of the king was treated like that of a malefactor, and thrown neck and heels across a horse, and carried to Leicester, where it was buried in the church of the Grey Friars. But his bones were not permitted to rest in this humble bed; for at the destruction of the religious houses by Henry VIII. they were torn from their burying-place. His coffin was afterwards used as a drinking-trough for horses at an inn in Leicester.

Richard married Anne Neville, and had one son, Edward, prince of Wales, who died at Middleham Castle, in the tenth year of his age.

Those historians who have tried to clear Richard's character from some of the worst charges that have been brought against it, have also tried to represent his person to the best advantage. By them we are told that, though his features were rather homely, the expression of his countenance was princely and sensible; that his figure, though short, was well-built, with no other defect than that his right shoulder was somewhat higher than the left; while others, less disposed to consider him in a favourable light, tell us he was a monster of ugliness; and one old chronicler says, "He was crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, goggle-eyed, and his face was little and swarthy." We may suppose, however, that his personal defects have been greatly exaggerated; for Lady Desmond, who lived to be 130 years old, and had danced with King Richard in her youth, used always to say that he was a very handsome man.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXV.

George. I think, begging old Lady Desmond's pardon, Richard could not have been a very handsome man, if he was like that gentleman in the picture with the long shoes.

Mary. What a length of time those pointed shoes were worn! You told us of them a great while ago.

Mrs. Markham. Few fashions were ever attacked with more violence. Laws were made, and the clergy preached against them. Still they continued to be worn. However, after the reign of Richard III. they declined; a contrary extreme became the mode, and in a few years all the fine gentlemen looked as if they had got the gout: for they wore cloth or velvet shoes so very broad that

their feet looked like great platters; and a law was passed forbidding shoes to be made more than six inches across the toes. The dress of the men in the reign of Edward IV. and his brother is described as being so "scrimp" and tight, that fine gentlemen must have resembled stuffed figures more than living men. Their shoulders were padded out to make them look broad, and the waist was pinched in as tight as it could be borne.

George. They must have been droll figures!

Mrs. M. Quaintness and oddity of dress were more aimed at than gracefulness or comfort. With a tight pinched-in jacket, which was not much longer than a waistcoat, such enormous long sleeves were worn, hanging from the elbows, that Edward IV. used to tie his behind his back, to avoid tumbling over them when he walked.

George. I should think, mamma, that at the coronation of this usurping King Richard no champion could have ventured to come and throw down his glove, for he would have been afraid lest it should be taken up.

Mary. I do not understand what you mean.

George. Why, Mary, have you forgot all I told you about the coronation last week,[1] that when the king was crowned, a man in armour, called the Champion of England, rode into Westminster Hall, and threw his great iron glove bang down, and said he was ready to fight any man alive who dared to take up his glove and say, George the Fourth should not be king of England?

Mrs. M. The challenge of the champion is a mere ceremony, and has been a very old custom at the coronation of our kings. Richard II. granted the office to a Sir John Dymoke, in whose family it still remains.

Richard. I cannot think how so wicked a man as Richard III. could have had so many friends as he seemed to have!

Mrs. M. It does not appear that he had *any* friends. There were a few persons whom he was obliged to admit into his wicked schemes, but many of these betrayed him. His three chief agents were Ratcliff, Catesby, and Lovell, which gave rise to the following couplet:—

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the dog,
Rule all England under the Hog."

Mary. Pray, mamma, who was meant by the hog?

Mrs. M. Richard himself, who was called the hog because his badge, or crest as we should now call it, was a white boar.

Mary. I cannot think how Richard's coffin could be turned into a horse-trough!

Mrs. M. It was an old custom, which had not then ceased, to bury in stone coffins, and Richard's was of that description.

[1] This conversation was written soon after the coronation of George IV. in 1821.

Richard. I recollect seeing a stone coffin: it had a place hollowed out for the head and neck.

Mrs. M. The history of Richard's bedstead is still more extraordinary than that of his coffin. He travelled about, as was then the custom, with his own bedstead. This bedstead, when he was killed at Bosworth, was left at the place he had last slept at in Leicester, and became the perquisite of the people of the house. It was entirely of wood, and much gilded and ornamented. About 100 years after the battle of Bosworth, the woman to whom it then belonged, one day while making the bed perceived a piece of money to drop out of a chink; and on examination she found that the bottom of the bedstead was hollow, and contained coin to the amount of about three hundred pounds. But the discovery proved fatal to the woman, for she was robbed and murdered by her servant for the sake of her new-found treasure. The servant was hanged for the murder; and thus Richard's gold seemed to have the property of bringing evil upon all who touched it.

George. I must ask you, mamma, before we talk of anything else, if Lord Stanley's son was beheaded?

Mrs. M. No: you will be glad to hear that as soon as the fight began, he contrived to make his escape to his father, who no longer hesitated to take a decided part against Richard, when his fears for his son were thus at an end. The consequences of the battle of Bosworth were of great importance, not only to the individuals who were engaged in it, but to the whole nation. Indeed no battle since that of Hastings had been productive of such material changes. The battle of Hastings brought in the feudal system in its most oppressive form; and the battle of Bosworth, as you will see in the history of the next reign, put an end to it, and also to the long line of Plantagenet kings, who had governed the kingdom for 330 years.

Mary. I wish, mamma, you would be so kind as to make us a table of the Plantagenet kings, as you did of the Saxon ones.

Mrs. M. Willingly, my dear. There were fourteen in all; Henry II. and thirteen of his descendants. Four of these, John, Henry III., Richard II., and Henry VI., were feeble monarchs. The rest inherited all the abilities and bravery of their great ancestor, and (with the exception of Henry IV., who was of a close and suspicious temper) had a frankness and openness of disposition which endeared them to their subjects, and caused many of their faults to be overlooked. Of the character of poor little Edward V. we can of course say nothing. He did not live long enough to allow us to judge of him, and was king, as I have told you, only for three months.

THE PLANTAGENET LINE.	Began to Reign.	Reigned Years.
Henry II. Plantagenet	A.D. 1154	35
Richard I. Cœur de Lion, sons of Henry II.	1189	10
John Lackland, sons of Henry II.	1199	17

THE PLANTAGENET LINE—*continued.*	Began to Reign.	Reigned Years.
Henry III., son of John	A.D. 1216	56
Edward I., son of Henry III.	1272	34
Edward II. of Carnarvon, son of Edward I.	1307	20
Edward III., son of Edward II.	1327	50
Richard II. of Bordeaux, grandson of Edward III.	1377	22
Henry IV. of Lancaster, cousin to Richard II., grandson of Edward III.	1399	14
Henry V. of Monmouth, son of Henry IV.	1413	9
Henry VI. of Westminster, son of Henry V.	1422	39
Edward IV. of York, third cousin to Henry VI., great-great-grandson of Edward III.	1461	22,
Edward V., son of Edward IV.	1483	3 m.
Richard III., Crookback, uncle of Edward V., and the last of the Plantagenets	1483	2

CHAPTER XXVI.

HENRY VII.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1485—1509.

Henry VII. and his Queen, with Patron Saints. From a picture by Maluse.
Portcullis and Tudor Rose, from Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster.

KING RICHARD was the last man slain on the field of Bosworth, and his death was the signal of victory to Henry of Richmond. The soldiers who had engaged in pursuit of the fugitives were recalled by hearing the shouts of "Long live King Henry!" and, returning to the field of battle, they saw Sir William Stanley placing on Henry's head the battered crown which had been struck off from the helmet of Richard.

Henry was at that time thirty years old, of a tall and slender form, a pale complexion, and a grave, sedate deportment. If he had

ever possessed any ardour or warmth of character, the circumstances in which he had been placed had completely chilled it. Cold, cautious, and designing, he did not possess one amiable quality. His natural abilities were far from brilliant, but he supplied the want of quickness by the most unwearied application, and was rewarded for his perseverance by gaining a reputation for more wisdom than he possessed. He was an unkind husband, a careful, but not an affectionate father, a rigorous master, and a bitter enemy. His guarded temperament could not preserve him from the tyranny of two ruling passions, which swayed his conduct from the first hour of his reign, and lasted to the end of his life. These were his avarice, and his hatred of the house of York. The first command he issued, even before he had left the bloody field where he had been proclaimed king, was, that persons should be sent into Yorkshire to seize young Edward Plantagenet, earl of Warwick, the son of the duke of Clarence, and to convey him to the Tower.

But notwithstanding Henry's rooted dislike to the house of York, he soon found that he could not maintain himself on the throne without allying himself to it. He therefore renewed an agreement he had formerly made to marry the Princess Elizabeth; but his reluctance to the marriage was so great, that he put it off till the following year. He had so much jealousy of its being supposed that he derived through her his right to the crown, that he would not permit the queen's name to be mentioned in the Act of Parliament that was passed for settling the succession. He even was offended because she was a greater favourite than he was with the people, and he is said to have treated her unkindly on that account.

Henry's conduct towards all those who had been connected with the late royal family naturally irritated them against him, and in 1487 a scheme was contrived, which, though it failed in the end, had many abettors, and gave him for a time much trouble and vexation. Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker of Oxford, was instructed to personate the young earl of Warwick, who, it was pretended, had made his escape from the Tower. Richard Simon, a priest, had the chief management of this plot. He took Simnel into Ireland, where the house of York had many friends; and there, the credulity of the people coinciding with their wishes, he was proclaimed at Dublin by the title of Edward VI. When Henry heard of this pretended earl of Warwick, he caused the real earl to be taken from his prison, and carried in procession through London, and permitted all who chose to converse with him. This measure, though it satisfied the people of England, did not convince those of Ireland, who asserted that Henry had exhibited an impostor, while they were in possession of the true Plantagenet.

Whether the duchess of Burgundy was really of the same opinion,

or whether she was glad of an opportunity to disturb Henry, does not appear; but she certainly assisted Simnel with a body of troops, under the command of Martin Swartz, an experienced leader. The earl of Lincoln, son of the countess De la Pole, eldest sister to the duchess, also joined Simnel in Ireland. Leaving Ireland with a force of eight thousand men, they landed in Lancashire, expecting to be joined by the inhabitants. But they were mistaken in this expectation, and penetrated as far as Stoke, near Newark, without receiving any addition to their numbers. Here they were met, June 16, 1487, by Henry, with a considerable force, and defeated after a fierce engagement. Lord Lincoln and Swartz were slain, Simnel and his preceptor Simon were taken prisoners, and received better treatment than they could have expected; for Henry contented himself with imprisoning the priest for life, and with degrading the new-made king to be one of the scullions in his kitchen.

In 1493 another impostor started up, in a youth called Perkin Warbeck, who had been secretly instructed to personate Richard, duke of York, the young brother of Edward V., who, it was pretended, had escaped from the Tower by the connivance of the ruffians who had murdered his brother. This youth had a strong resemblance to the Plantagenets, and acted his part so well, that many persons were actually convinced that he was the prince. He presented himself at the duchess of Burgundy's court at Brussels, and claimed her protection, as being her brother's son. Some people say that she was in the plot, and had secretly instructed him how to act. Be that as it may, she appeared at first to doubt his story; and then, as if suddenly convinced by his answers to her questions, she embraced him with a transport of joy, exclaiming that he was indeed her long-lost nephew. She then appointed a guard of soldiers to attend him, and treated him as the head of the house of York.

The news of this extraordinary circumstance brought numbers of people to Brussels; and the answers of Warbeck were so extraordinary, his manners so bewitching, and his conduct so princely and dignified, that all who saw and conversed with him were fascinated, and were persuaded of the truth of his story. Henry now became anxious to publish to the world the certainty that the real duke of York had been murdered, and he obtained the confession of two persons who owned themselves to have been accessary to the death of the two young princes. But these confessions gained little credit at the time, though the discovery I mentioned to you, of the skeletons found under the Tower stairs, has since corroborated them in an extraordinary manner.

Amongst those who flocked to see Perkin Warbeck were two men sent by Henry, who were commissioned to insinuate themselves into his confidence. In this they succeeded so well, that they became

acquainted with all his secrets, and sent regular information of his plans to the king, who was thus enabled to know what persons in England were in correspondence with him. These persons were all seized in one day, and were immediately tried and condemned, and several of them were executed. Sir William Stanley was beheaded for having been heard to say, that "if he was sure Perkin Warbeck was the real duke of York he would never bear arms against him;" though his great wealth, which the king coveted, is said by some to have been the cause of his destruction.

These sanguinary measures deterred people from venturing to own themselves friends or favourers of Warbeck, who made two unsuccessful attempts to land in the realms which he claimed as his own. His first attempt was in Kent, and his second in Ireland. He then tried his fortune in Scotland; and having convinced the king, James IV., that he was a true Plantagenet, that young and ardent monarch received him with the utmost kindness, and entered into his cause with all the warmth of a generous mind, regardless of the danger of making an enemy of so powerful a monarch as the king of England, with whom it was greatly his interest to remain at peace. He gave Warbeck in marriage the Lady Catherine Douglas, one of the most noble and accomplished ladies in Scotland, and published a manifesto, inviting the English to repair to the standard of their rightful sovereign, Richard IV. James also raised an army, and in October, 1496, invaded England. The Scots immediately began to plunder, as was their custom, and Warbeck expostulated with James on this barbarous manner of carrying on the war, declaring that he had rather lose a crown than obtain it by the ruin of his subjects.

While Henry was preparing to repel the Scots, a still more pressing danger assailed him in an insurrection of the men of Cornwall, who came in a numerous body towards London. They got to Blackheath, but were there defeated by the king's troops. Their leaders were taken and executed. The rest, on paying two or three shillings each into the king's coffers, received a pardon, and returned home.

Warbeck was soon deprived of the assistance which the king of Scotland had for a time afforded him. Henry, who was at all times a better negotiator than soldier, preferred entering into a treaty with James to the meeting him in the field; and a truce was made between the two monarchs. Upon this Warbeck, after thanking James for the protection and kindness he had shown him, went to Ireland with about 120 followers, and his amiable wife, who would not forsake him. He remained in Ireland some months, and, on receiving an invitation from the Cornish men, who were still in an unsettled state, he landed at Whitsand Bay, in that county. He was joined at Bodmin by 3000 men, with whom he marched forward and laid siege to Exeter. A large body of the king's forces marched

against him; and Warbeck seeing that all resistance would be in vain, left his companions to take care of themselves, and fled in the night to the abbey of Beaulieu in Hampshire. The abbey was soon surrounded by the royal troops, and Henry would gladly have forced open the gates and seized on his victim, but was persuaded to try to entice him out of his sanctuary by promising to spare his life.

Warbeck, on receiving this promise, yielded himself up, and was carried prisoner to the Tower. He contrived to elude the vigilance of his keeper, and made his escape; but, being soon taken, and brought back again, he was compelled to mount a scaffold at Westminster, and to read a paper by which he confessed himself to be an impostor. He was made to repeat the same confession in Cheapside, and was then replaced in the Tower. He afterwards contrived to have some communication with the earl of Warwick, his fellow-prisoner, who, though young in years, was old in sorrow, and a plan was concerted between them for their escape; but the plan being discovered, they were both executed. Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn, Nov. 23, 1499, and the earl of Warwick was beheaded on Tower Hill three days afterwards.

Henry, from this time till his death, was undisturbed either by tumults at home or by wars abroad. He made many treaties of alliance and commerce with foreign countries, but he chiefly employed himself in amassing wealth, which he did in every possible way. He made many arbitrary and vexatious laws, and obliged those who infringed them in the slightest degree to pay heavy fines, or suffer imprisonment. These rapacious schemes he carried on chiefly by the assistance of two lawyers of the names of Empson and Dudley, whom he employed to entrap the rich and unwary. By these means, as well as by taxes and benevolences, he acquired immense wealth, not only in money, but also in plate and jewels. He kept it with the most anxious care, under his own lock and key, in secret apartments in the palace at Richmond.

In 1500 the king's eldest daughter, Margaret, married James IV. of Scotland; and, in 1501, prince Arthur, his eldest son, married Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Spain; but in the following spring the young prince died, and Henry, unwilling to lose the marriage portion of the Spanish princess, married her to his other son Henry, a boy of eleven years old. In 1503, the queen, Elizabeth of York, died, and the king projected a second marriage with the dowager queen of Naples, whom he had supposed to be immensely rich; but finding that he had been deceived in that particular, he gave up the design.

In 1506, the Archduke Philip of Austria, who had married the eldest sister of Catherine of Aragon, being on his way to Spain with his duchess, was driven by contrary winds to land in England; and Henry, under pretext of showing him and the duchess extraordinary

honour, detained them till he had extorted from Philip a promise to give him in marriage his sister, the duchess dowager of Savoy, with an enormous dower. He also obliged him to make a commercial treaty exceedingly advantageous to England, and prevailed with him to give up Edmund de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, who, on the death of his aunt, the duchess of Burgundy, who, while she lived, had been his protectress, had taken refuge in the Austrian dominions. This Edmund de la Pole was brother of the earl of Lincoln, who was slain at Stoke. Philip complied most reluctantly with this last demand; and Henry, when he had got all he wanted, suffered him and his duchess to depart.

Henry had scarcely got De la Pole into his power, when he became sensible that all his schemes of revenge, avarice, and ambition were drawing to a close. A violent attack of the gout gave him warning of his approaching end. He now devoted the remnant of his life to make preparations for the awful change he had to expect; but even his dying acts were tinctured by that calculating, money-loving spirit which had governed his life. Amongst other things, he ordered that two thousand masses should be said for him at sixpence a-piece. One or two of his bequests, however, exhibited something like a conscience. He ordered that restitution should be made to those persons from whom his agents, Dudley and Empson, had extorted more than the law could warrant. He also ordered the debts to be paid of all persons in London and Westminster who were imprisoned for 40*s.* or under. Having thus done everything that his fear and superstition suggested, he died at his palace at Richmond, April 21, 1509, in the 24th year of his reign, and the 54th of his age.

He married Elizabeth of York, and had two sons and two daughters:

Arthur, married Catherine of Aragon, and died young;

Henry, his successor;

Margaret, married, first, James IV. of Scotland; and, secondly, Douglas, earl of Angus;

Mary, married, first, Louis XII. of France; and, secondly, Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

The reign of Henry VII. was the dawn of what may properly be called English liberty; for though the Magna Charta had fenced in the nobles from the tyranny of the king, yet the great mass of the people were for a long time after as much exposed as before to the oppressions of the nobles: but now, the power of the nobility being much diminished by the long civil wars, the people began gradually to emerge from slavery.

Henry's policy also was to depress the nobles. He restricted the number of their retainers; and thus that idle race of people, who had before passed their lives in following some great lord to the

wars, or in hanging about his gates in time of peace, were driven to apply themselves to more industrious modes of life, and from helpless dependents became useful subjects.

Commerce, too, began to make a great alteration in the condition of persons in middle life; and Henry, by lessening the strictness of entails, enabled the nobles to sell their estates, many of which thus came into the possession of rich commoners. With the change of property came a great change in the condition of all classes of people. The landowners found it advantageous to commute the services of their villeins for money, and made them pay rent for their lands and cottages; and thus from *villeins* they became *tenants*. It is very difficult to trace every step of the lowest orders of the people from villanage, which at some periods of our history was little better than mere slavery, to freedom. The progress was so various and so gradual, that the state of villanage seemed to decline insensibly, and after this time we find no more mention made of it.

In this reign, the Star Chamber was first instituted—an arbitrary court of law, in which the king used to attend in person as judge, and which was called the Star Chamber from the decorations of the room in which the sittings were held.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXVI.

George. I did not expect that the reign of such a dull, cross kind of a king would have had so many entertaining stories in it.

Mary. Poor Perkin Warbeck! I cannot help feeling sorry for him.

Richard. Do you know, mamma, what became of the beautiful Scotch lady he married?

Mrs. Markham. When Warbeck and the Cornishmen advanced towards Exeter, the Lady Catherine was left at St. Michael's Mount. After her husband was carried to the Tower Henry sent for her, and hard as his heart was, seems to have been touched by her youth, her beauty, and her grief; for, whether she knew Warbeck to be an impostor or not, she dearly loved him, and was a most dutiful and affectionate wife to him. The king said some kind and soothing words to her, and presented her to the queen, with whom she remained as an attendant. She had an ample allowance made to her, and was much beloved at the court, where she was called "the White Rose of England." She afterwards married a Sir Matthew Cradock; and her tomb, with that of her second husband, may be seen in Swansea Church.

Richard. How sad it seems that, after so great a number of people had been killed in the battles of York and Lancaster, more blood should still be spilled for the sake of two impostors!

Mrs. M. Perkin Warbeck's attempt cost fewer lives than Simnel's

did. Many brave men fell in the battle at Stoke. Lord Lovell, one of the few who escaped from the fight, was observed flying towards the Trent, and, as he was never seen afterwards, he was thought to have been drowned in crossing that river. But more than a hundred years afterwards, in pulling down Minster Lovell, a house that had belonged to him in Oxfordshire, a secret chamber was discovered, in which was found the skeleton of a man seated in a chair, with his head reclining on a table; and it was conjectured that this was the skeleton of that Lord Lovell, and that he had contrived to escape to his own house, and from neglect or other causes, had been starved to death in this secret chamber. An empty jar and a barrel were found near him.

Mary. But how could there be secret chambers in houses? I do not think anybody could make a room in this house that I should not find out.

Mrs. M. When walls were thick and chimneys large, it was not difficult to make places of concealment, and I believe that in those unquiet times many houses had them. I know a large old house in Nottinghamshire, which was inhabited by a family for some generations without its being known that there was a secret room in the kitchen chimney; and it was only discovered a few years since in making some repairs.

Mary. You have often talked about people going into sanctuaries. What does that mean?

Mrs. M. There were several famous sanctuaries, connected with abbeys or great churches, such as Beverley Minster and Westminster Abbey; and all persons who had committed crimes, or were otherwise in fear of their lives, might secure themselves from danger by getting into them: and they were deemed so sacred, that to force a sanctuary, that is, to take any person out by violence who had taken refuge there, was thought to be a shocking impiety. I remember a story of a nobleman who had taken sanctuary in some abbey during the reign of Richard III. The king was on the point of rushing in and seizing his victim, when the abbot presented himself in the gateway, bearing the Holy Sacrament in his hand, and Richard turned away, not daring to violate a sanctuary so guarded.

Richard. How long did these places remain sanctuaries?

Mrs. M. The abuse of them was put an end to at the Reformation; but all churches and churchyards are so far sanctuaries still, that no person can be arrested in them for debt.

Richard. Your talking of churches, mamma, reminds me of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster Abbey. Did not he build it?

Mrs. M. He began it; but he died before it was finished, and it was completed by his son, Henry VIII. Henry VII. had no taste in the fine arts; yet his ambition to have a splendid tomb called

Tudor Architecture—Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, and Tomb of Mary Queen of Scots.

The Coat of Mail, Helmet, Shield, Crest, &c., of Edward the Black Prince. (Suspended over his Tomb, in Canterbury Cathedral.)

forth the best architects of the age to furnish designs for this magnificent building, on which the king did not grudge to expend large sums of his hoarded wealth. The principal buildings erected during this and the three succeeding reigns exhibit several remarkable features; so much so that the architecture of this period has acquired a name of its own; being commonly called the *florid*, or more properly the *Tudor* style, since it began with Henry VII., and went out during the reign of his granddaughter Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors. All the buildings of this style are very beautiful, and are sufficiently distinguished from the Gothic piles of the Plantagenets, and the massive buildings of the Anglo-Normans, by the flat arch, which is one of its chief characteristics, and by the profusion of ornament with which every part is loaded.

Richard. Pray, mamma, was not America discovered by Columbus about this time?

Mrs. M. It was, and England was very near having the honour of sending out Columbus on his first voyage of discovery.

George. O, how I wish it had!

Mrs. M. You know the outline of the story of Columbus; in what manner he became convinced that there must be land hitherto unknown on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean, and with what earnestness he solicited many different states of Europe to assist him with ships to make the discovery. On being refused elsewhere the assistance he wanted, and seeing his project treated as an idle chimera, he at last determined to apply to Henry VII., who was esteemed both the most sagacious and the wealthiest monarch of his time. Accordingly Columbus sent his brother Bartholomew to England for this purpose; but he unfortunately was taken by pirates by the way, and detained by them four years as a galley slave. At last, in 1489, he made his escape, and got to England, but in too destitute a condition to be able to present himself to the king or his ministers. In these circumstances, however, his industry and activity of mind furnished him with a resource. He set himself to work to make maps and sea-charts, and finding a ready sale for them he was able to purchase some decent clothes, which put it in his power to appear at court. Presenting one of his maps to the king, he requested an audience, which being granted he explained to the king all his brother's views and wishes. Henry was so much struck with their feasibility, that he agreed to give Columbus the assistance he desired, and Bartholomew was sent to invite him to England. But before Bartholomew arrived in Spain, Columbus had already sailed on his first voyage, under the auspices of Queen Isabella.

George. Why really, mamma, this same Henry was a sagacious old king after all, for he seemed to perceive at once what Columbus could never make anybody else comprehend.

Mrs. M. I have already said that Henry was not naturally clever, but that he had unwearied application, and you need not be told how much industry alone can do in improving the faculties of the mind. Though Henry was a very unamiable man, yet in some respects his conduct as a king was beneficial to his country. His dislike to the nobles made him considerate of the lower orders, and his love of money made him encourage commerce; and it was he who laid the foundation of the British navy, and built some four-masted ships of a larger size than had ever been seen before.

George. Ah! then I dare say the Great Harry, which you know my uncle has a picture of, was one of those ships?

Mrs. M. The Great Harry was, if I mistake not, built by Henry VIII.

Richard. But pray go on, and tell us more about Columbus. Was not Henry quite provoked to find he had just missed having him?

Mrs. M. Perhaps he was. However, he did not abandon the idea of making discoveries; for in the year 1496, after Columbus had returned to Europe, with the account of what he had seen, Henry fitted out a small fleet of ships, and sent them on a voyage of discovery, under the command of John Cabot, a Venetian merchant. Cabot sailed to the north-west, and the first land he saw was either Labrador, or what we now call Newfoundland, but which he called Prima Vista (first seen): he next saw the island of St. John's, and sailed south as far as Virginia; then he returned to England, where the king received him with great honour and knighted him.

George. Knighted him! Was that all? Why, he should have made him a prince, at least!

Mrs. M. I agree with you that he merited a great reward. He was, in fact, if he saw Labrador, the first discoverer of the continent of America; for Columbus (who, nevertheless, deserves all the honour of the discovery, since he pointed out the way to it) had not, at the time of Cabot's first voyage, seen more than some of the American islands. Cabot had a son named Sebastian, who was even a greater navigator than himself, and of whom I may have occasion to speak by and by.

Richard. I think, mamma, you may as well tell us now all you have to say about him. You may forget it another time.

Mrs. M. Well, then.—This Sebastian accompanied his father during his voyage to America, and in the reign of Henry VIII. was employed on many important occasions, and became highly celebrated as a navigator. For some reason or other he entered in 1524 into the service of the king of Spain; but, thinking himself ill-used by that monarch, he returned to England, where his great merit and knowledge procured him all the consideration he deserved. He was appointed governor of the company of merchant adven-

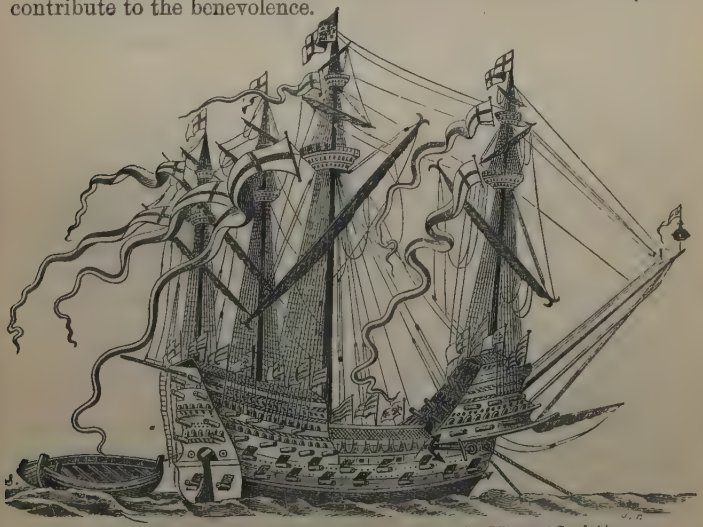
turers, and he it was who first established our trade with Russia. After a long and useful life, he died in the reign of Queen Mary.

Mary. You said something about Henry's getting money by benevolences. Will you be so good as to tell us what that meant?

Mrs. M. A benevolence meant originally a voluntary contribution for the king's expenses, made amongst his own immediate vassals. Edward IV. extended it to the whole kingdom; and, though the name implies its being a free gift, it became in fact a very arbitrary tax, for the king could quarter soldiers on those who refused to contribute, and could annoy them in many other ways, which often caused the people to call these benevolences *malevolences*. And you will think this name not unmerited, when I tell you what happened to an alderman of London in Henry the Eighth's time. The poor alderman, because he refused to contribute to a benevolence, was compelled to serve as a private soldier in the war then carrying on with Scotland; and the king sent a letter to the general of the army, commanding that the alderman should be lodged amongst the common soldiers, and be made to ride forth in all difficult and dangerous enterprises.

George. Oh, the poor dear fat alderman! what sort of a soldier did he make?

Mrs. M. He had little opportunity of showing his prowess, for he was taken prisoner in the very first rencontre, and had to pay a much larger sum for his ransom than he had been required to contribute to the benevolence.

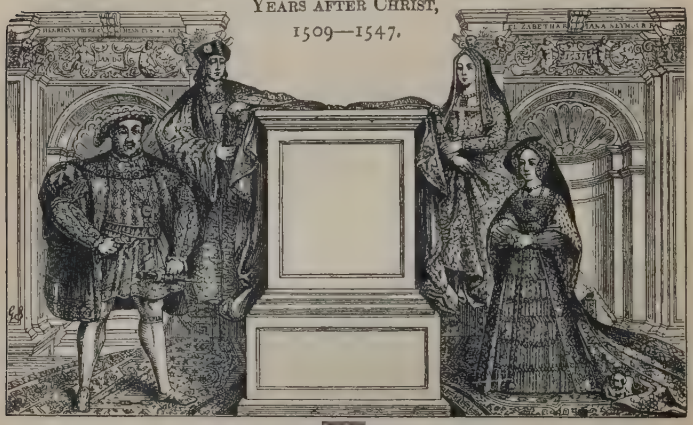


The Ship Great Harry, from an original Drawing in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HENRY VIII.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1509—1547.



Henry VII. and his Queen Elizabeth of York:
Henry VIII. and his Queen Jane Seymour: from a painting by Holbein, at Whitehall, destroyed by fire in 1698.

HENRY VIII. was in his nineteenth year when he ascended the throne. He had an athletic form, and was uncommonly strong and active. His complexion was fresh and ruddy, and he had an alacrity and animation of manner that appeared to advantage after the gloom and reserve of the late king. His understanding was shrewd and clear: he had received what was then thought a good education, and had more learning than most princes of his time. The pretensions of the two rival families of York and Lancaster were united in his person, and he was the first king since Richard II. who had ascended the throne with an undisputed title to it. He enjoyed great popularity, his father had left him an enormous treasure, and the country was free both from foreign and from domestic wars. In short, no king of England ever began to reign under more prosperous circumstances. But though free from all external foes, he had one implacable enemy which pursued him from the earliest to the latest hour of his life, and that enemy was his own violent temper.

For the first two years of his reign all went on well. He appointed a council of men of approved wisdom, he brought Dudley and Empson to punishment for their exactions in his father's reign, and he made advantageous treaties with France and Scotland. At the same time he was unboundedly extravagant in his amusements, and soon squandered much of his father's hoarded wealth in

tournaments and other expensive entertainments, to the great grief of his careful counsellor, Fox, bishop of Winchester, who, finding his remonstrances unavailing, introduced at court the afterwards highly celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, a man of inferior birth, but very shrewd and dexterous, by whose assistance he hoped to be better able to restrain the follies of the youthful king. Wolsey had, at the time I speak of, arrived at the dignity of dean of Lincoln. He soon acquired an unbounded influence over Henry; but, instead of using it as the good bishop had intended, he only employed it to flatter the king's follies, and to promote his own advancement. He was soon made archbishop of York and chancellor: but his ambition did not rest satisfied with this; he even aspired to the popedom, and to procure the favour of the foreign princes by whose suffrage he hoped to obtain it, he sacrificed the interests of his own country, and made the king his perpetual dupe.

In 1513 Henry was drawn in by his father-in-law, Ferdinand, king of Spain, the most artful man of his time, to make war on France. He landed at Calais with a numerous army, and defeated the French troops under the duke de Longueville. This engagement has been called the battle of the Spurs, from the haste with which the French cavalry took to flight. Henry afterwards took Tournay, and, thinking he had now done enough to establish his fame as a conqueror, amused himself with tournaments and splendid entertainments.—On the same day on which Tournay was taken, a battle was fought at Flodden, at the foot of the Cheviot Hills, between James IV. of Scotland, and the English army under Lord Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk. In this battle the king of Scotland was killed.—Henry soon after made a peace with France, one of the conditions of which was that Louis should marry Henry's young sister Mary. Henry then, after placing a garrison in Tournay, returned to England; and the Princess Mary was sent in the following August with a splendid train of ladies and nobles to France. Her stay, however, was very short, for, Louis soon dying, she returned to England, and, after a widowhood of a few weeks, married Brandon, duke of Suffolk, a favourite of the king, who had lately (1512) put to death the Edmund de la Pole mentioned in the last chapter, and granted most part of his estates, and his title, with the higher rank of duke, to Brandon.

Louis was succeeded by Francis I., one of the most gallant princes of his age. Ferdinand of Spain died in 1516, and was succeeded by his grandson, Charles V., son of the Archduke Philip and Joanna of Spain, who soon after became also emperor of Germany. Thus were the principal countries in Europe governed by three young monarchs, all equally emulous of fame and power. Charles and Francis were decided rivals, and they each courted and cajoled Henry, whose blunt and open character was no match

for either of them. Henry and Francis had agreed to have a personal interview; and Charles, in the hope of preventing its taking place, came to England. He could not succeed in preventing it; but he flattered Henry, and bribed his chancellor Wolsey, till he had sufficiently detached them from the interests of France.

The projected meeting between Henry and Francis took place in June, 1520. Both monarchs arrived within the English pale near Calais. The French king and his court took up their quarters at Ardres, and the English king was lodged in a magnificent palace which Francis had caused to be erected for him at Guines. Two thousand eight hundred tents, many of them covered with silk and cloth of gold, were pitched in the surrounding plain: but even this number was insufficient for the multitudes who flocked to this splendid festival; and many ladies and persons of rank were glad to obtain a lodging in barns, and to sleep upon hay and straw. The French and English vied with each other in the splendour of their dresses, and this meeting is celebrated by the name of "the Field of the Cloth of Gold." It continued a fortnight, and was a succession of entertainments. Wolsey, who was now made cardinal, took upon himself to regulate all the ceremonials, and at first the two kings only met, attended by their trains, and passed the day together, according to the formal etiquette prescribed by the cardinal. But such dull parade did not suit the frank and ardent spirits of Francis, and after two or three of these interviews had taken place, he mounted his horse early one morning, and, attended by two gentlemen and a page, rode off towards Guines.

The English who were on guard at the palace were astonished to see the king of France at that hour, and so attended; but Francis desired to be conducted to Henry's apartment, and, undrawing the curtains of his bed, awoke him out of his sleep. Henry was as much amazed as his guards had been; and from that time the intercourse between the two kings was conducted in a more free and confidential manner. It may appear, perhaps, to have become at last too free; for one day, after they had been looking at a wrestling match, Henry, seizing Francis by the collar, said, "My brother, you and I must wrestle," and endeavoured to throw him down; but Francis being the most expert, nimbly twisted Henry round and threw him to the ground. Though Henry affected at the time to treat this as an agreeable pleasantry, it vexed him exceedingly, and he never quite forgave it. On June 25th the two kings separated, and Henry and the emperor exchanged visits at Gravelines and Calais. This occasioned a renewal of tournaments and splendid entertainments; but amidst them all Charles never lost sight of his own interests, and sought to counteract the effect of the treaties of friendship and alliance that had been made between the two kings at the Field of the Cloth of Gold

Soon after Henry's return to England, the duke of Buckingham, son of that duke who had been beheaded by order of Richard III. was accused of some treasonable expressions against the king, and was beheaded; but his real crime was the having offended the cardinal, whose haughty and overbearing conduct had raised a host of secret enemies around him. His power over the king was so absolute, that Henry, without perceiving it, was merely his tool. The ignorant of all ranks attributed this influence over the king to witchcraft, but more discerning men perceived that flattery was the art which Wolsey used. He affected to look up to Henry as the wisest of mortals: he promoted his amusements, and joined in them with the gaiety of youth; and thus making himself agreeable as well as useful, he ruled for ten years with absolute sway one of the most capricious and passionate of men.

In 1521 Henry distinguished himself as an author, and wrote a Latin book on the Seven Sacraments against the heresies of Luther, an eminent reformer of religion in Germany. This book was presented with great ceremony to Pope Leo X., who rewarded the royal author with the title of "Defender of the Faith;" and sent him a letter praising his "wisdom, learning, zeal, charity, gravity, gentleness, and meekness"—most of which epithets few people could have less deserved. The following year Leo died, and Adrian VI. was elected pope, to the great mortification of Wolsey.

In 1522 the emperor visited England again, and was splendidly entertained. Charles, mixing politics with his festivities, applied himself to win the favour of the English nobles. Amongst other courtesies he appointed Lord Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk, lord admiral of all his fleets—a piece of flattery that gratified the whole nation. By these artifices Charles effectually dissolved the bonds of amity between France and England; and Francis declared of his late dear friend the king of England, "that he held him for his mortal enemy from that day forth." War was soon after declared, but little was done. Henry was no great warrior, and Francis was more intent on prosecuting a war in Italy with the emperor, than on making any attack on Henry. At last Francis was taken prisoner by Charles at the battle of Pavia, in 1525, and remained in captivity nearly a year. Charles having now gained all he wanted, treated Henry with little ceremony, neglected to repay some money he had borrowed of him, and refused to ratify a treaty he had made to marry his daughter Mary. Wolsey also, who found the popedom a second time vacant, and himself still forgotten, had reason to complain of the emperor's breach of faith. He therefore easily persuaded his already irritated master to break with Charles and make peace with France.

But Wolsey's fall was near at hand. You have not forgot that

Catherine of Aragon, when she married the king, was the widow of his elder brother Arthur. Henry, after the interval of many years, is supposed to have felt some growing scruples as to the legality of this marriage. These were increased by the arrival at court of Anne Boleyn, who had accompanied the king's sister, Mary, when she went to France, and had been educated in the French court, and returned to England with all her English beauty adorned by French grace and vivacity. The king was so much captivated by her charms, that, in order to be able to marry her, he formed the project of divorcing the queen. In this project he was encouraged by Wolsey, and he sent to Clement VII., who was now pope, stating his scruples about his marriage, and suing for a divorce.

Clement, unwilling to displease the emperor, who was nephew to the queen of England, declined giving a decided answer, and, after keeping Henry in suspense for more than a year, sent, in 1528, Cardinal Campeggio to England, to determine, in concert with Wolsey, on the validity of the king's marriage. This Campeggio seems to have been a peace-making man, for he exhorted the king in private to give up the thoughts of a divorce; and, finding his exhortations unavailing, he next applied to the queen, advising her to submit to the king's will, and retire into a nunnery; but with her also he was unsuccessful. After another year spent in delays and negotiations, the two cardinals proceeded to the important trial; but they both seemed unwilling to come to a decision, and the king's patience was nearly exhausted.

It was now visible to all the courtiers that Wolsey's favour was declining. It happened about this time that Gardiner and Fox, the king's secretary and almoner, accidentally fell in company with Thomas Cranmer, a young priest of Cambridge. The conversation fell on the subject of the king's divorce. Cranmer at first declined giving any opinion upon it; but being pressed, he said that, were he king, he would spend no more time in fruitless negotiations with Rome, but would apply to the principal universities, and the learned men in Europe, proposing to them this plain question, "Can a man marry his brother's widow?" The two doctors were much struck with this hint, and mentioned it to the king, who exclaimed in his blunt way, "That Cranmer has got the right sow by the ear." Cranmer was immediately sent for to court, and the king was so much pleased with him, that he retained him in his service, and engaged him to write a book in favour of the divorce.

Whether it was that Cranmer's simplicity and gentleness of manner appeared to advantage when contrasted with Wolsey's pomp and self-importance, or that the latter had displeased the king by showing a diminished earnestness in his cause, it is certain that from this time Wolsey's influence greatly decreased. Anne Boleyn, who

suspected that he opposed her elevation to the throne, joined with his other enemies in plotting his downfall: but their schemes were so secret, that when the king, in October, 1529, was prevailed on to permit an indictment to be brought against him for having unlawfully procured himself to be appointed the pope's legate in England, Wolsey was quite stunned at the unexpected blow. The great seal was taken from him, and given to Sir Thomas More, and he was ordered to retire to Esher, near Hampton Court. His house at York-place, in London, which was furnished like a royal palace, was taken possession of by the king, who also seized on the remainder of his property, even on his clothes, and on a magnificent tomb, which he had prepared for himself at Windsor. Wolsey on this immediately dismissed his train of attendants; but as he had always been a most indulgent master, some of his servants, amongst whom was his secretary, Thomas Cromwell, refused to leave him.

The king's resentment against his former favourite seemed to subside after he had stripped him of his wealth. He sent him a general pardon, and allowing him to retain a part of his revenues, sent him to reside in his diocese of York. He here conducted himself with the greatest kindness towards his clergy, telling them he was come to live amongst them as a friend and brother. But his enemies still lost no opportunity of prejudicing the king's mind against him, whether with or without grounds is not clearly known. By Henry's order he was arrested for high treason, and was first taken to Lord Shrewsbury's house at Sheffield Park, where he was to remain till the king's further pleasure should be known. While he was there, the grief and anxiety of his mind threw him into a violent illness; and when Sir William Kingston arrived to conduct him to the Tower, he was little able to bear the journey. He set out with him, however, though in a dying condition. On the evening of the third day they reached Leicester Abbey, and Wolsey said to the abbot, who came to the gate to receive him, "My father, I am come to lay my bones amongst you." He was lifted from his mule, and carried to his bed, from which he never rose. He died Nov. 29, 1530.

From the time of Wolsey's disgrace, the king had been busily employed in collecting, according to the suggestions of Cranmer, the opinions of learned men, and of several universities, on the subject of the divorce, and in doing all in his power to forward it. But delay after delay was made by the pope and the clergy, and two more years passed without the business being at all advanced. In 1532 Henry and Francis had another interview near Boulogne, and amidst the masques and entertainments which took place on this occasion, made new treaties of alliance with one another. At one of these masques Anne Boleyn danced with the king of France, who presented her with a valuable jewel, and promised to do all in his power

to promote the king's divorce and her marriage. Soon after the English court returned home, and she and Henry were privately married.

In 1533 Cranmer was promoted to the see of Canterbury, and proceeded to try the validity of the king's marriage with Catherine. A sort of tribunal was assembled at Dunstable, and after a fortnight spent in hearing arguments, and reading opinions, sentence of divorce was pronounced, declaring the king's marriage with Catherine of Aragon null and void from the beginning, and her daughter Mary illegitimate. His marriage with Anne Boleyn was declared valid, and she was three days afterwards crowned, and received as queen. The divorced queen firmly refused to allow the legality of the sentence against her. She led a melancholy and secluded life at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, till 1536, when she died.

The news of the sentence passed against Catherine excited the most violent commotion in the court of Rome. Clement could not at first determine what part to take. At last he made an angry decree, confirming the legality of the king's first marriage. But no sooner was this decree issued, than he perceived that he had committed a great political error: for Henry in a violent passion called a parliament, which transferred the supremacy of the Church of England from the pope to himself, and with it all the emoluments and revenues hitherto paid to the see of Rome out of the ecclesiastical benefices in England. This was in 1534. Two years afterwards another parliament passed an act to dissolve 376 of the small monasteries and nunneries, and bestowed all their possessions on the king.

Commissioners were sent all over the kingdom, requiring every one to subscribe to the act which had declared the king to be the head of the church. Sir Thomas More, who had resigned the chancellorship some time before, refused to take the oath required. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, refused also; and both these men, whose learning and wisdom had made them ornaments to their country, were beheaded.

Anne Boleyn's enjoyment of a crown was of short duration. Her French manners and vivacity, though they had pleased the king on their first acquaintance, displeased him after she became queen; and soon after the birth of a daughter (afterwards Queen Elizabeth), he seems to have lost all his affection for her. He either believed, or affected to believe, that she had conducted herself with great impropriety; and on the 2nd of May, 1536, she was committed to the Tower. It would be a melancholy task to go through the history of this unhappy young creature. Torn from those gaieties and splendours which she had perhaps loved too well, accused of a crime of which she was perhaps innocent, denied the sight of her parents, and surrounded by her bitterest enemies, she paid very dearly for her temporary exaltation. She was tried without being allowed an advocate

to plead her cause. Her marriage was pronounced void, and her child declared illegitimate. She was beheaded, and the king paid her memory the compliment of wearing white mourning one day, and on the next was married to Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir Thomas Seymour, of Wiltshire.

The new queen's disposition was a happy medium between the melancholy gravity of Catherine and the childish volatility of Anne; and she might perhaps have retained the king's affections longer than either of her predecessors had done, if her death, soon after the birth of a son, had not dissolved her union with him in less than a year. Henry now looked about in foreign courts for a suitable partner. One lady whom he asked in marriage sent him a refusal, saying, "She had but one head; if she had had two, she might have ventured to marry him."

On the death of Wolsey, Cromwell, his faithful friend and servant, had entered into the service of the king, and had risen in favour till he was at last made chancellor. He, being a zealous friend to the Reformation, was desirous that Henry should ally himself to one of the Protestant princes of Germany, and procured a portrait, painted by Holbein, of the Princess Anne of Cleves, to show to the king. Henry was so much pleased with the portrait, that he sent to demand the lady in marriage. When she arrived in England, in 154), the king found her so unlike her picture, that he was with difficulty persuaded to marry her; and when he discovered that she was stupid and ignorant, and could speak no language but Dutch, he disliked her more than before, and resolved on being divorced from her. But, as a first step, he beheaded Cromwell, because he had been the adviser of this unlucky marriage. He then summoned a parliament which pronounced the marriage void, and that each party was at liberty to marry again. Anne, however, did not avail herself of this permission. She had an ample income assigned her, and the palace at Richmond, and spent the remainder of her life in England, to all appearance very contentedly; glad, perhaps, to have got rid of her capricious husband without losing her head.

A fortnight after this divorce had been passed, Catherine Howard, niece of the duke of Norfolk, was presented to the court, as queen, the king having already been privately married to her. Henry was so much charmed with the wit and agreeableness of his new wife, that he caused a thanksgiving prayer to be made for his happy marriage. But his happiness was soon overcast. He discovered her conduct to have been very abandoned, and she was beheaded Feb. 12, 1542.

Henry seemed now tired of marrying for beauty, and he looked out in his next wife for sense and discretion, which he happily found in Catherine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer. To her he

was married in 1543; and as this lady, by her extraordinary good sense and prudence, contrived to preserve the good opinion of the king till his death, amidst all the storms and variations of his capricious temper, I will here cease to trace the history of his married life, and return to the public affairs of the nation.

The demolition of the monasteries and the dispersion of the monks and nuns was too violent a measure to be taken quietly. In 1534 a disturbance was excited in Kent by a woman who pretended to have revelations from heaven. Her name was Elizabeth Barton, but she is better known by that of the Maid of Kent. The imposition was discovered, and the insurrection quelled. A more formidable one, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, broke out two years after in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, but the rioters were soon dispersed. The spirit of discontent was, however, still in the country, and the king sought to crush it by severe punishments and numerous executions. In 1538 he entered into a friendly alliance with the Protestant princes in Germany; but as their object was to promote the reformed religion, and Henry's only to spite and annoy the pope and the emperor, the king of England and his new allies could not act together with any real cordiality.

The pope on his side lost no opportunity of injuring Henry, and employed the cardinal De la Pole to foment disturbances in England. Pole was the king's second cousin, his mother being Margaret, countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, duke of Clarence. He had been educated at Henry's expense, and long experienced his favour, but forfeited it by joining warmly with the pope in condemning the king's divorce. Clement made him a cardinal, and sent him as his legate into Flanders, that he might with the more facility correspond with his friends in England, and carry on his plots against the king. What the objects of these plots were is not exactly known; but it is supposed that the chief design was to dethrone Henry, and bring about a marriage between the Princess Mary and himself. These conspiracies were not carried on so secretly but that Henry obtained some hint of them; and the cardinal's two brothers were executed in consequence. Even his aged mother, the countess of Salisbury, was not spared. This venerable and last remaining Plantagenet was beheaded for having received a letter from her son.

The rich spoils which the king had got in 1536 had made him greedy of more; and in 1539 his obsequious parliament passed an act for putting at his disposal all the remaining religious houses, when surrendered to him. The king was not backward in forcing them, by all sorts of means, to surrender. In 1545 another act was passed, which even empowered him, so far as the terms went, to seize the revenues of the colleges at the universities.

But these were spared, and (as some have said) by the intercession of Queen Catherine Parr.

Henry, who was very fond of royal interviews, was now desirous of having one with his nephew, the son of his sister Margaret, now king of Scotland (James V.); and in 1541 a meeting was to have taken place at York. Henry and his court kept the appointment, and waited for some days; but the king of Scots having been prevented by his clergy, never came, and Henry was so much enraged at this insult that he declared war against him. The English army obtained an important victory at Solway Moss, and James was so much overwhelmed when he heard of it that he sunk into a settled melancholy, and died Dec. 14, 1542, leaving an infant princess only seven days old. This princess was the celebrated Mary queen of Scots, of whose unhappy life and death you will hear in its proper place. Henry was desirous to procure a marriage between the young queen of Scotland and his son Edward, prince of Wales, and used both force and artifice to bring it about. He wanted also to be made protector of Scotland during the queen's minority; but the Scots were too bold to be frightened, and too wary to be ensnared.

After Henry and the emperor had been at open enmity for many years, a reconciliation was patched up between them; and Henry, who, with all his violence of temper and self-conceit, was generally the dupe of others, was drawn in to make war on Francis. Charles and Henry, at the head of their armies, joined each other in 1544 near Calais; and though the latter was now grown fat and unwieldy, he appeared in person in the field, and laid siege to Boulogne, which was soon taken. The king of France now sent ambassadors to negotiate a peace with the two potentates. But while the ambassadors were going through their formal ceremonials, a Dominican friar, who was in their train, and had secret instructions from Francis, concluded a separate peace with the emperor, who withdrew his army, and left his friend and ally to take care of himself. Henry returned to England, after leaving a garrison in Boulogne.

In 1546 peace was made between France and England; and it was agreed that Boulogne, which had been bravely defended against all the attempts which Francis had made to regain it, should remain in the possession of the English for eight years, after which time it was to be given up to France on the payment of a certain sum of money. Peace was also about this time made with Scotland; and Henry, being no longer troubled with foreign enemies, had the more time to torment his own subjects. As he required the people to make his opinion the standard of their faith, and was continually changing that opinion, and making contradictory laws, it was scarcely possible

for his subjects to steer a safe course among the difficulties which his tyrannical caprice laid in their way. Many were put to death for denying his supremacy. Towards the end of his life he became very dropsical, and was much tormented with ulcers in the legs, which being added to his unwieldy corpulence, disabled him from walking, and made him "more furious than a chained lion."

These infirmities, indeed, so greatly increased the natural violence and irritability of his temper, that everybody was afraid to come near him. Even the queen, though she was his most attentive nurse, and dressed the wounds in his legs every day herself, was not treated by him with the tenderness she might have expected, and with all her patience and discretion very narrowly escaped being impeached for high treason, in consequence of having one day displeased him by expressing herself warmly in a religious argument. Indeed his tyranny and caprice were such that none could feel themselves secure. The duke of Norfolk and his son, Lord Surrey, were committed to the Tower. The duke had been one of the king's earliest favourites, and Lord Surrey was one of the most accomplished noblemen in England, and had by his talents and acquirements retained the king's regard for many years. Both these noblemen were very zealous supporters of the Roman Catholic cause, and some people thought that a fear lest they should disturb the peace of the young Edward's reign, when he should come to the throne, was the real cause of their ruin. Whatever the real cause was the charges actually brought against them were frivolous. The chief charges against Lord Surrey were, that he had quartered in his coat of arms the arms of Edward the Confessor, which had been done by all his ancestors; and that he studied Italian, and was fond of conversing with foreigners, which made it probable that he corresponded with cardinal De la Pole. He was declared guilty of high treason, and was beheaded Jan. 19, 1547.

The duke of Norfolk seemed to cling to life with more solicitude than his accomplished son had shown. He tried every concession that he could think of to soften the king; but Henry, as if he thirsted for his blood, hurried on the proceedings of parliament, and his death-warrant was signed Jan. 27, but the king died before it was executed, and thus his victim escaped.

Henry's temper was so terrific, even to the last, that when he was dying no person dared to give him the least hint of his danger. At last, one bolder than the rest ventured to tell him he had not long to live, and asked him if he would have a clergyman sent for. He replied, "If any, Cranmer." When the archbishop arrived, the king was speechless, but he knew Cranmer, and expired as he pressed his hand. He died on the 29th of January, 1547, in the 56th year of his age, and the 38th of his reign. He had been six times married:—

1, to Catherine of Aragon, whom he divorced;
2, to Anne Boleyn, whom he beheaded;
3, to Jane Seymour, who died;
4, to Anne of Cleves, who was divorced;
5, to Catherine Howard, who was beheaded;
6, to Catherine Parr, who survived him.

He had three children:

Edward, by Jane Seymour, who succeeded him;
Mary, by Catherine of Aragon, } who both were afterwards queens of
Elizabeth, by Anne Boleyn, } England.

Though Henry had declared both his daughters illegitimate, he appointed them in his will, after their brother, to the succession of the crown. In case they all died without children, he left the succession after them to the children and heirs of his youngest sister, the duchess of Brandon, to the entire exclusion of his eldest sister, Margaret, who, after the death of her first husband, the king of Scotland, had married the earl of Angus, and had one daughter, wife of the earl of Lennox, and mother of Henry Darnley, of whom you will hear more.

Wickliffe's opinions, notwithstanding the early persecution of his followers, had never been eradicated. During the long civil wars the government had so many cares, that it attended but little to any affairs of religion. Consequently the Lollards increased in number; and in the early part of this reign their opinions gathered strength from the success of their Protestant brethren in Germany, where Luther, a new reformer, had arisen, and drew people more and more from popery. Henry VIII. at first treated the Lollards with the utmost rigour, but relaxed towards them at the time of his quarrel with the pope. This reign is generally considered as the era of the Reformation in England, and much certainly was at this time done towards it. The country was freed from subjection to the pope; the clergy were made amenable to the same laws with the laity. But the same caprice and violence of temper that had made the king do thus much, prevented him from completing the great work he had begun. He abolished the religious houses with all their rules and observances, and yet appointed priests to say masses for his own soul. He forbade the worship of images, and commanded the church service to be read in English; and yet he burnt many persons for heresy. He permitted the Bible to be translated, and then forbade it to be read except by particular persons. But notwithstanding all the impediments which the king's inconsistencies put in the way of the Reformation, and the steadier opposition of the Romish clergy, the pure light of the new religion was still kept burning, chiefly through the firm perseverance of Cranmer, till in time it cleared away the darkness of superstition and popery.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXVII.

George. I think Cranmer must have been very clever to have been able to keep, from first to last, in the good graces of such a changeable king.

Mrs. Markham. We may, without prejudice, suppose that the continued favour which Henry showed to Cranmer was from respect to the single-minded integrity of his character. He was the only one of Henry's favourites who had no little selfish views of his own. His whole soul was placed on one great object—the reformation of religion; and to that all the powers of his mind were applied. Wolsey's great abilities were solely employed in raising himself to the highest worldly dignity; Cromwell, though a zealous reformer, was intent on enriching himself from the pillage of the religious houses; and the other courtiers, one and all, had their own narrow, selfish ends to serve. Cranmer's character was so devoid of covetousness and ambition, that he at first declined the archbishopric, and at last only accepted it in the hope that it would give him better means of forwarding the cause he had so much at heart. And that he did not deceive himself in this is clear from the tenor of his whole after life: for he never lost sight of his object, and by his mild, temperate, and judicious conduct, protected the Protestant cause through all the storms of Henry's changeful temper. And this is the more to be admired, because, with all Cranmer's zeal, abilities, learning, and piety, he had a timidity of character that often betrayed him into weaknesses which men of firmer nerve would have avoided.

Mary. Then I dare say he was often frightened to death by that ill-tempered king.

Mrs. M. On the contrary, the king was afraid of him. Such is the power of virtue over vice, that the overbearing Henry stood in awe of the gentle-tempered Cranmer, and usually contrived to send him to a distance when he was about to commit any of his most flagrant acts. The king's regard for him was at all times sincere; and at one time, when Gardiner and the duke of Norfolk thought they had got the king's consent to have him sent to the Tower, Henry privately warned the archbishop of the plot, and advised him how to defeat the malice of his enemies.

Mary. But why were they enemies to so good a man?

Mrs. M. They were the chief supporters of the popish party, and it was natural for them to dislike one who was so strenuous an adversary to their religion. Even now the papists and ourselves think very differently of Cranmer's character. What we call discretion in him they call craft, and of this craft, among other instances, they mention the following:—Cranmer was very anxious that the

public service of the church should be in English instead of Latin, but he knew the king would violently oppose such a change. He therefore thought it best to lead to it by degrees; and when a prayer was to be composed for the king's preservation in the expedition to France in 1544, Cranmer besought him that it might be composed in English, that the people might pray with the more fervour from understanding what they uttered. By degrees Cranmer gained permission to have the Lord's Prayer also, the Creed and the Commandments, read in English in the churches; and the year before the king's death the Litany was added.

Mary. But I think you said they had English Bibles?

Mrs. M. Some few copies remained of Wickliffe's translation, but Cranmer was very desirous of obtaining a better translation. At last he got the king's permission to have one made, but it was four years before the work was completed. These Bibles, when they at length appeared, were received with thankfulness all over the kingdom; they were placed in churches, and secured by a chain to the reading-desk. The people flocked to the places where they could hear the Bible read, and many persons learned to read for the sole purpose of perusing it. But Henry, in the latter part of his life, withdrew this general privilege, and would not permit the Bible to be read by the lower orders of the people.

Richard. It was very hard upon them to lose their Bibles; yet still they had by learning to read gained something that the king could not take away from them.

Mrs. M. The increase of books, through the invention of printing, had already made the English much greater readers than formerly; but in regard to writing they do not seem to have been much advanced. At least I judge so from an anecdote in a letter dated 1516[1], giving an account of some seditious paper which was stuck up on St. Paul's church. In order to discover who had written it, the aldermen of London and the privy-councillors were ordered to go round all the wards, "and see all write who could."

George. It would give the privy-council some trouble to do that now.

Mrs. M. We may conclude, also, that country gentlemen were not better scribes than the citizens; for in a book written about this time on the subject of agriculture, it is considerately suggested that those gentlemen who could not write might note down anything they wished to remember by cutting notches on a stick. However, the country was fast emerging from ignorance, and chiefly in consequence of the spirit of religious inquiry which was now generally excited.

Richard. Then I suppose all the learned men were reformers.

[1] Lodge's Illustrations of British History.

Mrs. M. Not entirely; two of the greatest ornaments of this reign were zealous papists, Sir Thomas More and Lord Surrey. The latter was a poet and a man of elegant literature. The former, besides his learning, possessed a sarcastic wit, which he could not help indulging even when on the scaffold. Erasmus also, though a native of Holland, greatly aided the progress of learning in this country. He taught Greek at Oxford, till he was driven thence by the violence of the popish party, who, alarmed at the appearance of anything new, thought the study of Greek a dangerous innovation. And now, Richard, I must not pass by that useful man, the author of your old acquaintance, Lilly's Grammar. Lilly lived at this time, and was the first master of St. Paul's school, which was founded in this reign by Dean Colet. Slightingly as you may think of his poor old Grammar, it was considered, when it was written, a very important work. Cardinal Wolsey condescended to write a preface for it.

Richard. Then I will treat it with all the respect I can for the sake of the cardinal.

Mrs. M. Wolsey was certainly a very great man in his way. He began the building of Hampton Court, intending it for his own residence. He began also the building of Christ Church, in Oxford, meaning to call it Cardinal College: but after his disgrace, Henry seized on the revenues with which Wolsey had endowed it, and completing the building, took on himself the credit of founding it. Wolsey would, however, have been more truly great, if it had not been for his ambition, which betrayed him into many weaknesses. On his death-bed he uttered these affecting words:—"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have left me in my gray hairs."

Richard. I wonder that he or anybody could ever have endured that good-for-nothing king.

Mrs. M. Amongst all Henry's faults there was something at times which engaged the regard of those about him. He often did acts of real good-nature, and there was nothing close or artful in his character.

George. Why, to be sure, he did not take much trouble to conceal his faults.

Mrs. M. And, besides, he was profuse in his gifts, and that helped to reconcile his courtiers to his ill-humours. There are many other things which happened during his long reign that I dare say I have omitted to tell you. I have just recollected one circumstance which I should have been glad to have forgot, namely, that the disgraceful and inhuman traffic for negro slaves was first practised by the English nation in this reign.

Mary. But I think you told us that the slave-trade is abolished now?

Mrs. M. And let us be thankful that it is; and I trust that the merit of that one good deed will redeem our nation from the blame of many wrong ones.

George. And I will tell you, mamma, one thing that you have omitted. You have never given us any account of the battle of Flodden Field; and I am sure, because of the old ballad there is about it, that that must have been a very famous battle.

Mrs. M. There is a much finer description of it than I or any old ballad can give you, in the poem of 'Marmion;' and, after tea, we will ask your papa to read it to us.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EDWARD VI.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1547—1553.

Edward VI. granting a Charter to the Citizens of London, by which he transferred his Palace at Bridewell to them. From the painting by Holbein.

EDWARD was in his tenth year when his father died. He had already displayed a gentleness of character which endeared him to those about him; and his love of study and his early application gave great promise of his future capacity for government. Henry, who desired to rule even after his death, had left very peremptory directions for the government of the state till his son should be old enough to take the reins into his own hands. He had appointed sixteen executors and twelve counsellors, to whom he intrusted the care of the king and the kingdom. But at the first meeting of the executors they deviated from Henry's will, by making Lord Hertford, Edward's eldest uncle, whom they created duke of Somerset, protector of the kingdom.

The protector, who was a favourer of the Protestants, was careful to entrust the education of the king to men of the reformed religion. Edward's young mind readily imbibed their opinions, and he showed a knowledge, zeal, and early piety, quite extraordinary in a boy of his age. The completion of the Reformation itself, which had been left in a very unfinished state at the death of Henry, was Somerset's next care. A commission was formed for drawing up a book of offices for the general use of the church. Cranmer, and Ridley, afterwards bishop of London, were at the head of this commission. They agreed to make no alterations for the sake of novelty, but endeavoured to bring everything as near as they could to the practice of the pure and early ages of the Gospel. They retained many of the prayers which had been used in the service of the Romish church, and fixed the Liturgy nearly as it is now. A considerable portion of the lower orders of the people were won over to the new religion; and many of the higher orders, some from conviction, and some for the sake of doing as others did, abjured popery. Those who had obtained grants of abbey lands warmly supported the views of the protector, lest with the restoration of the old religion they should be obliged to refund their share of the plunder. Thus the nation was in a great measure brought to a seeming conformity in religion. Bishop Gardiner, however, still stood out and opposed every new regulation which was made.

The protector, to fulfil a dying injunction of the late king, that his executors should compel the Scots to marry their queen to Edward, fitted out a fleet of sixty sail, and marched with an army of 18,000 men into Scotland, and advanced within four miles of Edinburgh. The governor of Scotland summoned the whole force of the kingdom to repel this formidable invasion, and posted his army advantageously on the banks of the Esk. Somerset, seeing the enemy's numbers, and the impracticability of attacking them with any hope of success in their strong position, now sent, instead of the imperious demand he had at first made, the more moderate message that he would be satisfied with an engagement that the young queen should not be contracted to any foreign prince till she was old enough to choose for herself. But the Scots refused to agree to these or to any terms, supposing that Somerset only offered them from finding himself in a perilous situation. And they were the more confirmed in this idea by observing that the English fleet moved into the bay, and that the army marched towards the sea, as if with a design to embark.

In order to intercept, as they supposed, its escape, the Scots unwisely left their strong post, and descended into the plain, and thus placed themselves between the English army and fleet. At first their cavalry gained some advantage, but soon the English

archers poured on them a shower of arrows in front, while the guns from the ships fired on them in flank. Being thus overpowered, they began to retreat. The retreat soon became a flight, and the whole field was a scene of confusion and terror. The English cavalry pursued the fugitives, and the country was for many miles strewed with dead bodies. Many of them were those of monks, who had flocked in great numbers to the Scottish camp to excite the soldiers to revenge the cause of the Romish Church on the English heretics. This battle, though fought at Musselburgh, is more commonly called the battle of Pinkie, from the name of a house near the spot where it was fought. Had Somerset pursued his advantage, he might have conquered Scotland; but he had received intelligence of some cabals which were going on at home, and this made him eager to return to England. The fleet, however, remained on the coast of Scotland, and did great damage to some of the fishing-towns. The Scots having recovered from the consternation which the defeat at Musselburgh had caused, were more than ever irritated against the English, and firmly resolved not to give their queen to Edward. Some declared that, "Though they liked the match, they liked not the manner of wooing:" and to place Mary beyond the power of the English, they sent her, when six years old, to be educated in the court of France, and betrothed her to the dauphin.

When Somerset returned to Westminster, he summoned a parliament, and repealed many oppressive laws, and passed others which were wise and moderate, and for which he is entitled to the respect of posterity. But though he was well-intentioned, he wanted both penetration and firmness of mind, and was unfit to contend with the malice of those who were envious of his high station. Amongst his enemies, his own brother, Lord Seymour, was the most inveterate. Seymour had been appointed lord high admiral, but aspired to supplant his brother, whose superior in abilities he knew himself to be. He was indeed a man of great powers of flattery and address, and had won so much on the good opinion of the dowager queen, Catherine Parr, that she married him very soon after Henry's death. After living with him one year (which it is said she found a very unhappy one), she died, and his ambition then aspired to a still higher marriage; for he addressed the Princess Elizabeth, who, it is supposed, would have listened to his suit, had it not been opposed by the other officers of the state.

Dudley, earl of Warwick, son of that wicked Dudley who was a judge in Henry the Seventh's reign, used every means to increase the disagreements between the protector and his brother, hoping to raise his own greatness on the ruin of theirs. He led on the admiral to commit many rash and violent actions, and persuaded

Somerset to commit him for high treason. His condemnation and execution soon followed.

During these events the protector never lost sight of the affairs of the church, and many important changes were made. The law forbidding the clergy to marry was repealed; and a law was passed which inflicted severe penalties on those who persevered in the old worship, and rejected the service which was now appointed. The Princess Mary, who was a rigid papist, alone refused to conform to this law. On this her chaplains were imprisoned, and she herself threatened with punishment; but when she appealed to her cousin the emperor, and made an attempt to escape from England, it was deemed prudent to allow of her having mass performed privately in her house. But this concession cost the young king many tears, so criminal did he esteem the popish errors in which she persevered.

Although the destruction of the religious houses has probably been a great benefit to us who live in after-ages, it must have been a very hard measure at the time. Many thousand people were reduced at once from wealth or competence to absolute want. Some of the heads of the several houses had small pittances allowed them for their lives; but the monks and nuns, a helpless set of creatures, who could do little towards their own maintenance, were turned adrift. This destruction of the religious houses was moreover a hard measure to those countrymen and farmers who had enjoyed the church lands at easy rents; and there remained also a still more numerous body of sufferers, the idle poor, who had been daily fed at the convent gates, and scarcely knew how to work. All these were now reduced to want, and obliged to seek their bread by labour. And, in addition to the distresses of all these persons, the more industrious poor suffered greatly about this time from a change which took place in the system of agriculture. Many arable farms were, on account of an extraordinary high price of wool, turned into pasture; and a scarcity of corn, and a diminution of the demand for labour, were the consequences.

These causes, with others which I need not mention, made the year 1549 a period of insurrections and tumults all over England. The protector, who really compassionated the poor, did all in his power to relieve their distresses. But, while he was befriending *them*, he gave umbrage to the rich by assuming to himself great state and almost royal dignity. He also displeased the people of London by pulling down a church in the Strand, where Somerset-house now is, to build a magnificent palace on its site. A confederacy, headed by the earl of Warwick, was formed against him. He soon saw himself deserted by all his friends except Cranmer, and Paget his secretary; and, sinking into despondency, he resigned the protectorship. He was then committed to the Tower, and after

a few weeks' imprisonment was heavily fined, deprived of all his offices, and then restored to liberty. A new council of regency was appointed, and the earl of Warwick placed at the head of it. Warwick, not satisfied with the degradation of Somerset, determined on his death, and accused him, in 1551, of a plot to raise a rebellion, and to assassinate himself and other privy councillors. On these charges he was tried, condemned, and executed, to the sincere grief of the people, to whom his goodness of heart had much endeared him. When he was beheaded, many rushed on the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, and these they kept as memorials of him.

The work of the Reformation was still continued, but with more intemperance, under Warwick, than had been ever visible while the affairs of the nation were conducted by the milder councils of Somerset. Gardiner was deprived of his bishopric and thrown into prison; Bonner, Bishop of London, was also committed to the Tower, and many of the clergy were obliged to have recourse to the trade of tailors, carpenters, and ale-house keepers, for a maintenance, being reduced to poverty by the greedy courtiers, who seized on a large portion of the revenues of the church. The good archbishop used his utmost efforts to preserve to the popish clergy the scanty provision that still remained to them; but his integrity was no match for the avarice of their spoilers, whose rapacity nothing escaped. Under pretence of searching for missals, and other forbidden books, the libraries at Oxford and that at Westminster were rummaged, and all books with gold or silver ornaments on their bindings were seized as being superstitious relics, and thus many valuable works were destroyed.

The earldom of Northumberland having some years since fallen into abeyance, through the attainder of Sir Thomas Percy in 1537, Warwick, a short time before the death of Somerset, had prevailed with Edward to make him duke of Northumberland, and to bestow on him the estates which had belonged to the earldom, and which had been forfeited to the crown. He much coveted also some of the estates belonging to the bishopric of Durham. But to obtain them it was necessary to get rid of the bishop, who at that time was Tonstall, a man of such unimpeachable character that the parliament refused to pass a bill of pains and penalties against him. Northumberland therefore dissolved that parliament, and had another elected which was more subservient to his wishes, and Tonstall was soon deprived of his bishopric.

The young king was now entirely in the power of Northumberland, who placed his son Robert Dudley about his person. It was observed that Edward's health declined from that time, and it is certain that Northumberland had formed the extraordinary project

of raising one of his own sons to the throne. He began by persuading Edward that, as both his sisters had been declared illegitimate, they could not possibly succeed to the crown, and that, therefore, by virtue of his father's will, the succession devolved on the children of Mary, the dowager queen of France, by her second husband, the duke of Suffolk. All the sons of this marriage had died of the sweating sickness, and Northumberland therefore contended that the eldest daughter, the duchess of Dorset, was the undoubted heir to the crown. The duchess, who had no son, was willing to resign her claim to her eldest daughter, Lady Jane Grey, and Northumberland brought about a marriage between his son, Guildford Dudley, and the Lady Jane.

Edward, fearing that his sister Mary's bigotry would be hurtful to the Protestant cause, had no scruple about depriving her of her birthright. But he felt many regrets in regard to the Princess Elizabeth, whom he affectionately loved, and used to call "his dear sister Temperance." He, however, consented to settle the succession on Lady Jane Grey. When the patent of settlement was to be signed by the great officers of state, and some of them hesitated, Northumberland violently declared that he would fight any man in his shirt, in so just a cause as that of Lady Jane's succession. Sir James Hales and Cranmer made resolute opposition to this settlement, and yielded solely in compliance with the pathetic entreaties of the king.

The settlement was at last made. The king, who had been for many months in a very delicate state of health, grew rapidly worse. Northumberland affected an anxious concern for him, attended on him with the most assiduous zeal, and dismissing all the physicians from their attendance, put him under the care of an ignorant woman, who pretended to have a specific for his disease; but Edward was so far from receiving benefit from her nostrums, that he soon after died, on the 6th of July, 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age, and seventh of his reign. His illness had the appearance of a consumption, brought on by cold after the measles; but the suspicions of the people attributed it to a slow poison given him by the Dudleys. His person is said to have been very beautiful, and he had a remarkable brilliancy in his eyes.

Though during this reign the country was in a distracted and divided state on the score of religion, and though the officers of the state were not less divided and distracted by their own private jealousies and cabals, still there never had been any former time when the commerce of England flourished so much. That commerce, as I have already observed, had heretofore been chiefly carried on by foreign merchants, who, from the place where they had at one time been accustomed to carry on their business, were called

merchants of the Steel Yard. But in the reign of Edward VI. many of the privileges of these merchants were taken from them, and the native English were encouraged to enter into trade. The discovery also of America occasioned a greater demand for ships, and an increase of commerce. During this reign there arose also an unusual demand for woollen cloth, which gave great encouragement to the English manufacturers, and first brought Wakefield and Leeds into notice as manufacturing towns.

An expedition, consisting of two ships and a bark, was sent out by Edward VI., under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, for the discovery of a north-east passage to India, but the attempt failed; and Sir Hugh, and all the people, both of his own ship and of the bark which kept company with him, were frozen to death in a harbour of Lapland. Richard Chancellour, the captain of the other vessel, was more fortunate, and returned home after wintering at Archangel. This voyage first led the way to a lucrative trade with Russia.

St. Stephen's chapel was in this reign given to the Commons to hold their sittings in. They had for some time been accustomed to sit in the Chapter-house at Westminster.

A code of articles having been thought advisable, the better to bring the people to a conformity in religion, Cranmer was appointed to make one, and he drew up forty-two articles, from which, with some slight alterations and retrenchments, our present Thirty-nine Articles are formed.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXVIII.

Richard. What are the Thirty-nine Articles? I don't think I ever heard of them before.

Mrs. Markham. When you are of a proper age to understand them, they shall be explained to you. They are articles of religion, which contain a short summary of the doctrines of the Church of England. Besides the forty-two articles, Cranmer also drew up the Church Catechism, which he compiled in great measure from that used by the German reformers, making some additions of his own.[1]

Richard. Do you hear that, Mary? I think that now you will set about learning it with more steadiness.

George. And did Cranmer make those psalms in verse at the end of the prayer-book?

Mrs. M. No: those psalms are of two versions, commonly called the old and the new version. In the old version most of the psalms were translated by Thomas Sternhold, assisted by a schoolmaster of

[1] The latter part of the Catechism, concerning the Sacraments, was added in the reign of James I.

the name of Hopkins. Sternhold was groom of the robes to Henry VIII., and was first led to attempt a version of the psalms by being very much displeased at the silly and profane songs he used to hear the courtiers sing, and he thought he should do them a kindness by furnishing them with something better to sing than their songs. At first these psalms were sung to the tunes of songs, but soon becoming generally known and approved of, they were adapted to church music.

George. I often try to read them, but I don't think them very poetical.

Mrs. M. No translation into verse of any part of the Bible can equal the beauty, simplicity, and dignity of the original: but the versions of the psalms make a pleasing addition to the little stock of reading of those who have not access to a variety of books; and, verse being more easily remembered than prose, I have known the simple stanzas of these humble translators beguile many a weary hour of pain and weakness among the sick and aged poor.

Richard. I suppose that while the new religion was all going on smoothly and well, there was no more burning of heretics?

Mrs. M. I wish I could say there was not. The reformers themselves did not become either wise or tolerant all at once. A story was long believed that even Cranmer himself, notwithstanding his natural moderation, importuned the young king to sanction the execution of two Socinians, who were burned in 1550 and 1551. But grounds have lately been shown for believing this story to be untrue.

George. What a good creature that young king was!

Mrs. M. There is no knowing how time and circumstances might have changed his character; but his early promise was very great, and his abilities were of a high order. His Latin exercises have been preserved, and if he was not much assisted by his masters do him great credit. He latterly kept a daily journal, which may be seen in Burnet's History of the Reformation; his chief study was theology. Latimer was appointed the king's preacher, and had a pulpit placed in one of the royal gardens, where Edward loved to sit out of doors, and listen for hours to his long sermons.

Richard. You mentioned some persons who died of the sweating sickness. That was a very strange disorder, I think!

Mrs. M. I can assure you it was a very dreadful one, and raged to an alarming degree at different times between the years 1483 and 1551, since which time it has totally disappeared, and I trust will never break out again. It usually attacked people in hot weather, and began with a most profuse perspiration, which in a few hours ended in death. It was also highly infectious; and, during its first visitation, many thousands died of it. Afterwards it was discovered

that, if the patient lay in bed from the moment he was attacked, he usually recovered in twenty-four hours, but the least chill was certain death.

Mary. What fine books those must have been, mamma, that you spoke of, with all that gold and silver about them!

Richard. I suppose, when books were scarce, people thought they could not honour them enough?

Mrs. M. They were commonly bound in parchment, and more or less ornamented. Sometimes the clasps and the corners of the covers were of gold or silver, and they were frequently secured to their shelves by long chains, to prevent their being carried away.

George. Why, really, if they made them so fine, it might tempt even people that could not read to steal them!

Mrs. M. But what would you have thought of some books, belonging to one of our later kings, Charles I., which were bound in velvet, and the clasps set with pearls and precious stones?

Richard. I forgot to ask you, mamma, yesterday evening, what became of the old monasteries and nunneries.

Mrs. M. Some of them doubtless were levelled with the ground; others, stripped of their timber and lead, were left in ruin, and still remain just objects of admiration to all who delight in the relics of antiquity. Many were given or sold to laymen, who converted them into dwelling-houses. Some of these, as Bisham Abbey, and many others I could mention, still preserve much of their original monastic appearance; others retain only the name. Woburn Abbey is is one of these: I do not believe anything still remains there that pertained to the original abbey, unless it may be the old oaks, one of which we were shown, on which tradition says that the last abbot was hung for refusing to give up his house to the king's commissioners. Henry bestowed many of the religious houses on those who attended on his person. One of his servants was rewarded with some abbey lands for having wheeled his chair farther from the fire; and a lady, whose name is not handed down to us, had a monastic house given to her for making the king a dish of puddings which he liked.

George. There was something good-natured in that, however.

Mrs. M. Many of the larger houses were converted to purposes of public utility. Bedlam Hospital—that is, the old Bedlam, which was in Moorfields—was originally Bethlehem Priory, and was granted to Sir Thomas Gresham for the purpose of being converted into an hospital for mad people. St. Thomas's Hospital in London was another of these religious houses, and had been originally built by Thomas à Becket on the spot where his father's house stood. Christ's Hospital was another old religious house, and was converted by Edward VI. into a school; and the yellow stockings and

odd coats of the boys still show you the sort of dress worn by children at the time when the school was founded.

Richard. I am very glad to find I have seen how boys were dressed so long ago!

Mrs. M. You have also seen how the men were dressed. Don't you remember the beef-eaters you saw in London? They wear the same kind of dress that was worn by Henry the Eighth's beef-eaters.

Mary. Beef-eaters, mamma! I never heard such a comical name!

Mrs. M. It is a strange corruption of a very plain word, *buffetier*, a person who waits at a *buffet* or sideboard.

Richard. But do you suppose everybody was as fine in Henry the Eighth's time as those beef-eaters? Why you know, mamma, their clothes are all in stripes of red and yellow!

Mrs. M. I fancy that the style of dress was wonderfully gay and showy; and, because the king was a fat, burly man, the courtiers stuffed out their clothes to make themselves look as big as he did: but though the rest of the dress was so wide and baggy, it was thought proper that the sleeve should fit as tightly as possible, and some of the fine gentlemen had their sleeves sewed up every time they put them on.

George. Oh, what a plague to have one's coat sewed on every morning!

Mrs. M. A fashion so troublesome as this must, I suppose, have been confined to very frivolous and idle people! but that the dress of the courtiers was aped by people of a much lower degree is clear enough from a story I have met with. John Drakes, a shoemaker, was a great admirer of one of the courtiers (Sir Philip Calthorp's) style of dress, and prevailed with his tailor to make him some clothes which should be exactly like Sir Philip's. Sir Philip having ordered a new cloak, the fellow to it was accordingly made for John Drakes; which the knight hearing of, gave directions to the tailor to cut little slits all over his cloak. As the shoemaker's cloak was to be exactly like Sir Philip's, the tailor cut *it* also in the same way; and this, as the story goes, completely cured John Drakes of aping Sir Philip Calthorp. The convenience of ladies' dress was very much assisted about this time by the invention of pins.

Mary. I cannot think how they could fasten on their clothes before they had pins!

Mrs. M. There were a variety of contrivances, buttons, hooks and eyes, laces, and hoops; and ladies used even wooden skewers to fasten on their dress. A needle must have been a very valuable implement at this time. None were made in England till the next reign, when a Spanish negro came to London, and made some; but as he refused to discover his art, they were not manufactured in any considerable quantity till some time after.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARY.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1553—1558.

Queen Mary and Philip of Spain. From a Picture at Woburn Abbey.
Archbishop Cranmer. From an old Engraving.

As soon as Edward had breathed his last, the duke of Northumberland went to Sion House, where Lady Jane Grey lived, and saluted her as queen: but she, far from being ambitious of this dignity, entreated that it might not be forced upon her, and pleaded the superior claims of the two princesses. But the duke had gone too far to be stopped in his career by the scruples of a young creature of sixteen; and Lady Jane, who was naturally of a timid and gentle disposition, was soon overborne by the violence of her father-in-law, and suffered herself to be proclaimed.—But no applause followed the proclamation, and no one seconded this bold step of Northumberland. Lady Jane, after an imaginary and joyless reign of ten days, thankfully returned from the royal apartments in the Tower, in which she had been placed, to the privacy of her own house; and the princess Mary, arriving from her retreat in Suffolk, was welcomed by the people with the loudest acclamations; for though the consequences of her stern bigotry were dreaded by those of the new religion, they yet dreaded still more the unprincipled character of Northumberland.

The duke himself had little reason to rejoice in the temporary success of his schemes, which brought him nothing but a short

period of feverish anxiety, followed by the bitterest disappointment and despair. When he saw his project entirely overthrown, he sought to save his own life by the meanest supplications. He fell on his knees before Lord Arundel, who was sent by the queen to apprehend him; and while he was in that posture, a woman rushed up to him, and held a handkerchief to his face, which she told him was stained with the blood of his innocent victim the duke of Somerset. Northumberland was condemned, and beheaded on Tower-hill. His son Guildford and Lady Jane were also condemned to death; but, on account of their youth and innocence, their sentence was not then executed, but they were kept in prison.

Lady Jane Grey. From a print in the Heroologia, 1620.

Mary was in her 37th year at the time of her brother's death. Her person is described as having been very homely, and her manner unengaging. Her education had probably been much neglected, and she inherited her mother's gravity with her father's violence and obstinate temper. She was old enough at the time of Catherine's divorce to feel keenly the king's injustice, and the being forbidden to see her injured mother was a great aggravation of her wrongs. She and Anne Boleyn never concealed their mutual dislike. She invariably refused to give her sister Elizabeth the title of princess, and her obstinacy in this and other particulars had often drawn upon her her father's displeasure, and he had frequently put her under confinement. Anne Boleyn had no sturdiness of temper, and a little before her execution fell on her knees to Lady Kingston and begged of her to go to the Lady Mary, and, kneeling in like manner, entreat her to pardon an unfortunate woman the wrong she had done her. I know not whether this contrite message softened Mary's heart, but she took the opportunity of Lady Kingston's visit to negociate through her a reconciliation with her father, who at last suffered his resentment against her to subside, and restored her to liberty, after she had been shut out from all society for some years at Hunsdon house. But Mary, though thus restored to liberty, was not reinstated in her proper rank, and these early mortifications increased the natural sourness of her temper. Latterly she had led a dull and secluded life at Kenning Hall in Suffolk, and the great affection and constant intercourse which subsisted between Edward and his sister Elizabeth, and from which she herself was excluded, must have been a source of renewed unhappiness to her.

The first act of Mary's reign showed a compassionate feeling, which raised the people's hopes of her character. She restored to liberty the old duke of Norfolk, who had languished in prison with his unexecuted sentence hanging over his head, ever since the death

of Henry VIII. She released also Courtenay, son of the marquess of Exeter, a young nobleman whose youth and talents had been wasting in a prison from his childhood, but who, soon after he was restored to the world, acquired a degree of grace and accomplishment which made him an ornament to the court.

The queen's next act was to release Gardiner, Bonner, and Tonstall, who had been deprived of liberty, and of their bishoprics, in the last reign; and she hastened, with their assistance, to overturn the goodly fabric of the Reformation, and to replace the old religion, as much as possible, on its former footing. She was greatly anxious for a reconciliation with the pope, who at first made some difficulty to receive within the pale of the Church such a country of heretics as England was now become; but this difficulty was at length overcome, and cardinal De la Pole was appointed legate in England. But Mary, though she could restore the mass, the praying to images, and all the other ceremonials of the Romish Church, found it impossible to recover to their former uses the lands and buildings of the religious houses which had fallen into the possession of the laity.

The foreign Protestants, who had brought many useful arts into the country, now hastily left it, and were followed by many English gentlemen, who were glad to escape from the persecutions which they foresaw were at hand. Cranmer was advised to fly; but he said he had been too much concerned in every measure of the Reformation to desert its cause. The queen had early marked him for destruction. She was not of a temper to forget an injury, and hated him for the share he had had in her mother's divorce; which the many good offices he had done to herself could never atone for in her eyes. Many times, as she well knew, the archbishop had stood between her and her father's wrath, who, on one occasion, had determined on her death, and was only prevented by Cranmer's remonstrances from putting his purposes in execution, while the time-serving Gardiner stood by, without uttering a word in her behalf. But all these things were forgot. Cranmer was imprisoned in the common jail at Oxford, but his life was spared for the present by the intervention of Gardiner, now lord chancellor. It is thought that Gardiner's reason for thus interposing was that he knew it to be the queen's intention to give the archbishopric, on Cranmer's death, to cardinal De la Pole, a man obnoxious to him in the greatest degree, because the influence which Pole possessed with the queen had often counteracted his own violent and sanguinary counsels.

In 1554 a marriage was agreed upon between the queen and the Archduke Philip of Spain, only son of Charles V. The match was exceedingly disliked by the English, who were well aware of Philip's cruelty and sullenness of temper, and of his father's overreaching

ambition. In the hope of silencing the clamour which was raised on these accounts, the archduke was made to agree that the administration of government should remain entirely with the queen and her ministers, and that no foreigner should be permitted to hold any public office. Still so great an alarm was excited, that a formidable insurrection arose in Kent, which was headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, who, having travelled in Spain, brought home such an account of Philip as added to the previous horror of him which had existed. The object of the insurrection was to dethrone Mary and to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne; and if her father, the duke of Suffolk, did not actually join, he at least showed some approbation of it.

Wyatt, at the head of 4000 men, entered London; but many of his followers, perceiving that no men of note joined his standard, silently left him. The city gate (that at Ludgate) was shut against him, and he, despairing, and seeing himself deserted, threw himself, in a fit of despondency, on a bench opposite to where the Belle Sauvage inn now is, and began to lament his rashness. While thus bewailing himself, he was summoned to surrender. Having done so, he was tried, condemned, and executed: 400 of his unfortunate followers suffered with him, and 400 more were conducted to the queen, with ropes about their necks, and, falling on their knees, received their pardon.

Soon afterwards, poor Lady Jane Grey, whose fate it was always to suffer for the faults of others, was warned that she must prepare for death. The queen sent a priest of the Romish Church to harass her last moments, by attempting to convert her; but her constancy was not to be shaken, and she employed the small portion of precious time that was left her in prayer, and in writing, in Greek, a farewell letter to her sister, in which she exhorted her to be firm in her faith. Lord Guildford Dudley was also condemned to die, and entreated to have a parting interview; but Jane refused it, lest the affliction of such a meeting should overcome their fortitude. She appeared on the scaffold with a serene countenance, and declared that she had greatly erred in not having more firmly refused the crown; but that filial reverence, and not her own ambition, had been the cause of her fault. Her father was beheaded soon after; and the queen became so suspicious of almost everybody, that she filled the prisons with nobles and gentlemen.

The time now arrived that had been fixed for Philip's coming to England; but the admiral of the fleet which Mary had sent to escort him dared not take him on board, lest the soldiers should commit some violence against him: such was the detestation in which he was held. At last he arrived; the marriage was celebrated at Winchester; and Philip, by his distant and reserved behaviour, increased the previous dislike of the English.

From this time the chief business of parliament was to guard against the encroachments of Philip; while Mary's only anxiety was to increase the power and influence of a husband of whom she was troublesomely fond, though he, on his part, could with difficulty conceal his own dislike of his unengaging partner. On one subject, however, they were perfectly agreed, namely, in the desire to extirpate heresy by the most violent and sanguinary measures. Gardiner willingly entered into their views; but finding this work of cruelty more arduous than he had expected, he made it over to Bonner, a man of such inhumanity of nature that he even delighted to see the dying agonies of the sufferers, and would often take on himself the office of executioner, adding to the misery of the poor creatures who suffered, by a mockery and levity which, had it not been asserted by writers of undoubted credit, one would have thought impossible.

In the course of the next three years nearly three hundred persons were burned alive, martyrs to their religion; many more suffered imprisonments, fines, and lesser punishments. Those two venerable and pious men, Latimer and Ridley, were amongst the first who perished, and they died exhorting each other to faith and courage. They were burnt in the year 1555, in the ditch outside the city wall, at Oxford, near Balliol College. Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, was another martyr. When he was tied to the stake, and the fagots heaped about him, the queen's pardon was placed on a stool before him, and, if he would have recanted, he might have stretched out his hand to take the pardon; but he rejected it on such a condition, and died without uttering a groan. If these scenes fill us with horror at the wickedness of Mary and her ministers, they also make us revere the constancy of the sufferers, who, sustained by faith and hope, could thus abide, without a groan, the horrors of a death of extreme torture. Far from extirpating the Protestant religion, these barbarities only set the hearts of the people the more resolutely against a church which could sanction such cruelty. The English law in regard to heretics was nevertheless too mild to satisfy the ferocity of Philip, and he made an attempt to introduce the Inquisition into England, but happily without success.

At the time when these executions took place, Gardiner also died: and the circumstances of his death are so remarkable, that I will detail them to you. Such was his inveteracy against Latimer and Ridley, that, on the day on which these two venerable and pious men were to be put to death, he made a vow that he would not have his dinner served up until a messenger should arrive to inform him that the fire was set to the fagots with which they were to be burned. Though the messenger did not arrive as soon as was expected, Gardiner would not break his vow, but kept the old duke

of Norfolk, who was this day his guest, waiting from eleven (the then usual dinner hour) till three o'clock; but when the desired intelligence arrived, and dinner was served up, Gardiner did not partake of it; for he was taken suddenly ill, and carried to his bed, from which he never rose.[1] He was succeeded as chancellor by Heath, archbishop of York, a man of slender abilities, but of a furious zeal.

Gardiner's death hastened that of Cranmer. The new chancellor made no opposition to the queen's wish that he should be put to death, and he was condemned to be burnt at Oxford. But the queen's resentment against him went even further; she wished to degrade him in the eyes of the whole world, and employed people to flatter him into believing that his life was so valuable to his country, that he ought to save it, if possible; and she also authorized them to promise him a pardon, if he would recant,—a promise never meant to be kept. In a moment of weakness the archbishop yielded to these insinuations, and signed a paper, in which he avowed his belief in the pope's supremacy, and in transubstantiation; but Mary sent him word this should not save his life, and that he must acknowledge his errors in the church, before the whole people.

The strength of Cranmer's mind now returned; and when he was brought forth to the church to make his public recantation, instead of doing so, he bitterly bewailed his momentary weakness, and asserted his firm belief in the Protestant faith. He was immediately led forth to execution, and, when the fagots were set on fire, he stretched out his right hand, with which he had signed the paper, and held it in the flames until it was totally consumed, without betraying any symptom of pain, saying frequently, "This hand has offended;" then, as if his mind was more at ease for having made this atonement, his countenance became full of peaceful serenity, and he appeared insensible to all worldly suffering.

The next day the cardinal De la Pole was made archbishop of Canterbury, and he showed so much lenity towards the Protestants as to excite the displeasure of the pope.

Philip, who had soon become weary of England, went, in 1555, to Flanders; and the queen, seeing herself treated by him with indifference and neglect, spent her time in tears and lamentations, and in writing long letters to him, which he never answered, and perhaps never read. The more he slighted her the more she doted on him; and to procure money, in the hope of winning him back by supplying him with it, she loaded the people with taxes.

In 1556 the Emperor Charles V., wearied with the toils of royalty, which his intriguing and ambitious spirit had made a greater burden to him than to the generality of monarchs, took the extra-

[1] There is, however, a difficulty about this story, for Gardiner is known to have made a long and eloquent speech at the meeting of Parliament, five days after the burning of Latimer and Ridley.

ordinary resolution of retiring from the bustle of the world to the retirement of a monastery, and resigned all his dominions to his son. Philip, who had his father's ambition, but not his talents, immediately declared war against France, and he expected that England should do the same; but, the Spanish yoke being more than ever disliked, the queen could not prevail with her council to give their consent to infringe the peace. When Philip, however, came to London, and protested that he would never again set foot in England unless war was declared with France, the queen, almost frantic, pressed the matter so urgently as to overcome the reluctance of the council. War was declared. Mary, who had already exhausted her resources in furnishing Philip with money, resorted to the most unjust and violent measures to extort the means of fitting out a fleet and raising an army; and to deter the people from rising in rebellion at these oppressions, she caused many of the most considerable gentry to be imprisoned, and adopted the Spanish custom of having them seized in the night, and carried off, muffled and hoodwinked, that they might not be known, nor see to what place they were taken.

A fleet and an army were at last provided; and the latter, under the command of the earl of Pembroke, joined Philip's army in Flanders in time to take a part in the battle of St. Quentin, in which the duke of Savoy, the Spanish general, gained a great victory over the French; but, while Mary was triumphing at this success, the French were preparing for her a severe mortification. Though everything else in France had long been lost to the English, they still preserved Calais, which had been guarded as the chief jewel of the crown by every English king since Edward III., who had won it. It was so strongly fortified and had always been so well garrisoned, that the French had never even attempted to recover it. But in Mary's feeble reign the monks and bigots who composed her ministry thought more of burning heretics than of any other concern of state. They had neglected to keep the fortifications in repair, and, to save the charge of what they supposed an unnecessary garrison, withdrew the greater part of it during the winter months. The governor had remonstrated seriously, but in vain, against this unwise economy.

The duke of Guise, general of the French army, being well informed of these circumstances, determined to attempt the recovery of the town. It was surrounded by marshes, which, during the winter, were totally impassable, and could be approached on the land side only by two raised roads, defended by two castles. The duke made an attack on these castles, and soon took them, and, in the mean time, the French fleet besieged the fortifications of the town next the sea: and thus Lord Wentworth, the governor, saw

himself enclosed on every side. Though he had only a few hundred men with him, he made a brave resistance: but, the town being unprovided with everything necessary for sustaining a siege, he was obliged to surrender; and thus the duke of Guise made himself master, in eight days, of a fortress deemed impregnable, and which had been, for two hundred years, a thorn in the side of France. The news of this event struck a universal dismay all over England, and the queen declared that, when she died, the word *Calais* would be found engraved upon her heart. In fact her health visibly declined from this time. The neglect of Philip, and her own disappointment at having no children—a blessing she vehemently desired—preyed upon her health. She dragged on a few miserable months, and died November 15, 1558, in the 43rd year of her age, and the 6th of her reign.

Thus ended the life of this unhappy woman, who by the badness of her temper made herself and everybody about her miserable. She seems, however, to have been sincere in her bigotry; and to have had a mind capable of ardent friendships, and free from that caprice which made so dangerous a part of her father's character.

The cardinal De la Pole died on the same day with the queen, and has left an unsullied name behind him.

Neither arts, manufactures, nor commerce flourished in this gloomy reign; and the only thing I find to remark in it is, that the czar of Muscovy sent an embassy to England, and concluded with the queen a commercial treaty.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXIX.

George. I really think, mamma, the loss of Calais was enough to make any queen die of vexation. O, mamma, if I should ever be a great admiral, like Lord Nelson, how I should like to get it back again?

Mrs. Markham. I am afraid I should not wish you success, for I really think we are a great deal better without it. Our keeping it was a great expense to the nation, a constant source of irritation to the French, and a constant temptation to our kings to make inroads into their country.

Richard. I think, mamma, it was a great pity that the people would not let that good Lady Jane Grey be their queen.

Mrs. M. Lady Jane was certainly a singularly excellent woman; but it is probable that her studious habits fitted her more for a retired life than for the bustle of royalty. She had made great proficiency in the learned languages, and we are told that she applied to study as a refuge from the severity of her parents, who, as she told Roger Ascham, tutor to the Princess Elizabeth, used to "so

sharply taunt her, and give her *pinches*, *nips*, and *bobs*," if she displeased them in the slightest degree, that she was in constant misery when in their presence.

Richard. They must have been very ill-natured people.

Mrs. M. They followed, probably, the fashion of the times; for we are assured that the harshness of the English towards their children excited formerly the surprise and condemnation of foreigners. I think it is Erasmus who says that the English were like severe schoolmasters to their children; and that the schoolmasters were like masters of houses of correction. Children trembled at the sight of their parents; and the sons, even when they were forty years old, stood bareheaded before their fathers, and did not dare to speak without permission. The grown-up daughters never sat down in their mother's presence, but stood in respectful silence at the farther end of the room, and, when weary with standing, were, perhaps, allowed to kneel on a cushion.

George. Why, to be sure, they could not stand all day long.

Mrs. M. The daughters of the family were seldom educated at home, and when they returned to their father's house were admitted into the presence of their parents only during short and stated periods of the day. The ladies in Queen Mary's time used to carry in their hands large fans, with handles a yard long; and you will never guess what those long handles were for.

Mary. Do tell us, mamma.

Mrs. M. They were for beating their daughters with.

Mary. And when did the English begin to grow good-natured to their children?

Mrs. M. I really cannot tell you. A writer says, more than a century later, "You English treat your children as if they were born mad." Nay, even so lately as when my mother was a child, parents were exceedingly harsh with their children, and she has told me many instances of the severest punishments being inflicted for very slight offences.

Mary. I am sure of one thing, mamma, which is, that such people's children could never love them.

Mrs. M. Then think, my dear, how much love, reverence, and duty children ought to bear to kind and indulgent parents. Should you ever be a parent yourself, you will then know how much is due from children. The anxiety which the care of their health and education brings upon us is a constant exertion of the spirits, though well repaid when they show good and tractable dispositions, by the hope we feel of bringing them up to virtue and happiness; but when children are careless and stubborn, think what anguish of mind they must always cause to their parents. When you see with what patience your father and I endeavour to correct your faults,

and when we find it necessary to punish you, with what tenderness and sorrow of heart we do it, pray remember that, had you been born two hundred years ago, you would probably, for those very faults, have been beaten like brute animals, shut up in dark holes, or fed with bread and water.

Mary. I am sure I should not have minded bread and water;—but not to have been allowed to be almost always with you and papa, nor to tell you all my thoughts, nor to have you talk to me so kindly as you do, would have been a great deal too much to bear. O, I am glad I was not born a great while ago!

Mrs. M. Let us all be thankful that we live in better days; you, my children, that you live in times when you can enjoy the society and kindness of your parents; and your father and I, that we may look forward to being repaid for our anxious care of you by your duty and affection.—After the account I have just been giving of what was formerly the conduct of English parents towards their children, you will not be surprised to learn that the nobility were often employed as jailers. When any person of rank was to be put under confinement, it was no uncommon thing to commit him to the custody of some nobleman, whose house was thus converted into a prison. Indeed, the dwellings of the nobility were so surrounded by walled courts, that they seemed as if they had been built for prisons originally.

Richard. I often wish I could look into one of those old houses, and see everything exactly as it was two or three hundred years ago.

Mrs. M. You would see, I dare say, a great many things that would surprise you. We will begin with the kitchen, where you would probably see, if it was before eleven o'clock in the day, a huge fire, with a monstrous piece of meat roasting before it, turned by a poor miserable boy, whose business it was to act as a turnspit, before smoke-jacks and roasters were invented. Let us next proceed to the great hall, where the lord of the mansion passed the day, and which in the night you would find spread with beds for the men-servants to sleep on.

George. Well, I think that is as disagreeable a thing as I ever heard of.

Mrs. M. Nay: you have not heard the worst. This hall you would observe to be covered with rushes, which had been suffered to lie there for twenty years with all their accumulated dirt. We will hope that all houses were not alike in this respect, but I fear that in general the case must have been very bad, since Erasmus attributes to the dirty habits of our ancestors the prevalence of contagious disorders in England.

Richard. Well, mamma, I am quite satisfied, and do not want to peep into any more old houses.

Mary. But do tell us in what manner people lived in them.

Mrs. M. I believe I can in great measure satisfy you. An earl of Northumberland, of the reign of Henry VII., wrote a book of directions for the management of his household. This book is called the Northumberland Household-Book, and, though you would find a good deal of it rather tiresome, it forms on the whole a very curious record of past times. The earl enters in it into the most minute particulars. He even directs the number of fagots to be allowed to each fire, and gives the items of what the men-servants were to have for *their* breakfast, and the number of bones of mutton that were to be provided for *his own*. The family consisted of 166 persons, and the allowance of meat and drink was very sufficient, but the stock of house-linen was surprisingly small. There were only eight table-cloths for "my lord's table," and one for the upper servants, which was washed once a-month. The earl divided the year between three different houses, all in Yorkshire, but he had only furniture for one; so that, when he removed from one to the other, all his household goods were removed also, even to the sauce-pans for the kitchen.

Mary. What a fine packing and unpacking there must have been!

Mrs. M The Household-Book tells us that seventeen carts and one waggon conveyed everything. You must remember what I have already told you of the scanty way in which houses were furnished at that time, and that there were not chairs of all shapes and tables of all sizes in every room, as there are now. The earl of Northumberland was contented with one large table and three long benches for the furniture of his state apartment.

George. I think it must have made bad work with the earl's glass and china, to remove it from one house to another so often.

Mrs. M. I do not suppose he had much of it to carry about. Drinking-glasses were not made in England till the time of Queen Mary, and were at first considered more precious than silver. And as for looking-glasses, there were, I believe, some few used at the toilet, but they were probably very small, and were commonly either carried about by the ladies in their pockets, or hung to their girdles.

Mary. I do not think anything entertains me more than the hearing about all these old customs.

Mrs. M. I am glad it does, and perhaps I can find something more that will amuse you in an account of the manners of the English, written by a French priest, who came here in the reign of Edward VI. He begins with expressing his admiration of London, which he says is the finest and richest city in the world, Paris excepted.

Richard. I wonder what he would say if he could see London now!

Mrs. M. He would scarcely believe it to be the same city. Here is a copy of part of a picture which was taken about the period of the Frenchman's visit; in which you will see that what may now be called the heart of London, was then only the outskirts of the town.

Richard. But will you tell us something more of what he says?

Mrs. M. I may as well give you his own words:—"The people of this country have a mortal hatred to the French, and in common call us France knave, or France dog. The people of this land make good cheer, and dearly love junketing. The men are large, handsome, and ruddy, with flaxen hair. Their women are the greatest beauties in the world, and as fair as alabaster. The English in general are cheerful, and love music; they are likewise great drunkards. In this land they commonly make use of silver vessels when they drink wine. The servants wait on their masters bareheaded, and leave their caps on the buffet (sideboard). It is to be noted that in this excellent kingdom there is no kind of good order: the people are reprobates, and thorough enemies to good manners. In the windows of the houses are plenty of flowers, and at the taverns a plenty of rushes on their wooden floors, and many cushions of tapestry, on which travellers seat themselves. The English consume a great quantity of beer; the poor people drink it out of wooden cups. They eat much whiter bread than is commonly made in France. With their beer they have a custom of eating very soft saffron cakes, in which there are likewise raisins. It is likewise to be noted that the servants carry pointed bucklers, even those of bishops. And the husbandmen, when they till the ground, commonly leave their bucklers, swords, or sometimes their bows, in the corner of the field." Our loquacious traveller visited Scotland also, and describes it as a barren and wild country. Some of the Scotch, he says, applied themselves to letters, and became good philosophers and authors; but the people in general were rude and churlish, particularly to strangers; but I suspect our Frenchman experienced the greater incivility because his countrymen had at that time made themselves very obnoxious to the Scotch.

Richard. How was that? For the French and Scotch always seemed to take part with each other against the English.

Mrs. M. The French had presumed too much on all they had done for Scotland; and when the young queen's mother, who was a Frenchwoman, brought a great many of her countrymen into Scotland, and wanted to give them a principal share in the government, you may suppose this could not be very agreeable to the Scots. Amongst other odd instances of interference, these French chose to alter the names of places.

George. That was a pretty piece of impertinence, as if the Scotch names were not good enough for them!

Mrs. M. Edinburgh they pretended to call *Lisleboury*, and Leith they changed into *Petit Lict.* They attempted also to change the names of many other places.

Fan with long handle, from a Dutch print. See p. 255.

CHAPTER XXX.

ELIZABETH.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1558—1603.

Mary, Queen of Scots. From her Monument in Westminster Abbey.

WHEN Mary's death was announced to the parliament, which happened to be assembled at the time, the members all sprang from their seats; and shouts of joy, and the words "God save Queen Elizabeth!" were heard to resound on every side. When the news was spread abroad, the transport of the people was so great, that they hurried in crowds towards Hatfield, where Elizabeth was then residing, and they escorted her from thence into London. Independently of the happiness felt through the country on its deliverance from the late unhappy queen, the accession of Elizabeth gave general satisfaction on account of her great personal popularity, which had been increased during the late reign by the sufferings

which had been often brought upon her by her sister's bigotry and malevolence; sufferings by which her life had been often endangered, and from which she had been sometimes rescued by the good offices of Philip, whose occasional interference in the princess's favour was the only way in which he had ever made himself agreeable to the English nation.

Elizabeth was now twenty-five years old. Her character was very far from being a faultless one. Her temper was very impetuous: but there was a spirit and animation about her, with a cheerfulness and gaiety of heart, which made her occasional bursts of passion to be overlooked and forgiven; and even at the time of her first coming to the crown, her sense and shrewdness had been sufficiently manifested to make every one augur well of her capacity for government. Her vanity and caprice, which in her later years made her often both vexatious and ridiculous, had not betrayed themselves at that early period. She had a tall, commanding person; her forehead was high and open, her nose aquiline, her complexion pale, and her hair inclining to yellow. Her features were good, but the length and narrowness of her face prevented her from having any just pretensions to beauty.

The new queen, from her first coming to the throne, seemed anxious to show an entire forgetfulness of all her former sufferings, and never testified any resentment towards those who had been instrumental to them. Even Sir Henry Bedingfield, in whose custody she had been for a time, and whom she had found a most severe and churlish jailer, experienced from her no other punishment or rebuke but that of her telling him that he should have the custody of any state prisoner whom she wished to be treated with peculiar severity. The cruel Bonner was the only one of her sister's ministers to whom she showed a marked dislike. When he came to make his obedience to her, she turned from him with horror, and would neither speak to him nor look at him.

The first great anxiety of all the Protestant part of the nation was to have a settlement of the affairs of the Church. In this important business Elizabeth proceeded with great prudence and caution, and yet with so much determination and steadiness, that she soon restored everything to the state it had been in at her brother's death; and all this without a drop of blood being spilt or a single estate confiscated. Bonner alone, for refusing to acknowledge her supremacy, was punished by being imprisoned for life.

Philip, as soon as he heard of Queen Mary's death, proposed himself to her sister in marriage. Elizabeth never for a moment thought of consenting to such a preposterous union; but, perhaps for fear of making him her enemy, or, perhaps, from her accustomed caution, she delayed to give a decisive answer as long as she could;

and when she sent her refusal, she took the opportunity of declaring to the parliament a determination to lead a single life. Notwithstanding this declaration, she some years afterwards admitted the addresses of the duke of Anjou, the brother of the king of France; but, partly through fear of lessening her own authority, if she admitted another to share it, and partly, perhaps, from love to her people, which made her unwilling to give them a foreign king, she at last broke off the match, after keeping the duke long in suspense.

The pretensions of Mary, the young queen of Scotland, were an early source of disquiet to Elizabeth. Mary was, as you should recollect,[1] great niece of Henry VIII., and, on the plea that Elizabeth had been declared illegitimate, she asserted her own right to the crown, and took upon her the arms and title of queen of England. And though this empty boast was not followed by any active attempt, it yet laid the foundation in Elizabeth's mind of a deadly hatred towards her. Mary, by her marriage to the dauphin, who, on his father's death, became king of France by the title of Francis II., had been, for a brief season, the queen of the most splendid court in Europe, into all the dissipations of which she is said to have entered eagerly. When, on the early death of Francis, she was obliged to return to Scotland, the contrast between the country she left, and that which she was now come to inhabit, struck her with melancholy; and the rude and savage manners of the Scots filled her with disgust. This disgust was increased by difference of religion. Mary had been brought up a bigoted Catholic; and the Reformation, which had now made great progress in Scotland, was not marked there with the same mild and conciliatory spirit by which it had been distinguished in England. The Scotch reformers were men of rigid zeal, and condemned all gaiety and amusements as sinful. *They* were as much shocked at the queen's levities, as *she* was displeased by their austerity.

While these discontents were growing in Scotland, the queen of England was busily employed in putting the affairs of her kingdom in order. She called in the old coin, which had been shamefully debased in the last three reigns, and replaced it by a coinage of the standard weight. She filled her arsenals with arms; she introduced the manufacturing of gunpowder into England; she frequently reviewed her militia, and put the country into a complete state of defence; she encouraged agriculture, trade, and navigation, and increased her navy so much that she has been called "the queen of the Northern seas." Her wise government was respected abroad and prosperous at home. She was exceedingly fortunate in the choice of her ministers; particularly in her treasurer, Lord Burleigh, her

[1] See p. 231.

secretary, Walsingham, and in Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal, who were men of extraordinary abilities and integrity. While affairs were managed with so much vigour and success, the people were scarcely aware how their sharp-witted queen kept enlarging her prerogatives, nor how much their own liberties were infringed. In all cases in which her own authority was concerned, she was always decided and peremptory; and she had generally such good reasons to give for all she did, and, above all, was so frugal of expense, that the mass of the people, though kept in great subjection, regarded her with enthusiastic attachment.

The interior of her court, however, presents a most extraordinary scene. There the rivalries and jealousies of the courtiers were a continual source of discord. The queen herself encouraged their rivalries, in order to retain them in more subservience to herself; and certainly the awe of her which they seem to have felt, and the flattery they offered up to her, appear to us, who live in after-times, quite unaccountable and ridiculous.

But, though Elizabeth liked and required adulation, she had too much sense to be totally blinded by it. She saw into the follies of those about her, and turned them to her own purpose, and seemed to manage her courtiers much like puppets, by wires that were out of sight. She intrusted all affairs of state to men of sense, but she filled her court with frivolous characters, with whom she could unbend from the cares of royalty, and towards whom she would often conduct herself with an extraordinary degree of familiarity, or what would appear to us strange rudeness, such as thumping them on the back, or patting their cheeks, &c. But if any of them presumed upon this freedom, she could instantly resume her dignity, and, by a severe look or a cutting word, check all growing forwardness.

Her chief favourite was Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, a man wholly undeserving of her regard. He was the son of that unprincipled duke of Northumberland who was beheaded in the reign of Mary. Leicester had himself been guilty of many infamous deeds; and he had the art of deceiving the queen both as to his merits and abilities. His greatest rival in her regard was Ratcliffe, earl of Sussex, a plain, rough soldier, who loved and honoured his mistress in sincerity, while Leicester only used her favour as the ladder to his own ambition. The queen valued Sussex, and employed him in many affairs of importance; but the assiduities of Leicester were more pleasing to her vanity, and she was fond of keeping him about her court. He continued to retain his place in her favour till his death, in 1588.

Early in the year 1563 Elizabeth caught the small-pox, and for some days her life was considered to be in danger. The prospect of

her death, joined to the probability of the queen of Scotland's succession, encouraged the popish party; and, when she recovered, the parliament besought her either to change her resolution of living unmarried, or else to name her successor. Both these requests were very displeasing to Elizabeth. She gave the parliament, however, a prevaricating answer, encouraging the hope that at some time or other she might be induced to marry. Immediately on this declaration she was beset with princely suitors, but either from coquetry or policy, she always avoided as long as possible the giving them a decisive answer, and kept all persons, both friends and enemies, who were anxiously watching her conduct, in entire suspense as to her real intentions.

Mary, in the hope of being named by Elizabeth as her successor, affected to treat her with great respect. Both queens, indeed, pretended extraordinary regard for one another, and styled themselves in their letters "loving sisters." Mary, having been urged by her council to a second marriage, thought proper to apply to Elizabeth to choose a suitable match for her. Elizabeth's wish was that her "loving sister" should continue a widow. Indeed, it was one of the weaknesses of this great queen to have the utmost dislike of any persons marrying; and she plagued and persecuted many of her own subjects for no other reason than because they did not choose to live single like herself. At length, having proposed two or three matches for Mary, which she knew she would not accept, she pretended to be exceedingly displeased with her when she at last chose for herself, and married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley.

Darnley was son of Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., by her second husband, Lord Angus. Thus, after Mary, he was the next in succession to the crown of England. But this union, which appeared so suitable, proved most unfortunate; and it would have been happy for Mary had she followed the example of her sister-queen, and remained unmarried. Darnley was a man of inferior capacity, and soon became the object of Mary's dislike and contempt; and she on her part had the indiscretion to admit an Italian musician of the name of David Rizzio into somewhat too much of her favour and confidence. One evening, when the queen was at supper with this man and some of the ladies of her court, Darnley, with a band of armed men, rushed into the room, and one of them stabbed Rizzio, as he clung to the queen's knees for protection. She admitted the earl of Bothwell, a man of infamous character, into her councils; and her enemies say, and it has been very generally believed, that with him she contrived and effected the death of Darnley. It is supposed that they first tried poison; but that, its effect not being sufficiently speedy, Mary persuaded him, for the benefit of his health, to sleep in a lone house,

near Edinburgh, called the Kirk of the Field. This house, at a time when the queen was absent, attending the wedding of one of her women, was blown up by gunpowder, and Darnley perished by the explosion. The only child of this unfortunate marriage was a son, then only seven months old, who afterwards became our James I.

Soon after the death of Darnley, which happened in 1567, Bothwell contrived to carry off the queen, and detained her for some little time in a sort of imprisonment. To the astonishment of all persons she was so far from resenting the outrage, that, though Bothwell was universally believed to have been Darnley's murderer, she did not scruple to marry him. They were married first privately, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and afterwards, in the vain hope to conciliate public opinion, by a Protestant bishop.

But this marriage only increased the suspicions that Mary also had been concerned in her husband's murder. Nearly the whole country, headed by the lords Morton and Murray, rose in arms against her. She fled from Edinburgh, first to Borthwick Castle, and afterwards to Dunbar; but finding that even her own troops were unwilling to fight in her cause, gave herself up into the hands of her enemies, who imprisoned her in Lochleven Castle, and compelled her to sign a resignation of her kingdom to her son. This infant was accordingly crowned king by the title of James VI.; and Murray, who was a natural son of James V., was appointed regent of the kingdom. Bothwell meantime had fled the country; and after leading a wandering and wretched life, supporting himself by piracy, he was at last thrown into a prison in Denmark. He fell into a state of insanity, and lingered ten miserable years in that condition.

Mary, after a short time, found means to escape from prison; and, raising an army, she encountered Murray at Langside, near Glasgow: but her troops were completely defeated; and she, having watched the battle from a neighbouring eminence, put spurs to her horse, and never stopped till she reached a little river on the boundary between Scotland and England. Here the bishop of St. Andrew's, who had accompanied her flight, caught hold of her bridle, and on his knees besought her to turn back; but she, preferring to trust to Elizabeth's generosity, rather than again to encounter the insults of her own subjects, rushed through the stream to the opposite side. She soon arrived at Workington in Cumberland, from whence she sent a messenger to inform Elizabeth of the step she had taken, and then proceeded to Carlisle to await the answer.

Elizabeth, on receiving the news of this extraordinary event, was in the greatest perplexity how to act. Her whole conduct to Mary was so capricious and unreasonable in the beginning, and so tyrannical and cruel in the end, that historians have found it

difficult to trace, and still more difficult to account for it. Whatever her thoughts were on receiving Mary's letter, she concealed them with great dissimulation, and, pretending the utmost friendship for that unhappy queen, declared that, before she could be received at the English court, it was necessary, both for *her* honour, and for her own satisfaction, that she should be cleared from the heavy charges which were brought against her by the Scots. She returned an answer to this effect to the queen of Scots, and sent Lady Scrope under pretence of attending on her, but in reality to detain her in a sort of imprisonment; and she had her soon removed from Carlisle to Bolton Hall in Yorkshire.

Mary consented to an investigation of her conduct, and despatched the bishop of Ross, and eight other persons, to meet at York the commissioners sent by Elizabeth. The regent Murray also attended there; and after a tedious succession of letters and protestations, in which both parties appeared to act with great duplicity, and to be equally afraid of arriving at the truth, nothing was proved, though Mary's refusal to make any answer to the most serious charges against her has greatly tended to confirm the belief of her being guilty.

When the conferences, which lasted some months, were over, Elizabeth persisted that, as Mary was by no means cleared by the investigation which had taken place, she was herself justified not only in refusing to see her, but even in detaining her still a prisoner; and she now placed her in the custody of the earl of Shrewsbury, a nobleman who had large possessions in the north of England. Shrewsbury had the care of her for sixteen years at one or other of his country-houses. At first she was allowed to receive visitors, and her eloquence and insinuating manners made every one who conversed with her believe her to be innocent, however they might have been prepossessed in her guilt. The Papists, however, all took her part, and thought that the jealousy of Elizabeth towards her was more on account of her religion than from any other cause. The duke of Norfolk was one of those who were most devoted to her; and he offered to contrive her escape, and to place her on the English throne, on condition that she would consent to marry him. Mary, glad to catch at any hope of escape, promised to do so, if she could obtain a divorce from Bothwell.

In this plot most of the English Papists joined. It was soon discovered, and gave Elizabeth a pretext for holding Mary with a harder grasp, and for preventing her from having any future intercourse with any persons but those of Lord Shrewsbury's household. The duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower, but was afterwards liberated on his promise to give up all correspondence with Mary: he, however, broke his promise, and again sent letters to her, though so secretly, that even the vigilant Cecil did not for some time

find it out. At last, in 1571, Mary wishing to send some money to her partisans in Scotland, Bannister, a confidential servant of the duke, was the person fixed on to take it. This money, and a letter which was to accompany it, were sent to Bannister by a person not in the secret; and he, perceiving there was some mystery, took the letter to Lord Burleigh, who thus discovered that the duke of Norfolk and the Scottish queen were again conspiring to dethrone Elizabeth. Norfolk was brought to trial, and, believing that some papers had been destroyed which he had ordered his secretary to burn, boldly denied the being concerned in the plot; but these papers, instead of being destroyed, had been hid by the secretary under the mats of the duke's chamber, and under the tiles of the house, and were produced on the trial, and so fully confirmed his guilt, that he was condemned to die. Elizabeth always declared that she would have forgiven him, if, instead of persisting in falsehood, he had made a free confession. He was beheaded in 1572.

The queen was strongly importuned by the parliament to put her rival also to death; but, though she saw that so long as Mary remained a prisoner in England she herself should never be secure from plots and conspiracies, yet she could not at once bring herself to consent to so violent and unprecedented an act. She would gladly have sent her out of the kingdom, and probably heartily repented of her own crooked policy in detaining her a prisoner. But she had gone too far to recede; and since she could not with safety to herself now restore the queen of Scots to liberty, she determined to keep her even more strictly guarded than before, and removed her (1585) from the care of Lord Shrewsbury, who, she thought, was too indulgent to his prisoner, to that of Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury.

Philip of Spain and the queen-dowager of France, Catherine de' Medici, had for many years past been forming schemes for restoring the Romish religion in England, by dispossessing Elizabeth, and raising Mary to the throne. Mary herself was in all their secrets; and, as she received a jointure from France, on account of her being widow of a French king, she had means of getting from thence private intelligence, and had money at her command to distribute amongst her partisans in England and Scotland.

Elizabeth, meanwhile, was well informed of all that was going on: but she felt such entire confidence in the affection of her people, that she did not express any fears at the machinations of her enemies, till the discovery of a scheme to assassinate her privately gave her some alarm, and induced her to yield to the entreaties of her ministers that she would always be attended by her guards. The most dangerous plot against her life was one formed by a Roman Catholic priest, named John Ballard, who disguised himself as a soldier, and

assumed the name of Captain Fortescue. He first imparted his scheme to Anthony Babington, a Derbyshire gentleman and a zealous Catholic, who, out of a generous detestation of Mary's unjust imprisonment, had devoted himself enthusiastically to her cause, and had for some time past contrived to convey to her the letters of her foreign correspondents. Babington entered eagerly into the plot. A man named Savage, who had made a solemn vow to assassinate Elizabeth, was also admitted into it; and it was settled that, at the same instant in which Savage was to attempt the queen's life, Babington, with a chosen body of men, should attack the house, at Chartley in Staffordshire, in which Mary was then confined, and liberate her from captivity. These arrangements were made known to the queen of Scots by means of letters conveyed to her through a chink in the wall; and in her answers, which were returned by the same means, she is said to have fully approved of them all, and to have recommended the death of Elizabeth as the first necessary step.

The plot was now communicated to many Catholic gentlemen, who readily joined in it, though not so secretly but that Walsingham had information of the whole. Indeed, the man who carried the letters between Mary and the conspirators was one of his spies, and constantly brought him the letters to read. They were then re-sealed, and taken to the persons they were meant for, who never discovered the treachery of their messenger. When Walsingham had by this means obtained all the information he wanted, he thought it was time to secure the conspirators; and fourteen of them were taken up, condemned, and executed, before Mary had any knowledge that the plot was detected. One day, as she was taking the air on horseback, she was met by a messenger from the queen, who informed her of the detection and death of her friends, and that she was to be removed immediately to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire. She was accordingly compelled to set out for that place instantly, with the messenger who brought these unwelcome tidings, all stunned as she was by the news she had heard, and without being suffered to return to make any preparations for her sudden journey.

In a few days Mary's arrival at Fotheringay was followed by that of commissioners from Elizabeth, who were appointed to try her for the part she had taken in the late conspiracy. The proofs against her were but too strong, or at all events the commissioners were too much prepossessed against her, or too much under the influence of her enemies, not to think them so. They returned to London after the trial, and pronounced sentence against her in the Star-chamber, Oct. 25, 1586.

Whatever were the secret wishes of Elizabeth, she affected the utmost reluctance to consent to Mary's death; and Sir Robert Cary, in his account of the scenes to which he was an eye-witness,

certainly thought that her sighs and tears on this occasion were sincere.

When Mary's condemnation was known in Scotland, the young king sent an urgent remonstrance to Elizabeth on the unjustifiable conduct she was pursuing towards his mother; but one of James's ambassadors secretly advised Elizabeth not to spare Mary, and undertook to pacify his master.

At length, after some months of duplicity and apparent indecision on the part of the queen, who kept her ministers uncertain as to her intentions, she signed the death-warrant. But when she found it had been despatched to Fotheringay, she expressed the most violent displeasure at the hasty officiousness of her servants, in hopes by such an artifice to transfer to them the blame of Mary's death.

On the 6th of February, 1587, the warrant was brought to Fotheringay by the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, who informed Mary that she must prepare for death the next morning. Mary received their message with composure, and employed herself during the remainder of the day in writing letters, in dividing the few valuables she had amongst her servants, and in taking leave of them. She retired to rest at her usual time, but arose after a few hours' sleep, and spent the rest of the night in prayer. Towards morning she attired herself in the only rich dress she had reserved —a black satin gown, trimmed with pearls and jet, over a crimson velvet petticoat. A white lawn veil was thrown over her head; and when she was summoned to the hall where she was to die, she took a crucifix and a prayer-book in her hand, and leaning on Sir Amias Paulet, she walked with a serene and composed countenance. She was met on the way by her faithful servant, Andrew Melvil, who flung himself on his knees before her, and burst into an agony of grief. Mary endeavoured to console him with the utmost firmness; but, on charging him with her last message to her son, she melted into tears. She then entered the hall in which the scaffold had been raised, and saw, with an undismayed countenance, the two executioners standing there, and all the preparations for her death. The place was crowded with spectators, who seemed to forget her faults, and the heavy accusations which had been formerly brought against her, in compassion for her present calamitous condition.

After some time spent in prayer, she began, with the aid of her women, to unrobe herself; and, seeing them ready to break forth into tears and lamentations, she made to them, by putting her finger to her lips, a sign to forbear. She then gave them her blessing; a handkerchief was bound round her eyes; and without any visible trepidation she laid her head upon the block, and with two strokes it was severed from her body. Thus perished this unfortunate princess, in the 45th year of her age. She had been a queen almost

from her birth. From the age of six to that of nineteen she had been trained in the levity and dissipation of the French court. From her nineteenth to her twenty-seventh year she had lived in Scotland, in a succession, if not of crimes, yet of follies and sorrows. The nineteen remaining years of her life she had passed in a melancholy captivity, a prey to all the miseries of restraint, suspense, and impatience. But time and affliction had neither subdued her spirit, nor wholly destroyed, though its brilliance was faded, her extraordinary beauty.

Elizabeth's reign was long and busy, and will furnish us with another evening's occupation. We will therefore leave the rest of it till to-morrow.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXX.

George. I dare say Mary had done a great many wrong things; yet I am sure I should have been like Anthony Babington, and have entered into any plot that could be thought of to get her out of the power of that deceitful old queen.

Mrs. Markham. When we bear in mind the disadvantages of Mary's early education, we may find many excuses for her. Her attachment to France made her return to Scotland appear to her like going into exile. When she was in the ship that was to bring her over, she fixed her eyes on the coast which she had left till the darkness of the evening would not allow her to see it any longer. She had then a couch brought on deck, on which she lay down to sleep, giving orders that if, on the return of daylight, the French coast should be still in sight, she should be awakened. During the night the vessel made but little progress, so that in the morning she had another parting view of the country which she loved so well. Her regret at leaving it she expressed in some pathetic French verses, very expressive of her feelings at the time.

Richard. Will you be so kind as to translate them for us?

Mrs. M. I think you are by this time scholar enough to be able to translate the first verse yourself.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France;
O ma patrie!
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu, France! adieu, nos beaux jours!

Mary. I am sure that poor Queen Mary, who found Scotland so dull and disagreeable, had no great reason to like England.

Mrs. M. She must, indeed, have passed a weary time in it; the more weary because she seems never to have felt anything like resignation. She was constantly trying some scheme to get her liberty, like a bird that is always beating itself against the wires of its cage.

Richard. But then, mamma, you know, she had hope, and that was something.

Mrs. M. Her hope must at last have greatly diminished. Her confinement, however, could hardly have been much more dismal to her than it was to her gaoler, Lord Shrewsbury, who was nearly as much a prisoner as she was, being never permitted to leave his own house, nor to invite any of his friends to come to see him. He was even severely reprimanded as having neglected his charge by taking a little ride one day for exercise; and Elizabeth was constantly tormenting him by her suspicions of his being too indulgent.

Richard. I wish, mamma, you would tell me the names of all the places Mary was confined in—I mean in England. I should like to know, in case I should ever go to any of them.

Mrs. M. Her first short abode was at Carlisle; and Sir Robert Knollis, who waited on her there, says, in a letter he wrote from thence to a person at court—"Now there are six waiting-gentlewomen about this queen, although none of reputation except Mrs. Mary Seaton, who is praised as being the best busker (dresser) of a woman's head that is to be seen in any country. Whereof we have seen divers experiences since her coming hither; and, amongst other pretty devices, yesterday she did set such a curled hair upon the queen, that was said to be a periwig, and that showed very delicately."—From Carlisle Mary was removed to Bolton in Yorkshire, where she first perceived herself to be an actual prisoner. She was then given into Lord Shrewsbury's custody, and lived in different houses belonging to him; principally at Sheffield Lodge, near Sheffield (which I believe is now pulled down).—She was for a short time at Hardwicke, on the borders of Derbyshire, a curious old house, which is still standing, and which now belongs to the duke of Devonshire.—She was also for a time at Wingfield, another house of Lord Shrewsbury, not far from Hardwicke. From thence she was removed to Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, where she was placed under the care of Sir Amias Paulet. Many of Lord Shrewsbury's letters have been preserved and published, and afford many singular details of his own state of thraldom, and of his feelings towards Mary, whom he seems to have considered much more as a mischievous cunning Papist, than as an injured queen.

George. Oh, how I wish she could have got away!

Mrs. M. She and her friends were so much on the alert, that it required all the vigilance of Elizabeth's ministers to watch them. Lord Burleigh, in one of his letters, desired Lord Shrewsbury to be on the watch for a boy who was bringing letters from Scotland for Mary; adding that he might be known by a cut on his left cheek, and that the letters were sewed up in the seams and buttons of his coat.

Mary. But why did not Mary's son bring a great army into England, and release his mother out of prison, whether Elizabeth would or no?

Mrs. M. It is very doubtful whether James would have had the will, even if he had had the power, of doing so. He had been brought up from infancy in the reformed religion, and was surrounded by people who had taught him to consider his mother as a very wicked woman. On the other hand, one amongst the many plots to which she had at different times been made a party had for its object to dethrone her son: so that, though James must have been much shocked at last by his mother's tragical death, he may still, perhaps, before that catastrophe took place, have been well pleased that she should remain in close custody in England, instead of being at liberty to foment disturbances in Scotland.

Richard. If ever we go near Fotheringay, pray let us go and see the castle.

Mrs. M. I fear you will not find much left there to gratify your curiosity: for, when James became king of England, he ordered the castle to be pulled down; and there is now nothing to show where it once stood, except a few fragments of the wall, and a part of the moat. You may, however, still see the hall in which Mary was executed, by going to Conington, in Huntingdonshire, to which place it was removed by Sir Robert Cotton, when the castle of Fotheringay was demolished.

Mary. Removed the hall!—how could part of a house be carried to another place?

Mrs. M. Some antiquaries think that only the wainscoting and interior decorations of the hall were removed. Others suppose that the stones of the columns and arches were also carried to Conington, and that the stone, as well as the wood-work in the old hall there, all came from Fotheringay.

Mary. Have you seen Conington, then?

Mrs. M. No: I met with this account in a history which has been published of Fotheringay. In the same history is also a very circumstantial account of Mary's execution, contained in a letter to Lord Burleigh, from a person who was present. It is there said that, when the executioner held up Mary's head, after it was cut off, her "borrowed auburn locks" fell off, and the same face that had appeared but a few minutes before so beautiful in life, was now seen to be so much altered in death, that the spectators could scarcely believe it to be the same: the hair was quite gray, and the face appeared to be that of a woman of seventy. After her death it was found, by one of the executioners, that the queen's favourite little dog had concealed itself amongst the folds of her dress; and the poor little animal could with difficulty be removed from its dead mistress.

Mary. I am glad, however, that poor Mary had a dear little dog to comfort her in her prison. She must have been very fond of it.

Mrs. M. Mary is said to have composed the following Latin prayer, just before her execution:—

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me:
In durâ catenâ, in miserâ pœnâ desidero te!
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

Richard. Pray, mamma, who was that queen of France who was so mighty busy in trying to make us all Papists again?

Mrs. M. Catherine de Medicis, queen of Henry II., the son and successor of that Francis I. who you know entertained our Henry VIII. so magnificently at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Henry II. was accidentally killed at a tournament, and left three sons who all became kings of France. The eldest of the three was Francis II., the husband of Mary, queen of Scots. When he died, his next brother, Charles IX., was only eleven years old, and his mother, Catherine de Medicis, was made regent. She was a very bold, bad woman; and thinking that her zeal for the Romish religion would atone for all her other crimes, she set about extirpating heresy by fire and sword. She brought up her son to be as cruel as herself, and in 1572, when he was old enough to take the reins of government into his own hands, he and his mother planned a general massacre of all the Protestants. The heads of the Protestant party were enticed to Paris, and lulled into the utmost security, till, early in the morning of the 24th of August, the military were let loose upon them, and they were almost all butchered. Charles, and his cruel mother, looked out from a window of the palace, and seemed to take pleasure in the horrible scene. It is even said that the king called for a gun, and amused himself with firing at some of the poor wretches who were flying before the soldiers.

George. I could never have believed that anybody could have been so cruel and so cowardly!

Mrs. M. Charles was severely punished for his wickedness. From the night of the massacre (which is called the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, on account of its having been perpetrated on the festival of that saint) he scarcely ever had any refreshing sleep. His attendants, in hopes to lull him to repose, used to have soft music played in his chamber; but he was always restless, or, if he dropped asleep, he was soon awakened by some horrible vision. A short time after he fell into a slow fever, and lingered more than a year, in great agonies both of mind and body.

Richard. And did his wicked mother take warning from his sufferings?

Mrs. M. I am afraid all warning was lost upon her. Her

youngest son, Henry III., who succeeded Charles IX., she encouraged also in persecuting the Protestants.

George. I think those French Papists were the wickedest people——

Mrs. M. I hope not all. I think I can tell you a story which will convince you that they were not all equally bloodthirsty. I heard it many years ago in conversation; but it made such an impression upon me, that I believe I may venture to relate it.

Mary. Oh! do, mamma: never mind if it is not just word for word as you heard it.

Mrs. M. I believe it was pretty nearly as follows. A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated at a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre, she, and some of her young companions, were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed, perhaps on the walls; and you know that, when a soldier is on guard, he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them,—all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode; and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate; for the grateful soldier contrived on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

Robert, Earl of Leicester. From a drawing by Zuccaro in the British Museum.

Mary. I am glad you did not forget that pretty story. But pray did you hear what afterwards became of the lady?

Mrs. M. I presume she got safe back to England; for the lady who related the circumstance spoke of it as having happened to a person from whom she was herself descended.

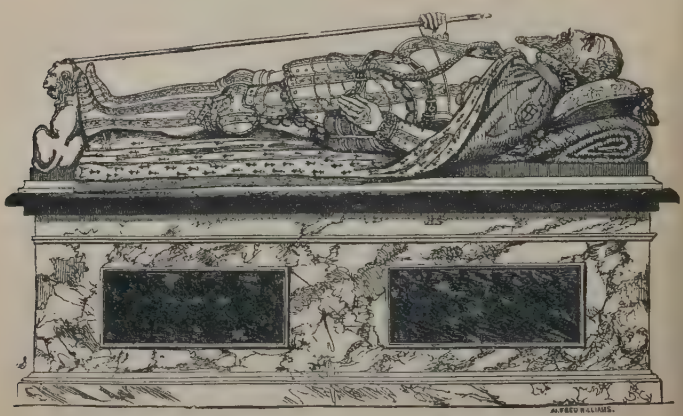
Richard. I hope I shall think of that story if I ever feel too proud or too idle to do a kindness to a fellow creature.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ELIZABETH.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1587—1603.



Lord Burleigh. From his monument in St. Martin's Church, Stamford.

WHEN the news of the execution of the queen of Scots was brought to Elizabeth, she thought it necessary to assume the appearance of excessive grief: she wore mourning, and for some days shut herself up with only her women. The king of Scotland expressed great resentment at the murder of his mother, and threatened Elizabeth with a war; but it was so much the interest of both sovereigns to keep at peace, that James, who was not of a warlike disposition, suffered his indignation to subside.

Philip of Spain had long been meditating an invasion of England; and, in 1588, having completed his preparations, and collected his forces, he felt so certain of conquest, that he called his fleet, which was now assembled in the Tagus, the *Invincible Armada*. His land forces, to the number of fifty thousand men, under the duke of Parma, were marched to the coast of the Netherlands, where a sufficient number of transports were prepared. And, indeed, this whole armament, by land and sea, was so very powerful, both in the size and number of ships, in the strength and discipline of the Spanish soldiery, and the gallantry and spirit of the numerous volunteers who flocked to serve in it, that it seemed more than sufficient to overwhelm this little island.

The Protestant states, who considered the queen of England as

the bulwark of their religion, looked on in fearful expectation at this immense host which was now so confidently advancing against her. Elizabeth, meanwhile, sure of the affection of her people, at least of all those who were Protestants, was undismayed. She made every necessary preparation for defence; but the English fleet, when collected all together, was so small in comparison with that of the Spaniards, that her chief reliance was on the superior skill and bravery of her officers and seamen. The fleet was commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher served under him. The land forces, which were very inferior to Philip's both in numbers and experience, were divided into several bodies. One, commanded by Lord Hunsdon, was appointed to guard the queen's person. Another, under Lord Leicester, was stationed at Tilbury Fort. The rest were placed wherever it seemed most likely that the Spaniards would attempt a landing. But the chief support of the kingdom was the vigour and prudence of the queen herself, who, showing no alarm at the dangers that threatened her, gave her orders with decision, and omitted nothing that could infuse courage into her people, and increase the general security. She appeared on horseback at the camp at Tilbury, and, riding through the ranks, made so animating a speech to the soldiers, that every one felt roused to an enthusiastic attachment to her person. Amongst other things, she said to them, "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms: to which rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms: I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field."

While these preparations were making in England, the armada was on the point of sailing, but was a little delayed by the death of the admiral, whose place was supplied by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a man utterly inexperienced in sea affairs. At length, on May 29, 1588, this mighty armament issued from the mouth of the Tagus; but a violent storm coming on the next day, so many of the ships were disabled, that it was obliged to return into harbour to refit. It again sailed with orders to proceed directly to the coast of Flanders, thence to convoy the duke of Parma and his troops to the Thames. But the Spanish admiral, learning from a fisherman that the English fleet was assembled at Plymouth, ventured, in the hope of annihilating it at one blow, to disobey his orders, and made for that port.

The armada, as it approached the Lizard Point, was descried by a Scotch pirate, who was cruizing in those seas and he, hoisting

The Spanish Armada as it appeared off Lizard Point. (From a Tapestry formerly in the House of Lords, destroyed in the Fire of 1834.)

every sail, hastened to give notice of the enemy's approach. Effingham had just time to get out of port, when he saw the Invincible Armada coming full sail towards him, in the form of a crescent, and stretching over a distance of seven miles. He soon perceived how heavily the Spanish ships sailed, and that they were very ill-built and unmanageable; and his confidence in his own little fleet became much strengthened. He was at first fearful of advancing too near, lest the weight of the Spanish ships should run down his own. But he soon saw that their bulk was an advantage to him, as presenting a larger broadside for his guns to act upon, and that their cannon were placed so high that they shot over the heads of the English. A huge ship of Biscay, with 55,000 ducats on board, took fire, and another large vessel sprung her mast; and these two, falling behind the rest, were taken by Sir Francis Drake.

The armada, however, still sailed heavily up the Channel; and the English vessels, many of them fitted out by private individuals, poured forth from every port, and joined Lord Effingham, who followed in the rear of the Spaniards, and took many of the stragglers. At last the enemy cast anchor off Calais, in expectation of being there joined by the duke of Parma. Effingham now filled with combustibles eight of his smaller vessels, and sent them into the midst of the enemy, who, fearful of being set on fire by them, cut their cables, and dispersed themselves in the greatest alarm. During this confusion the English fell upon them, and took twelve of their ships.

The duke of Parma, on seeing these disasters of the armada, and the superiority which the English had gained, refused to hazard his army by sea; and the duke de Medina, finding his fleet nearly disabled, while the English had only lost one small vessel, thought it best to return homewards. The winds being contrary, obliged him to sail to the north, to make the circuit of Scotland; but the English still pursued, and, had not their ammunition fallen short, would probably have taken every ship. The tempestuous weather, however, nearly completed the destruction of this vast armament. Many of the remaining ships, after beating about at the mercy of the winds, were wrecked on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland; and those Spaniards who lived to return home gave their countrymen such formidable accounts of the bravery of the English, and the tremendous dangers of their coasts, as effectually repressed all inclination to attempt another invasion.

I need not describe the joy and thankfulness that were felt from one end of the kingdom to the other at this signal deliverance. There soon arose in many young and ardent minds a chivalrous passion for enterprises against Spain. Several were undertaken, but, from different causes, were not attended with success.

The line of Valois became extinct in France on the death of Henry III. in 1589, and Henry of Navarre succeeded to the throne

But a large portion of the French people refused to obey him, because he was a Protestant, and a civil war ensued, in which Elizabeth gave effectual aid to Henry IV., both in men and money. In 1593, under the pressure of state necessity, the French king, to Elizabeth's great vexation, abjured his religion; she did not, however, withdraw her friendship from him, and the two countries remained on the most friendly terms for the remainder of her reign.

In 1588 the earl of Leicester died, and the young earl of Essex succeeded him in the queen's favour. Essex was in many respects far more deserving than Leicester had ever been. He had a noble and generous nature, but was too inconsiderate and hot-headed to be able to steer with prudence through the intricacies of a court. He and Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a distinguished navigator, as well as an accomplished courtier, soon became deadly enemies. The queen, however, who did not perplex herself with any of their quarrels, delighted in the lofty and impetuous spirit of Essex, and permitted him, even when quite a youth, to speak to her with more freedom than she would allow to any of her old and faithful servants. On one occasion he treated her with so little respect that she thought proper to give him a box on the ear, which he resenting with a boyish impatience, laid his hand on his sword, and declaring he would not submit to such an affront, withdrew in a great passion from the court.

Notwithstanding this, the queen received him again into favour; and the wise and cautious Lord Burleigh, who had always endeavoured to check the queen's fondness for this headstrong boy, being now dead, Essex believed he had no competitor in her regard. In 1599 he was appointed governor of Ireland, under the title of lord lieutenant—a very difficult post, for the Irish had been in an unsettled state during the whole of Elizabeth's reign; and it was with difficulty that Sir Henry Sydney, and other wise and experienced governors, could keep them in subjection. At this time an insurrection had broken out, headed by a powerful chief, who had formerly, as a mark of royal favour, received from Elizabeth the title of earl of Tyrone. This Tyrone completely defeated the English forces under Sir Henry Bagnal at the river Blackwater, in the year 1598. Many of his people had formerly served in the wars of Philip of Spain, and were very effective soldiers; so that the insurrection assumed a formidable appearance, and required a steadier hand to stem it than that of the impetuous Essex, who, nothing doubting of his own abilities, hastened to take possession of his government. But he soon found himself in difficulties which he had not anticipated.

After some months of harassing warfare, in which his men suffered greatly from fatigue and sickness, Essex, in defiance of the queen's express commands, entered into a truce with Tyrone. Elizabeth sent a sharp remonstrance on this and other points in which her general had been guilty of disobedience, and commanded him to

remain in Ireland till further orders. Essex, however, instantly on the receipt of this letter, set out for England, and arrived at court before it could be known that he had left Ireland. Splashed with dirt, and heated by his journey, he rushed into the presence-chamber, although he knew the queen was exceedingly punctilious about the neat and seemly attire of those who approached her. Not finding her there, he hurried forwards to her bedchamber, where she was newly risen, and sitting with her hair about her face. Essex fell on his knees before her, and Elizabeth was so taken by surprise at this sudden appearance of her favourite, that she gave him a gracious reception. But when he was gone, and she had time to reflect on his conduct, she considered this last presumption as an aggravation of his former faults; and when a few hours afterwards he again appeared before her, she received him with an altered countenance, and ordered him into the custody of the Lord-keeper Egerton.

Essex, from the agitation of his mind, fell seriously ill. The tenderness of the queen returned when she heard of his danger. She ordered eight eminent physicians to consult on his case, and sent one of them to him with some broth, saying, while the tears ran down her cheeks, that if she could, consistently with her honour, she would visit him. Essex upon this recovered, and the queen permitted him to retire to his own house, where he was to remain under a sort of custody, and sequestered from all company. Lord Mountjoy was then promoted to the government of Ireland, and, being a man of capacity and vigour, he soon retrieved the queen's affairs in that country.

Mountjoy's prudent government made the inconsiderate conduct of Essex appear by comparison the more blameable; and Elizabeth, after a severe struggle between her affection for her favourite and her sense of justice, at last consented that he should be brought before the privy council to answer for his mismanagement of the Irish affairs. Essex did not attempt to excuse himself, but made a humble submission to the queen, by which he hoped to restore himself to her favour. Elizabeth received his contrite messages with great complacency; but when he applied to her for a renewal of a grant she had formerly given him, she refused him, saying, that "an ungovernable beast must be stinted in his provender." These contemptuous expressions so stung the proud heart of Essex, that the violence of temper which he had with difficulty restrained now broke loose. He declared, in his rage, "that the queen, now that she was an old woman, was as crooked in her mind as in her person;" which words being repeated to Elizabeth incensed her more against him than any former part of his conduct had done.

Essex now did, indeed, show himself to be that ungovernable animal the queen had called him. and was so completely driven

mad by his passion, that he thought he could overturn the government. He entered into a treasonable correspondence with the king of Scotland; but his want of secrecy and caution made him a bad conductor of a plot. His scheme was discovered; and on this, furious with rage, he rushed into the streets, and made a wild attempt to raise a mob amongst the populace. But, though the citizens were much attached to him, they were afraid or unwilling to join him. Hearing himself proclaimed a traitor, and the streets being presently barricaded against him, so that he could not advance, he fled towards the river. and getting into a boat, went back by water to Essex House. There he was seized and conveyed to the Tower. His trial soon followed, and his guilt was too clear to give the queen the least pretext for granting him a pardon. Still her former tenderness, and her late resentment, kept her in a most pitiable state during the painful interval which elapsed between signing his death-warrant and his execution.

It appears that the queen, aware of his impetuous temper, and how little guard he had over himself, had formerly given him a ring, telling him that, whatever disgrace he might afterwards fall into, she would promise him, on receiving again that ring, to give him a favourable hearing, This pledge she had fully expected to receive at this juncture of his fate, and she attributed to sturdiness and obstinacy his not sending it. And when she had given him as she thought ample time for repentance, and yet there came not the important ring, she no longer delayed his execution, which took place February 25, 1601.

For a time her feelings of resentment supported her under the loss of her favourite. But this consolation, such as it was, was taken from her when, about two years after the death of Essex, the countess of Nottingham, being on her death-bed, besought the queen to come to her, as she had something to reveal. She then confessed that Essex had entrusted her with the ring to restore it to her majesty, but that she had been prevailed on by her husband to withhold it. Elizabeth, in an agony of grief at this disclosure, shook the dying countess in her bed, and said that "God might forgive her, but she never could." She then broke from her, and when she regained her own apartments, threw herself on the floor, and gave herself up to the most incurable melancholy.

For ten days and nights she lay on the ground supported by cushions. She refused to go to bed, or to take anything that her physicians prescribed. Her end visibly approaching, her attendants requested her to appoint her successor. Some authors say she actually named the king of Scotland. Others say that when he was named to her, she raised her hand to her head, which her ministers were willing to interpret into a sign of consent. When she grew too weak to make resistance, she was laid in her bed. In the

evening of the last day of her life, the archbishop of Canterbury came to pray by her; and when after some hours he left off from weariness, she made a sign to him to go on, and did so every time he ceased to speak. This lasted till towards four o'clock in the morning, when her attendants perceived that she had ceased to breathe. She died March 24, 1603, in the 70th year of her age and the 45th of her reign.

Although Elizabeth preserved the internal tranquillity of the kingdom unbroken during the whole of her long reign, yet the perpetual warfare she carried on with Philip, together with the occasional assistance she gave to the Protestants in France, kept up a military spirit among her subjects. She chose her admirals far more fortunately and more judiciously than she did her generals, and consequently her expeditions by sea were in general much more successful than those which she attempted by land. Leicester and Essex commonly lost more by their rashness and mismanagement than the troops could gain by their intrepidity. In an expedition to the Low Countries, under the conduct of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the siege of Zutphen, in September, 1586. He was considered the most accomplished gentleman in England; and the sorrow for his death was great, both in the court and the city.

Elizabeth outlived her great enemy the king of Spain five years.

The trade of England would have increased greatly in this reign had not the activity and industry of the merchants been fettered by the patents and monopolies which Elizabeth used to give to her courtiers and favourites.

The Protestants, though their religion was now established, were yet unfortunately divided amongst themselves. Many who had been exiled in the reign of Mary had found refuge at Geneva, and had there learned the severe doctrine of Calvin, the Swiss reformer. These persons, when they returned to England on the accession of Elizabeth, were much shocked to find that she retained, not only many of the prayers, but also many of the outward observances of the Romish Church. These *Puritans*—for so they were called on account of their affecting a rigid and sanctimonious way of life—laid a most serious stress on many minute trifles. They scrupled, amongst other things, to perform the service of the church in a surplice, and many of the puritan clergy refused benefices rather than be guilty of what they considered so great an impiety. The respective merits of square and of round caps were made another subject of furious contention, the Puritans deeming square caps like those still worn by the students at the universities to be a sinful remnant of Popery. The queen, suspecting that the objections thus raised were, in fact, directed against her supreme authority, was during her whole reign constantly on the watch to keep down the Puritans,

and they, on their side, were as constantly seizing every opportunity to advance their cause. Their attempts to obtain favour with the queen were altogether fruitless; but still their public preachings and private exhortations had a visible effect on the manners of the age, particularly in regard to the employment of the Sunday, which, by their example, began universally to be observed with seriousness, instead of being made, as heretofore, a day of pastime, and often of excess.

In the fifth year of this reign was enacted the first compulsory law for the relief of the poor, which is the foundation of our present poor-laws; and by another act, passed in 1601, the system, as we now have it,[1] was nearly completed.

A trade between this country and Turkey was begun about the year 1583, owing to the fame of the English queen having reached the ears of the Grand Seigneur, who till then had believed that England was a dependent province of France.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXI.

George. That Grand Seigneur was a stupid fellow, indeed, to think that England belonged to France!

Mrs. Markham. However, I hope you will forgive him, when you hear that he paid our good queen the greatest compliment which a man living under a burning sky could pay. He called her a "fountain of honour," and "a comfortable cloud of rain."

Richard. Ah, poor Elizabeth! it was a melancholy end, for so great a queen to die of a broken heart.

Mrs. M. The character of Elizabeth is a very difficult one to comprehend. She had the courage and understanding of a man, with more than a woman's vanity and weakness. She was attached to her people, and imposed few taxes, and inflicted few punishments; but, nevertheless, she was one of our most arbitrary monarchs, holding the reins of government tight, and being exceedingly tenacious of her prerogative. The House of Commons she treated with the utmost haughtiness, and more than once sent her commands to the members "to avoid long speeches." She was of a gay and lively disposition, and was commonly good-natured and condescending to her courtiers; but she could occasionally give them very sharp and cutting rebukes. She knew very well how to keep up her own dignity. Puttenham says of her, "She is the very image of majesty and magnificence." He goes on to say, "She is accustomed to march with leisure, and with a certain *granditie* rather than gravity, unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heate in the cold weather."

[1] The reader is desired to observe that this history was first published in 1823. The system of poor-laws, which grew up under the acts here mentioned, became productive of great evils, and they were consequently repealed, and a new system established in 1834

Richard. I think the worst thing about Queen Elizabeth was her deceitfulness.

Mrs. M. Deceitfulness is not only one of the *worst* things, or greatest of vices, but also one of the most *foolish* things possible in all who are guilty of it. Elizabeth thought, I suppose, that dissimulation was wisdom; but it often brought her into great dilemmas, and she might have found, many a time, that honesty is the best policy.

Mary. That Lord Essex seemed honest enough, and yet it did not do him much good.

Mrs. M. He was not so much an honest as he was a self-confident and wilful man, and one who affected to be above caring for the opinion of others. He was, however, brave and generous, and was a great friend to literature and to men of learning. He is described by his secretary, Sir Henry Wotton, as being so little of a coxcomb in his dress that he scarcely knew what he had on. His dressing-room was always filled with friends and suitors, to whom he gave his attention, while his servants dressed him, "with little heed of his own."

Mary. Was there anything odd in that? I thought clever men never troubled themselves much about dress.

Mrs. M. That was not the case in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when dress was made a matter of great importance. Even old Lord Shrewsbury directs some one in London to send him down some new clothes into Yorkshire, and desires the person to whom he intrusts this commission to "talk with the tailor, and devise some jerkin of thin pretty silk, or else one of perfumed leather, with satin sleeves, as the fashion is." The queen herself set the example of wearing costly apparel. She loved to have magnificent clothes, and a great variety of them; and, as she never gave any away, there were found in her wardrobes at her death above three thousand different habits.

Richard. I think her three thousand dresses were to very little purpose; for in every picture of her she looks as if she always wore the same.

Mrs. M. The enormous ruff she is always drawn in gives a general resemblance to all her portraits. The size of the ruffs she herself wore I do not pretend to determine; but she appears to have thought that her subjects might possibly wear them too large. We are told that certain grave persons were appointed to stand at the gates of the city, for the purpose of cutting down every ruff that was more than a yard in depth. These ruffs gave great offence to the Puritans; and a writer of that sect, who made a furious attack, called "The Anatomy of Abuses," on the dress and manners of the times, thinks it an heinous addition to the sinfulness of the ruff, that it was so *clogged* and *pestered* with needlework. He tells us also

that the lords of the court were very choice about their shirts, which were often made of cambric, with open work down the seams, and often cost ten pounds each, which, he adds, "is horrible to think of." About this time woven stockings were first worn. The queen had a pair of black silk ones presented to her, with which she was so much pleased that she declared she never would wear any cloth ones again.

Mary. Cloth stockings, mamma! They must have been droll-looking things.

Mrs. M. It should appear that knitted stockings had been known from the time of Henry VIII.; one of his wives, I forget which, is mentioned as having had a pair: but they were very scarce; and cloth stockings, laced or buttoned in such a manner as to fit tight, were most generally worn. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, a man of the name of Lee invented a machine for weaving stockings, and set it up with great success in a village near Nottingham; but the stocking-knitters, fearing it would spoil their trade, drove him away. He retired to Paris, where he died of grief and disappointment; his invention, however, did not die with him; and it is a remarkable circumstance that Nottingham should still be the principal place in England where the stocking-manufacture is carried on.

Mary. I think the ladies of those times must have been odd figures, with their ruffs and their long waists.

Mrs. M. The illustration forming the frontispiece will give you a good idea of the dress of the ladies. It is taken from a large picture of Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses to the house of Lord Hunsdon, surrounded by all her court, and borne aloft on the shoulders of her courtiers. She was very fond of travelling about, and visiting her nobles, who were too proud of the honour of these visits to mind being half ruined by the expense of them. Lord Leicester once made for her a most magnificent entertainment at Kenilworth, which lasted several days, and at which invention was racked and distorted to furnish all sorts of recreations. There were stag-huntings, bear-baitings, and pageants of every kind; and to give you some idea of the extraordinary taste of the times, I will show you a representation of the dress in which, to do singular honour to her majesty, some gentleman (I rather think it was George Gascoigne, the poet) disguised himself on that occasion.

Richard. I have heard before of "the princely pleasures of Kenilworth;" but, surely, bear-baiting could not have been thought an amusement proper for a queen.

Mrs. M. Not for a queen in our own time; but in those days it was thought a very pleasing pastime for any fair lady.

Mary. I wonder Elizabeth was so fond of that Lord Leicester, for did you not say, mamma, that he was a very bad man?

Mrs. M. Neither the secrets of his private nor those of his political

life, have ever fully come to light; but he appears to have been a man of an altogether dark and shocking character. It is suspected that the executions of the queen of Scots and the duke of Norfolk were chiefly brought about by his machinations. He is supposed to have caused the death of his first wife, and he disowned his second wife and her infant, who afterwards found much difficulty in regaining his birthright. He was also said to have poisoned Lord Essex (the father of the queen's favourite); and he certainly married Essex's widow, even while his own second wife was living.

Richard. Pray, was not that Sir Philip Sidney famous for something or other?

Mrs. M. He was famous for being the most accomplished and amiable man of his time. When he was lying on the ground, after he had received his mortal wound, his attendants brought him some water to quench his thirst. Just as he was raising it to his lips, he saw a poor wounded soldier, who was lying near him, looking wistfully at the draught. "Take this water to him," said Sir Philip; "his necessity is greater than mine." Sir Philip Sidney was the author of a sort of pastoral romance, called the Arcadia, which was thought very delightful at the time it was published, though to us it appears somewhat dull and tedious. Indeed, in the time of Elizabeth, a conceited, hyperbolical style of writing and speaking was necessary to every one who wished to be thought a fine gentleman. A change had taken place in every respect since the days of Henry VIII., who himself set the example to his courtiers of running, jumping, and wrestling, and all kinds of boisterous sports. Elizabeth's courtiers, out of compliment, I suppose, to their female sovereign, affected a measured behaviour, and quieter recreations. Lord Mountjoy, who is described as being the pattern of what a nobleman ought to be, "delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a pad to take the air, in playing at shovel-board, in fishing in a fish-pond, and in reading play-books."

Richard. Ah, mamma, I think I can guess what play-books he read—I dare say they were Shakspeare's plays.

Mrs M. You may, perhaps, have guessed right; for Shakspeare's early plays were written in the reign of Elizabeth, and were the delight of the court, the town, and the country. These plays were all acted by men and boys (it being then considered a great indecorum for women to act), and in playhouses which were little better than barns; and we are told that, instead of painted scenes to represent the places where the action was supposed to pass, there used to be only a board hung up over the stage with an inscription on it to tell the spectators where they were to suppose the scene to be.

Richard. But now, mamma, will you tell us some more about Queen Elizabeth?

Mrs. M. Notwithstanding her vanity, she was a very clever woman, and had a shrewd and ready wit. Once when the Polish ambassador had said something to displease her, she made him a spirited reply in very good Latin, and, when she had done, she turned about to her courtiers, saying, "I have been forced, my lords, to scour up my Latin, which hath long lain rusting." She possessed a feeling which I conceive to be peculiar to English people, in that her resentment could often be allayed by a joke; and I remember one instance in which one of her jokes, and that but an indifferent one, saved a Dr. Man from a more serious rebuke. Philip of Spain had sent an ambassador of the name of Gusman to Elizabeth, and she in return sent Dr. Man, who conducted the affair (I forget what it was) so ill, that the queen had meditated to bring him to punishment: but happening to say to one of her courtiers that Philip had sent a *Goose*-man (i.e., *Gus*-man) to her, but she had sent a *Man*-goose to him, this conceit diverted her so much, that she let the matter pass, and Dr. Man escaped without any more serious censure.

Mary. Can you recollect nothing more to tell us?

Mrs. M. I recollect that Elizabeth was exceedingly fond of music, and that she herself played "indifferent well" upon several instruments. In her latter years she had a great dread of being thought old; and when she was between sixty and seventy, being desirous to impress the French ambassador with an idea of her youthfulness and gaiety, she contrived, as if by accident, that he should find her dancing a *gaillarde*, a sort of figure-dance, to the music of a little fiddle, which, if I mistake not, she played herself.

George. I wish I had been that French ambassador. It must have been a droll sight.

Mrs. M. I suppose Elizabeth thought there was something royal and stately in loud noises; for when she dined she would have twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums, besides other instruments, all thundering at once in her ears; and when she paraded the streets, she was constantly accompanied by loud music. I remember a description of her going in great state to hear a sermon preached at St. Mary's Cross in the city. Besides a numerous train of lords and ladies, she had a thousand soldiers and ten great cannons dragged after her, with an abundance of drums and trumpets; and besides all these, there was a party of morris-dancers, and two white bears in a cart.

George. What! all to hear the sermon? Do, dear mamma, go on.

Mrs. M. I might go on till midnight if I were to tell you all the odd and entertaining things this long and busy reign might furnish me with.

Richard. Ah, mamma, I know enough about Queen Elizabeth

to know that you have left out a great many things. You have never told us about Sir Walter Raleigh's bringing potatoes from America.

George. And you have not said half enough about Sir Francis Drake and Frobisher, and all those fine old fellows.

Mrs. M. You shall read their lives in the Biographical Dictionary: for here is the tea, and I must leave off.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JAMES I.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1603—1625.

King James I., from a Picture at Hampton Court, and Queen Anne of Denmark.

JAMES was thirty-seven years old when, by the death of Elizabeth, he was raised to the English throne, and thus united the whole island under one sovereign. His character was an odd mixture of sense and folly, which is very difficult to describe. He had a natural shrewdness and sagacity, with a great share of vanity and conceit; and he made even his learning, which was considerable, appear ridiculous by his pedantry and pomposity. With all this he had a great deal of childish simplicity; and there was an openness of temper about him, which, though it might be reckoned a virtue, yet made him quite unfit to control the jealousies which arose between his English and Scotch subjects. He had no enlargement of mind; and, though a good-natured and easy-tempered man, he was a bad politician and an indifferent king.

His person was awkward, and his manners uncouth and without dignity; and these defects, together with his broad Scotch accent, soon made him an object of contempt to those who had been accustomed to the stately majesty of Elizabeth.

James had married Anne, daughter of the king of Denmark, whose person and deportment are described as having been very homely and unprepossessing. They had three children at the time of James's accession. The eldest, Henry, was a fine promising boy of nine years old; the second child was named Elizabeth; and Charles, the youngest, a boy of four years old, was so sickly and rickety, that not one of the ladies of the court liked to take charge of him, fearing lest he should die under her care.

James, though surrounded on his arrival in England by Scotch nobles, all greedy of English honours, still retained many of Elizabeth's ministers in their places. The most distinguished of these was Cecil, Lord Salisbury, second son of the great Lord Burleigh, who possessed much of his father's capacity, but without his integrity.

One of the first acts of the king was to restore the family of Howard, and some others who had suffered in his mother's cause, to their estates and honours.

A conspiracy was soon afterwards formed to place on the throne the Lady Arabella Stuart. This lady was the daughter of a brother of Lord Darnley, the king's father; consequently she was his first cousin, and equally descended with himself from Henry VII. Her mother was an English lady of the Cavendish family, and she had been brought up amongst her mother's relations in great privacy. She was neither qualified nor desirous to be a queen, and was totally ignorant of the conspiracy. The plot was soon discovered, and three persons were executed. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been accused of sharing in it, but whose guilt was not proved, was condemned to death, but reprieved, and afterwards remained in prison many years.

The Roman Catholics had expected great indulgence from James for his mother's sake: but they found, to their great disappointment, that he was no less steady than Elizabeth had been to the cause of the Protestants; and to this disappointment was owing the well-known Gunpowder Plot, which had its first rise in 1604. Catesby and Percy, two Catholic gentlemen, being in conversation on public affairs, Percy, in great heat, said something about assassinating the king. The other replied, that his single death would do them little good, and that they must also get rid of the lords and commons: he then suggested the possibility of laying a train of gunpowder under the parliament-house, which would blow them up all together. Percy approved of the project: it was also agreed to communicate it to a few other persons; and they sent into Flanders in quest of Guy Fawkes, a man of known courage and zeal, then serving in the

Spanish army, who, they knew, would be a daring and useful agent in the execution of their scheme.

This plot was brewing all the spring. In the summer the conspirators hired, in Percy's name, a house adjoining to the house of lords, and began to undermine the wall between the two. After they had carried on their work some time, they learnt that a vault which had been used as a coal-vault, and which was immediately under the house of lords, was to be let. Percy hired it, and secretly placed in it thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, and concealed them with fagots and billets of wood. Everything being now ready, Percy undertook to secure the little prince Charles and carry him him off; but if this should fail, they resolved to get possession of the princess Elizabeth, and proclaim her queen, on the same day on which the king and queen, with their eldest son, were to be present at the opening of the parliament. Thus confident were they of destroying their victims.

This secret, though entrusted to above twenty persons, had been faithfully kept for near a year and a half; during which period the execution was delayed from time to time by the repeated adjournments of parliament; and the bigotry of these men stifled all compunction at the thoughts of destroying so many of their fellow-creatures. A few days before the meeting of parliament Lord Monteagle received the following letter, written in an unknown hand:—"My Lord,—Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation; therefore I advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time: and think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety: for though there is no appearance of any stir, yet I say they will receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter. And I hope God will give you grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

Monteagle knew not what to think of this letter, and showed it to Lord Salisbury, who was not inclined to pay much attention to it, but who, nevertheless, laid it before the king. The king had sagacity enough to perceive, from its serious, earnest style, that something important was meant; and this forewarning of a sudden and terrible blow, yet with the authors concealed, made his suspicions come very near the truth. The day before the meeting of parliament he sent the earl of Suffolk to examine all the vaults under the houses of parliament. In that which was under the house of lords, Suffolk was surprised to see so many piles of wood and fagots, and was also

struck with the dark and mysterious countenance of Guy Fawkes, who was found there, and who called himself Percy's servant. It was then resolved to make a more thorough inspection, and about midnight a magistrate was sent for with proper attendants for that purpose. On turning over the fagots, the barrels of gunpowder were discovered. Fawkes had been seized near the door, and matches and every thing required for setting the train on fire were found upon him. He at first appeared quite undaunted, but his courage afterwards failed him, and he made a full discovery of the plot, and of all the conspirators. Catesby, Percy, and some others hurried into Warwickshire, where one of their confederates, Sir Everard Digby, not doubting but that the expected catastrophe in London had taken place, was already in arms. The country was soon roused against these wretches, who took refuge in one of those fortified houses which were common at that period, and resolved to defend themselves to the last. But the same fate awaited them which they had designed for so many others. Their gunpowder caught fire, and blew up, maiming and destroying several of them. The rest rushed out upon the multitude, and were literally cut to pieces, except a few who were taken alive, and afterwards executed. The king showed more moderation on this occasion than was approved of by his subjects in general, who were wound up to such a pitch of horror at the greatness of the crime which had been attempted, that they would gladly have had every Papist in the kingdom put to death; and they were much displeased that James punished those only who were more immediately concerned in the plot.

When the ferment of this affair was over, James employed himself in an unsuccessful attempt to bring about a union between his two kingdoms; but the parliament of England was so much swayed by old and vulgar prejudices and antipathies against the Scots, that it would agree to nothing, except to annul the hostile laws which had formerly subsisted between the two kingdoms. They would have done well to have followed the example of good sense and candour which James really showed them in his arguments on this point. Argument, indeed, was his delight and his glory. He loved to exhibit his wisdom and learning in long and sometimes sagacious harangues. But this was all he could do: though he could talk, he could not act; he wanted both decision and exertion; and the parliament, soon finding out his weakness, listened to his speeches, but paid no other attention to them, and contrived by degrees to strengthen its own power, and diminish that of the crown: so that, while he was perpetually talking of his kingly prerogative, he gradually lost much of it. His bad management of the finances, and his profuse generosity to his favourites, involved him in great difficulties. Amongst other ways of procuring money, he sold titles

and dignities. The title of baronet, which might be purchased by any bidder for a thousand pounds, was now first created to supply his necessities. The idea was suggested by Lord Salisbury; and this species of hereditary knighthood is, I believe, still quite peculiar to this country.

One of James's greatest follies was an exclusive regard for some one favourite, who was generally chosen for his agreeable exterior. One of these was Robert Carr, a youth of a good Scotch family, but of a neglected education. James undertook to be his tutor, and to teach him Latin. As he grew older the king loaded him with dignities, and finally created him earl of Somerset. This favourite had a sincere and wise friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, who, on his wishing to marry the countess of Essex, strongly advised him against it. The countess, irritated at Overbury on this account, persuaded Somerset to have him put in the Tower, where he was soon afterwards poisoned. Somerset and the countess, the guilty contrivers of his death, then married; but he, being of the two the less hardened in wickedness, sunk into a settled melancholy, and became so dull a companion, that the king, who liked gaiety and cheerfulness, grew weary of him. Some time afterwards, the apothecary's apprentice, who had mixed the poison for Overbury, betrayed the secret. The guilt of Somerset and his wife was discovered, and they, and all who had been accessory to the murder, were tried; the accomplices were hanged, but Somerset and the countess were only banished. They lived many years together, dragging on a miserable life; their former attachment, which had led them into guilt, being turned to the most deadly hate.

In 1612 the earl of Salisbury died. He had been trained in the school of Elizabeth, and was by far the ablest of all James's ministers.

Some months before, the king had lost his eldest son, a prince of the highest promise. He was only in the eighteenth year of his age; but had already shown a spirit and nobleness of character which had greatly endeared him to the English, particularly to many restless and ardent men, who, tired of the peace and inactivity of his father's reign, hoped to signalise themselves by military exploits under a prince of such a martial genius. The prince had conceived a great admiration for Sir Walter Raleigh, and used to say, "Sure no king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage!"—He would have seen, if he had lived a few years longer, that this poor bird was at length permitted to enjoy a short period of liberty.

Thirteen years of imprisonment had subdued Raleigh's pride and haughtiness. The people had forgot that he had been the bitter enemy of their favourite, Lord Essex, and were exceedingly desirous of his liberation. He, to promote that end, and perhaps deceived

by his own hopes, spread a report that he possessed the knowledge of a certain gold-mine in Guiana, which he said he had discovered when he was formerly in that country. James, though suspecting that he made this assertion only in order to procure his freedom, gave him leave to go and try his fortune, but still would not reverse the sentence of death which hung over his head.

Raleigh set sail with several ships, and directed his course to the river Oronooko; but the adventurers who had embarked with him in the hope of sharing in the expected gold-mine were disappointed, and nothing was effected but the destroying of a small Spanish town, in the attack on which Raleigh's son was killed. The object of the expedition having failed, great murmurs arose against the commander and he found himself obliged to return to England. The whole influence of Spain was brought to bear against him; a particular inquiry into his late conduct was instituted, and the king at length ordered the sentence of death which had been formerly passed on him to be put in force; he was beheaded Oct. 20, 1618. This act of cruelty is the greatest blot in James's (in other respects) lenient reign, and caused at the time great indignation amongst the people, who felt that they had lost the only man in the kingdom who had any reputation for valour, or any military experience.

Of all those men of brilliant talents who had encompassed the throne of Elizabeth, there was now only one left. This was Lord Bacon, whose advancement had in the late reign been always opposed by Lord Burleigh, who assured Elizabeth that though he was a man of extraordinary genius, his head was filled with philosophy, and not with political knowledge. James raised him to the chancellorship, and his misconduct in that high post fully justified the sagacious Burleigh's opinion. He was proved, if not to have taken bribes himself, at least to have connived at his officers taking them; and being impeached on this heavy charge, in the year 1621, and pleading guilty, he was dismissed from his office of chancellor, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. Serious and lamentable as his fault was, it is satisfactory, in the case of so great a man, to be able to add that there are some palliations of it. His profuse habits and his easy temper, not any spirit of rapacity or corruption, appeared to have been the chief causes that led to it, and he has never been reproached with having been tempted by money to make any unjust decision. James, in consideration of his many merits, soon released him from prison, remitting the fine, and all the other parts of his sentence. He survived his disgrace five years, during which time he employed himself in prosecuting those philosophical studies in which he was naturally fitted to excel, and in which he has attained a higher and juster reputation than, perhaps, any other writer of any age or country.

In 1619 James was strongly solicited to engage in a war for the upport of the elector palatine, who had married his daughter, and had been made king of Bohemia by the free choice of the people of that country, who had revolted from the emperor of Germany, and thus commenced the terrible and desolating war, known in history as the Thirty Years' War. The elector's reign was of short duration, for his troops were defeated by the Austrians at the battle of the White Hill, near Prague, in 1620, and he thus lost not only his newly-acquired kingdom, but also his hereditary principality, and was driven with his family to take refuge in Holland. He made many efforts to regain the palatinate, and was assisted by the free services of a few valiant Englishmen; but he in vain solicited support from his father-in-law, whose reluctance to engage in a war was so great that he refused to assist him in any other way than by entering into treaties and negotiations with other princes of Europe in his behalf. These took up a great deal of time, without producing any advantage.

One of James's schemes was, to obtain the restoration of the elector through the intervention of the king of Spain, with whom he had entered into a treaty for a marriage between the infanta and the prince of Wales. The thoughts of this marriage were exceedingly disagreeable to the English people, who had not forgot all that the nation had formerly suffered from a Spanish match; but James was determined on it, and in this determination he was greatly encouraged by George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, who had been for some time his exclusive favourite. The duke, to gratify some fancy of his own, possessed the prince with the desire to undertake a romantic journey into Spain to see the princess and win her regard. It was with great difficulty that the king could be persuaded to give his consent to this project. At last, overpowered by importunity, he agreed, against his own judgment, to permit the departure of his son and Buckingham. To the latter he gave many charges to take care of "baby Charles," as he was accustomed to call the prince, though then arrived at his twenty-second year. It was proposed to travel with great privacy, and that only Sir Francis Cottington and two others should accompany them.

Cottington, who was a prudent man, and had resided some years in Spain, was then called into the king's bedchamber, where the matter had thus been agreed upon. He, on being informed of the scheme, made many objections against the prince's undertaking such a journey. This plunged the king into the utmost distress, and throwing himself upon the bed, he broke forth into bitter lamentations, exclaiming that "he was undone, and should lose baby Charles!"—The prince and duke, however, persisting in their plan, left England disguised and undiscovered. In their way through

Paris, they went incognito to a court-ball, where Charles first saw the French princess Henrietta Maria, whom he afterwards married. When Charles arrived at Madrid, he made himself and his errand known. The king of Spain treated him with great respect; but, whether it was that Charles did not like the Spanish princess so well as the beautiful sister of the king of France, or whether Buckingham, who thought himself slighted by the punctilious Spaniards, to whom his insolent familiarity of manners was highly offensive, persuaded him to abandon the suit, it is certain that, after an absence of some months, they returned to England wholly unwilling to pursue the treaty into which James had entered. They accordingly persuaded him to break it off, and to enter into another treaty with France for the marriage of the Princess Henrietta Maria; and this at last he very unwillingly did.

James, finding all his attempts at an end to obtain assistance for his son-in-law by negotiations, at last resolved to pursue more vigorous measures, and embarked a body of troops for his succour, which were to act under Count Mansfeldt, a celebrated German commander; but James had no genius for war, and the expedition was ill-planned, and came to nothing. One half of the soldiers died from too long a confinement on ship-board; and the other half, being too small a body to be of any effectual service, returned to England without being disembarked. This was, I believe, the only warlike enterprise undertaken by England in this pacific reign, with the exception of sending to Holland, a short time before, a body of six thousand men to serve under the command of Maurice, prince of Orange.

While the negotiation was still pending for the marriage of Charles and Henrietta Maria, the king fell ill of an ague. Finding his end approaching, he took an affectionate leave of his son, and died March 27, 1625, in the 59th year of his age, and the 22nd of his reign.

He married Anne, daughter of Frederick II., king of Denmark; she died in 1619. They had three children:—

Henry, died Nov. 6, 1612, in the 18th year of his age;

Charles, who succeeded his father;

Elizabeth, married Frederick, elector palatine and ex-king of Bohemia.

The conduct of James appeared to great advantage in his government of Ireland, which he found, at his coming to the crown, in a very disordered state. He endeavoured to civilise the inhabitants, and to reconcile them to laws and industry; he abolished many remains of barbarism, and established English laws in that country; he declared the people free; and by setting to work on a steady, well-concerted plan of regular government, he did more in nine

years to ameliorate the condition of that island than had been done previously in the four centuries during which it had been subject to the English yoke.[1]

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXII.

Richard. I don't see why James should be called such a silly king: I think he often showed very good sense.

Mrs. Markham. I believe he had a pompous, conceited manner, that made him appear less sensible than he really was; for on many occasions he certainly showed great sagacity, and it is but fair that we should make many allowances for the prejudices of his English subjects, who had a national dislike to the Scots. And the want of refinement and dignity both in James and his queen must have made them appear to very great disadvantage after Elizabeth; for Elizabeth, even in her most condescending moments, was still a queen, and a stately one too. The rude and unpolished manners of the court of James were a source of continual disgust to the old courtiers. Indeed, James hated pomp and parade, and used to discourage all who had no particular business at the court from coming to it. He used to say to the country gentlemen, "At London you are like ships in a sea, you look like nothing; but in your country villages you are like ships in rivers, which look like great things." He expressed also the same opinion in parliament, in one of those homely similes he was fond of:—"Therefore," said he, "as every fish lives in his own place, some in the fresh, some in the salt, some in mud; so let every one live in his own place, some at court, some in the city, some in the country."

George. Then, as James did not like company, I suppose he was fond of reading, and things of that sort?

Mrs. M. He read much, but it was chiefly on controversial subjects: he also wrote a great deal. One of his books was on the duty of a king; but I fancy his works are more valued for their curiosity than for their merit. Next to controversy, the thing he loved best in the world was hunting; and he carried it to such a violent extreme, that he led his poor courtiers, who were not equally fond of it, a weary life. One of them, in a letter that has been preserved, makes heavy complaints of being obliged to ride with him, in heat and cold, dry and rain, from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, in full career, from the death of one hare to that of another. James built a small hunting-palace at Newmarket, and established horse-races there, the first, I believe, that were known in England. He had also another hunting-seat at Royston; and when he and his attendants were there, they con-

[1] It was at this time that Belfast and other Scottish settlements in the north of Ireland were founded; but the transfer of landed property from native hands which these proceedings involved did not tend to allay Irish discontent and disaffection.

sumed all the provisions in the place, and made such a bustle, that the quiet inhabitants of the town did not at all like these visitations. The same poor courtier who complained so grievously of being dragged after the hounds tells us that, in one of these *hunting bouts*, Jowler, the king's favourite hound, was one morning missing. The king was exceedingly vexed at his loss; but the next day Jowler reappeared, with a paper tied to his collar, on which were written these words:—"Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us), that it will please his majesty to go back to London, or else the country will be undone: all our provision is spent, and we are not able to entertain him longer."

George. Was not the king very angry?

Mrs. M. I suppose not *very* angry, since the writer adds, that the matter was treated as "a reasonable pretty jest."

Mary. I think it was very clever in the king to find out the secret meaning of that letter about the gunpowder plot. Do you know who wrote the letter?

Mrs. M. It has been supposed to have been written by Sir Henry Percy, Monteagle's dearest friend; but some think that it was written by Monteagle's sister, whose husband was one of the conspirators.

George. The worst part of the gunpowder plot was its being such a cowardly contrivance. It served Guy Fawkes right to catch him just at the door.

Mrs. M. I dare say that you, and every other boy in England, think you are doing your country a service to burn him in effigy every fifth of November? But I must take the part of Guy Fawkes, so far as to say that I think you use him very ill to make his image such a bundle of rags as you commonly do. We are told that during his trial and imprisonment the real Guy Fawkes was always richly apparelled, to the great scandal of the people. Some, it is said, were especially indignant at him for "taking tobacco out of measure;" tobacco being then a novelty, and considered, I suppose, too great a luxury for a traitor.

George. Well, then, mamma, if nobody will give me a fine coat for my next Guy Fawkes, I promise you he shall, at least, have his tobacco-pipe as well as his dark lantern. But did gentlemen use to smoke at that time?

Mrs. M. Smoking was then just coming into fashion, but it was never introduced at court, the king having a great dislike to the smell of it. He used to say he had no notion of men's making chimneys of their mouths.

George. That old king seems to have said a great many comical things. Can you recollect any more of his sayings?

Mrs. M. James's jokes were often but very dull. I will, however, give you one of them by way of specimen. A gentleman of the name of Lumley was boasting to him of the great antiquity of his family. "Hoot, man," exclaimed the king, in his broad Scotch, "I did nae ken that Adam was a younger son of the Lumley family."—Though we are very apt to ridicule James for his folly and pedantry, we ought not to forget that we owe him one obligation, which it would be very ungrateful not to remember.

Mary. What is that?

Mrs. M. It is, that to him we are indebted for the excellent translation of the Bible now in use. Cranmer's Bible, having been made from very defective Latin translations, was in many places not faithful to the original. James, therefore, employed some very learned men to make a translation from the original languages,—the Old Testament, you know, being in the Hebrew, and the New Testament in the Greek language. Nearly fifty persons were employed about it, and were four years in completing it. The excellence of the translation is universally acknowledged; and though, in consequence of the changes which our forms of speech have since undergone, many expressions in it may now appear unrefined or homely, its general effect is far more impressive than that of a more polished translation would be.

Richard. I am sure, mamma, that I like the Bible better, and I dare say the poor understand it better, as it is, than they would if it were written in fine language, like modern books.

George. Last Sunday I saw the old clerk going to ring the bell for prayers, so I went with him into the church, and he showed me a large old Bible, which he said was English, but I could not read one word of it.

Mrs. M. Because it is printed in the old German character, or black letter.

Mary. But how came English books to be printed in the German character?

Mrs. M. When Caxton brought the art of printing from Germany, he brought with him the types used in that country; and from these, and similar types, all English books were, I believe, printed, till the reign of James I., when the Roman character (the one now employed) was adopted, and soon entirely superseded the use of the old black letter,

George. I should think the soldiers and sailors must have forgot how to fight under that peace-loving king James.

Mrs. M. The soldiers led idle lives, but the sailors were not without employment. The increase of trade and commerce, and the frequent voyages to America, gave them something to do; and in this reign may be dated the establishment of the first English

colonies in America. James also took great pride in his navy, and built many large ships.

George. Then, instead of "the golden days of good Queen Bess," we should talk of the golden days of good King James.

Mrs. M. Many of the improvements that had been introduced in the days of Queen Bess, as you call her, were now become common. Among these was that of bringing coaches into general use. The first coach we read of as used in England is one that Lord Arundel had in 1580; but in the reign of James there were even hackney coaches; to be sure, these early coaches deserved to have been called waggons, for they were cumbrous, jolting vehicles, and so capacious as to hold eight persons commodiously.

Mary. How were they all packed?

Mrs. M. Six persons, three on each seat, sat opposite to one another; and two others sat back to back on two stools that faced the two doors. Sedan-chairs were brought into England in this reign, and first used by the duke of Buckingham, to the great scandal of the good people, who thought it degrading to men to make them do the work of horses.

Richard. In what condition were the poor people at this time?

Mrs. M. Though James's court was a continual scene of discontent and misrule, the mass of the people appear to have lived very comfortably under his reign. By discouraging the thronging of the higher orders to court, he kept many of the principal families of the kingdom quietly at home, where they lived both frugally and usefully amongst their tenantry. There were no expensive wars, and but few taxes. A contemporary writer, speaking of the reign of James I., says, "There is no stock of people in the whole world where men of all conditions live so peaceably, and so plentifully, yea and so safely also, as in England." We are also told that "the houses of farmers were often furnished with a garnish of pewter on the cupboard, three or four feather-beds, with as many coverlets, and carpets of tapestry, a silver salt (salt-cellar), a bowl for wine, and a dozen spoons to furnish out the suit."

Richard. Why, then, the farmers in James's reign were better off than the earls of Henry the Seventh's!

Mrs. M. James himself was probably the poorest man in his dominions. Though not extravagant in his habits, he was always embarrassed, from his extreme ignorance of the value of money, and from his thoughtless profusion to his favourites. The queen also brought great expenses on him, by her excessive passion for masques and all kinds of shows and entertainments.

Mary. Pray, mamma, what were masques?

Mrs. M. They were a kind of plays, generally performed by

ladies and gentlemen in private houses. The queen was passionately fond of performing in these masques, in which the characters had little else to do than to display their fine dresses. On one occasion, she and the ladies of her court performed a masque in the character of Moorish ladies, and had their arms and faces blackened in order to look like Moors, and the effect, as we are told by one of the spectators, was "horribly ugly."

Richard. Can you tell us anything more about that good young prince who died?

Mrs. M. You mean, I suppose, prince Henry? He is always spoken of as a very extraordinary young man. He showed such an early application to his studies, that even at the time when he was seven years old he wrote his father a Latin letter; and, after he grew up, he constantly exercised himself in that language, by corresponding in it with his friend Sir John Harrington. Although he was fond of study, he did not neglect active and manly exercises, in all which he was extraordinarily expert. But what was most admirable in him was his great judgment and discretion, of which, though he died so young, he gave many proofs. When he grew old enough to have a separate establishment, he never would admit any one into his household whom he did not believe to be in all respects deserving of his good opinion. He was himself sincerely religious, and a strict observer of all pious duties. We are told that he kept his numerous household in the most exact order, that a glance of his eye served instead of a command, and that his looks alone had more effect than the sharpest rebukes of other princes. But though he was a strict master, he was a kind one. He was warm and ardent in his friendships, and a great proof of his sense was that his friends were always well chosen. He had great anxiety to know all great and distinguished persons, and he cultivated the correspondence of many learned men, his own countrymen as well as foreigners.

George. How I wish he had lived! he would have made such a glorious king!

Mrs. M. If his after-conduct had corresponded with his early promise, he would indeed have made a glorious king. And yet there was one part of his character which might have occasioned, had he lived, great national evils. This was his ambition of military glory. His mother, because his person had a real or a fancied resemblance to Henry V., used to tell him he was born to conquer France like that hero. He had probably too much good sense to let his understanding be misled by such a foolish prognostic: yet it is certain that he indulged himself in many visionary schemes of future prowess; and he employed persons to take an exact survey of the strength and condition of the fortified places in France. He

also showed great interest in everything relating to sea-affairs, and went several times to Chatham, to examine and learn all he could about shipping. He loved to investigate and thoroughly understand every subject, and was never satisfied unless he could do everything well that he undertook to do. One of the most admirable qualities of this extraordinary young man was his diligence; he never suffered himself to be idle.

Mary. What made him die so young?

Mrs. M. That which has caused the early death of many an ardent, high-spirited youth; a too great confidence in his own health and strength. He brought on a fever by over-fatiguing himself; and when he was so languid from disease that it was a misery to him to move, he would not forego any of his accustomed duties and exercises, till at last he became so ill as to be unable to rise from his bed. The ignorance of his physicians completed what his own imprudence had begun; for, instead of ordering him the proper regimen for a fever, they dosed him with rich cordials till they killed him.

Mary. What became of that lady whom Sir Walter Raleigh wanted to make queen?

Mrs. M. You mean Lady Arabella Stuart, whose story is a very melancholy one. It was her misfortune to be great-great-grand-daughter to Henry VII.; for being, after Mary queen of Scots and her son, nearest in relationship to the throne, she was an object of jealousy to both Elizabeth and James. James, however, when he came to the throne of England, behaved kindly to her as long as she remained unmarried. At last she married a Mr. Seymour. For this offence both Mr. Seymour and she were imprisoned. Though confined in different prisons, they both of them contrived to make their escape at the same time, and hoped to join each other in some place of refuge abroad. Mr. Seymour was so fortunate as to get safely into Flanders; but poor Lady Arabella was retaken in Calais road, and brought back. This renewal of her captivity preyed so much upon her mind as to deprive her of her senses. She never recovered them again, and died in a few years. Some of her letters have been preserved, which show her to have been an amiable woman, naturally of a cheerful temper, and very far from having any ambition to be a queen.

Richard. I cannot exactly make out how she was next heir to the crown.

Mrs. M. The shortest way to explain that to you will be to make a little table of the Tudor family.

HENRY the Seventh's children.

- Henry VIII., father of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth.
- Margaret, married, first, James IV. of Scotland; secondly, Douglas, earl of Angus. She was mother of James V. and of Margaret Douglas.
- Mary, married, first, Louis XII.; secondly, Brandon duke of Suffolk; and was mother of Frances, Lady Dorset.

HENRY the Seventh's grand-children.

- Edward VI.;
- Mary;
- Elizabeth;
- James V., father of Mary queen of Scotland;
- Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry Darnley, and of Charles Stuart, who was father of Lady Arabella Stuart;
- Frances Brandon, married Grey, earl of Dorset, and was mother of Lady Jane Grey, and of two other daughters.

Prince Henry, eldest son of James I. From Drayton's Polyolbion, 1622.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHARLES I.

(PART I.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1625—1642.

Charles I. and his Queen, with Prince Charles and the infant Princess Mary.
From Vandyck's Picture at Windsor.

CHARLES was in the twenty-fifth year of his age when he ascended the throne. His features were regular, and he would have been handsome if it had not been for the melancholy cast of his countenance. His deportment was exceedingly dignified. During the early part of his life it was somewhat ungracious from its too great stateliness and formality; but this wore off as he grew older.

In the morality and regularity of his conduct he set a good example to his court and people: he was moderate in all his habits and his expenses, humane and gentle in his disposition, a man of kind affections, and a most tender husband and father. His mind was highly cultivated, and he had extraordinary talents for reasoning and argument; but through his indecision of character he seldom acted as wisely as he could talk, and was often swayed by the counsels of men of far inferior capacity. His temper was somewhat hasty, but he was generous and forgiving. With all his many fine and good qualities, he had unfortunately imbibed prejudices of education which proved fatal to him as a king. He had too high an idea of his royal prerogative; and with every desire to do right, had not acquired any just perception of the true principles of government or policy.

From the very commencement of the new reign much popular dissatisfaction prevailed, chiefly because the king surrendered himself entirely to the control of Buckingham, who, implacable in his hatreds, fickle in his friendships, imperious and grasping in his desires, was regarded with universal dislike.

The king's marriage with Henrietta Maria, sister to the king of France, was also very displeasing to the people, principally because she was a Papist; their religious feelings were shocked at her being allowed to exercise publicly her own form of worship. She offended the more serious part of the nation by the change which her eloquence and gaiety wrought in the manners of the court; and the Puritans found less to dislike in the homely vulgarity of the late Queen Anne of Denmark than in the grace and beauty of Henrietta.

It was a great error in James, and one into which Charles also fell, to be occupied with abstract speculations, and not to see what passed under his eyes. Thus, while James was writing books on kingly government, he never perceived that the house of commons was no longer that subservient body which it had been in the Tudor reigns, but that it had at last found out its own strength, and, from being the slave of kings, was now able to be their ruler. Charles also had been equally blind to this change, and was not aware of the difficulties which he was bringing on himself by his rash treatment of this great organ of the popular voice. The first year of his reign was spent by him in making attempts to extend his authority, and by the commons in trying to curb it. Provoked by this opposition, Charles hastily dissolved the parliament; and thus the king and the commons parted in mutual disgust and animosity, and, when the new parliament assembled, they met with feelings of suspicion and dislike.

In 1627, Charles, by the persuasion of Buckingham, plunged into a war with France, and sent some troops to the relief of the French Huguenots at Rochelle. Buckingham commanded this expedition, which was ill-planned and unskilfully executed; and in an attempt to land on the Isle of Rhe he was repulsed with great loss.

Another expedition for the relief of Rochelle was fitted out in 1628, and Buckingham went to Portsmouth to survey the preparations. At the same time with the duke a man of the name of Felton arrived there, a Puritan, of a melancholy and enthusiastic turn of mind, who, hearing the universal complaints that were made against the favourite, persuaded himself that he should do his country a service by destroying him. His chief motive, however, was probably that of private resentment, at having been disappointed in his own hopes of promotion in the army. Felton for some days followed the duke like his shadow, but without having any opportunity to effect his purpose. At last, as Buckingham was passing through a doorway, and turning to speak to Sir Thomas Fryer, who was following him

an arm was suddenly stretched over Sir Thomas's shoulder, which struck a knife into the duke's breast. All this passed in an instant No one saw the blow, nor the person who gave it; but the standers by heard Buckingham exclaim, "The villain has killed me!" and saw him pull the knife from the wound, and fall dead at their feet.

The confusion and alarm at this moment were very great, and every one rushed forward in search of the murderer; but he could not be found. A hat only was picked up, in which a paper was pinned, containing some writing and part of a prayer, which fully proved the hat to have belonged to the assassin. Soon afterwards a man was seen walking near the house without his hat. This man was immediately known to be Felton, and, hearing the people exclaim, "This must be the fellow who has killed the duke!" he calmly said, "I am he." It appears that he had tied up his horse in some place near, and after the murder was perpetrated he had rushed out, intending to ride off; but the agitation and confusion of his mind were such, that he could not recollect the spot where he had left his horse. He had been wandering about in search of it till his steps unconsciously brought him back to the very place from which he was trying to fly. He was rescued with some difficulty from the violence of the bystanders, who would have put him to death with their swords. He was afterwards tried and executed.

After the death of Buckingham, Charles placed his chief confidence in Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, and in Laud, archbishop of Canterbury. The first was a man of great talents and of a strong and unbending mind, but, unfortunately for himself and his master, his political opinions would have better suited the despotic times of Henry VIII. than the reign in which he was placed. Laud's character was no less ill adapted than Strafford's to reconcile the wavering minds of those who were beginning to fall off from the established church and government. He had an overweening opinion of the rights and claims of the ecclesiastical order, and gave great offence to the Puritans, who accused him of introducing into the church service some of the ceremonies of the Romish religion. He was, however, a man of eminent parts, and of great real zeal for Christianity.

In order to raise money for the expeditions to Rochelle, Charles had resorted to the system of forced loans, compelling rich people to lend him money whether they liked it or not. The troops that had been raised had also been unceremoniously billeted on private persons, and any offence with which a soldier might be charged was tried by a commission of martial law, and not before the magistrates. These things caused great discontent; and a famous statute was brought into parliament to put an end to them in 1628, called the Petition of Right, to which the king, though very reluctantly, had to give his assent.

The supplies which the parliament had granted since Charles's accession had been both scanty and grudgingly given; and the late king, by his unthrifty management, had left the treasury in such an exhausted state, that his son, though frugal and regular, soon found himself greatly embarrassed, and wanted money to defray the necessary expenses of the government. He had been provoked by the unbending sturdiness of the Commons, to dissolve the parliament a second time, in March, 1629, and he now declared a determination to govern without one: but he was no gainer by this imprudent step, for his necessities soon drove him to procure money by many arbitrary and offensive means. The exactions of the Star Chamber were enforced with great severity. A duty called tonnage and poundage, which had been heretofore given to the reigning monarch as an especial grant from the parliament, he took upon him to levy on his own authority. He also imposed a tax called ship-money, for the express purpose of maintaining the navy. But though the money was employed for the purpose for which it was demanded, and the navy put into a more serviceable condition than it had long been in, still, as it was considered an illegal tax, the people were highly irritated at its being levied.

Charles, either from the bad advice of his counsellors, or from the too high opinion he entertained of his own prerogative, did many wrong and impolitic things in this part of his reign; but he had received great provocation from his parliaments, who from the very beginning of his reign showed a determined spirit of opposition to him, and misconstrued all his actions to his disadvantage. At those times when the hastiness of his temper drove him into acts of impetuosity they called him tyrannical; and when his candour and goodness of heart brought him to see and acknowledge his error, as he often did, they then represented him as weak and pusillanimous, and were encouraged to press their claims, and drive him to extremities.

Things were in this state in England, when Charles, with an indiscreet zeal, tried to introduce episcopacy, with the liturgy of the Church of England, into Scotland; but the Scots, instead of submitting to change their own presbyterian form of worship, drew up a protestation, binding themselves to resist all religious innovation. This protestation they called the Covenant, and every person, from one end of Scotland to the other, was required to sign it. A number of these covenanters next formed themselves into an army, and, placing themselves under the command of the earl of Argyle, seized on some of the king's castles, and hastily fortified the town of Leith. All ranks were so much inflamed by party zeal, that even ladies were seen mixing with the lowest rabble, carrying loads upon their shoulders, and assisting to complete the fortifications.

The king, to quell these disturbances, marched an army to Berwick, and negociations were begun between him and the cove-

nanters. Charles's visible unwillingness to make his native land, to which he was much attached, a scene of bloodshed, only served to encourage the Scots in their stiff, unyielding spirit. He was soon obliged to disband his troops for want of money to continue their pay, and he made many concessions to the Scots to induce them to return to their homes in peace. This they pretended to do, but they soon after appeared again in arms; and, in 1640, Charles found himself in such a distressed condition, that, after an interval of eleven years, he once more summoned a parliament, in hopes it would grant him some assistance. But, as soon as the Commons met, in April 1640, instead of paying any attention to the king's necessities, they at once entered on their own grievances.

This parliament, after it had sat about three weeks, the king, in a moment of irritation, dissolved. His necessities were now so great, that he was obliged to borrow money of his ministers and courtiers. With difficulty he raised a body of troops, which he sent against the Scots, who were near Newcastle. The two armies met at Newburn on the 27th August, and Charles's troops were defeated. He was thus reduced to greater difficulties than ever, and, as a last resource, once more summoned a parliament. This was the famous Long Parliament; it met on the 3rd November, 1640.

The late events had not tended to put the Commons in better humour with the king or his ministers; and their first measure was to impeach Strafford, who was more particularly obnoxious to the Puritan party, because he had himself formerly belonged to it. Pym, a Puritan and an active leader in the house, had once said to him, "You have left us, but we will not leave you while your head is on your shoulders." And so well was this word remembered and kept, that he was brought to trial and condemned to death, although he made an excellent defence, which Whitelock, in his Memorials, gives at length; and adds, "Certainly never any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than this great and excellent person did."

The king, knowing that Strafford's greatest fault in the eyes of the people was his attachment and faithfulness to himself, could not at first bring himself to assent to the bill of attainder passed against him, although the queen and some of his other advisers besought him to make this sacrifice to the public outcry. Juxon, bishop of London, alone advised him by no means to assent to the bill, if his conscience did not approve of it. Strafford himself wrote to the king, entreating him, for the sake of public peace, no longer to defer his assent to it, and ended his letter thus:—"My consent will more acquit you to God than all the world can do besides. To you I can resign the life of this world with all imaginable cheer-

fulness." He perhaps thought that this letter would rather plead for his life than against it; and he seemed greatly surprised, and for the moment overcome, when he was informed that the king had actually consented to his execution. But he might have pitied rather than have blamed his sovereign, could he have known how much present grief and after remorse he endured, from allowing his consent to the death of his faithful friend and servant to be thus extorted from him. Indeed, none of Charles's own sufferings ever gave him so severe a pang. Unwilling to give a personal assent to the bill which deprived him of his valued servant, he had commissioned four lords to sign it; and he afterwards sent a letter to the peers, entreating them to confer with the Commons for a mitigation of the sentence, or at least to obtain some delay. But the enemies of Strafford were inexorable. He was executed May 12, 1641; and though the proceedings which led to his death had been far more violent and inexcusable than any act which the king had committed, yet they were passed over without much public censure.

A little before Strafford's death it had been resolved by the parliament to impeach Archbishop Laud; and he was in consequence imprisoned on a charge of high treason. He was detained three years before he was brought to trial. The parliament confiscated his property, and, notwithstanding his age, he was treated with great indignity, and his imprisonment made as uncomfortable as possible. Even the papers which he had prepared for his defence were taken from him.

While Strafford's fate was pending, and the king's mind was in a state of great agitation, a bill was brought him, the purport of which was, that the parliament should not be dissolved, prorogued, or adjourned, without its own consent. To this the king assented, without considering what he was doing, so totally was he absorbed in grief; and by this thoughtless act he completely fettered himself.

The next use which the parliament made of its power was more commendable. It abolished the oppressive court of the Star Chamber, and redressed some other grievances.

The king, for some months after these events, remained quite passive, either because he found that all resistance to the parliament would be wholly vain, or because his mind had not recovered from the shock it had received from Strafford's death, and was on that account incapable of exertion. Towards the end of the year he began to occupy himself with the affairs of Scotland, and went there in hopes to pacify the discontents of the people by yielding to all their wishes. While the king was thus employed, a dangerous rebellion broke out in Ireland, so that factions, cabals, and insurrections surrounded him at once on all sides.

The disturbances in Ireland had been begun by Roger More, an Irish gentleman, whose object was to expel the English from that

island: but the flame of rebellion, being once lighted, raged more furiously than he had intended; and the Irish suddenly rose upon the unsuspecting English, and massacred, without distinction of sex or age, all but the few who could take refuge in Dublin. Shocked at these enormities, and finding himself unable to stem the fury of the rebellion he had raised, More abandoned his country, and retired into Flanders.

Charles, in this emergency, was obliged to have recourse to the English parliament, who raised money and collected ammunition on pretence of the Irish service, but in fact kept the whole supply in reserve at home, in order to employ it against the king, in determined opposition to whose authority many parties of very different principles were now united. One party was composed of men of moderate views, who, on account of the abuses of the royal prerogative which had taken place, thought it necessary to use strong measures to check the encroachments of arbitrary power. The party of the Puritans aimed at more than this, and insisted also on the destruction of the hierarchy. Republican principles had also arisen, which sought the overthrow of the monarchy as well as of the established church.

It will be imposible to enter into every particular of the unhappy differences between the king and the Commons. Each party becoming more and more incensed, and things being likely to proceed to extremities, the king withdrew in 1642 to York, taking with him his two eldest sons, Charles and James. Here the chief nobility and gentry of the kingdom flocked to him, offering their services, and expressing their duty and attachment: for, now that it was become an open quarrel, many who had shown a disapprobation of his former measures condemned the violence of the parliament, and took part with the king. The peers, with the exception of Lord Essex and a few others, adhered to the king; while the Puritans took the side of the parliament. The royalists, to show their contempt of the opposite party, and in ridicule of the formality of the close cropped hair of the Puritans, gave them the name of *roundheads;* while, they, on their side, gave to the royalists the titles of *cavaliers* and *malignants.*

It was now apparent that a civil war was inevitable; but each party hung back from commencing hostilities, in the hope that the other would incur the blame of being the first to draw the sword. At last, the king, having been refused admittance into the town of Hull by Sir John Hotham, the governor, felt himself driven to the necessity of taking active measures; and on August 22, 1642, he erected his royal standard at Nottingham.

The next six years of our history comprise such an eventful period, that it would take us too long to proceed with it now. I will, therefore reserve the remainder of this reign to another chapter.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXIII.

George. Ah! mamma, I fear things afterwards went on very ill with that poor king.

Richard. He should not have done so many wrong and foolish things. His dissolving the parliament every time he was angry with it was very silly.

Mrs. Markham. I fear the temper of the times was such, that the very best and wisest king that ever reigned would have found some difficulty in maintaining himself on his throne.

George. I don't think the parliament would have dared to have been so provoking to Queen Elizabeth. She knew how to keep them in order.

Mrs. M. She certainly, as you say, kept people in order, and this was chiefly because she had that decision of character which Charles wanted, and without which no ruler can govern the multitude. Yet Charles was a sufferer by her conduct. Much of the subsequent discontent was owing to her having made stretches of prerogative, which, though they were at once unjust and impolitic, yet were unfortunately considered by Charles as being natural rights of the crown, which he could not fairly be expected to abandon.

George. Was that a picture of King Charles's Lord Strafford which we saw last summer in Yorkshire?

Mrs. M. It was; if you mean a large picture we saw at Lord Fitzwilliam's of a dignified-looking man, with a dark, stern countenance and piercing eyes, dictating to a secretary who is writing at a table. The picture is by Vandyck, one of the most excellent of all portrait-painters.

Mary. Was he an Englishman?

Mrs. M. No; he was a native of Antwerp, and was invited here by Charles I., and painted many of the most distinguished personages of the court. All his portraits are remarkable for their extraordinary grace and elegance; but whether that was owing to the skill of the painter, or that he was fortunate in those who sat to him, is more than I can pretend to tell you. Charles was an admirer of paintings, and was also a good judge of them, and had made the finest collection of pictures at that time in Europe.

Richard. Can it be seen now?

Mrs. M. No; at his death it was dispersed.

George. I am sorry for that; for there is nothing I like so much as the seeing collections of pictures, and collections of curiosities, and those kinds of things.

Mrs. M. The earliest museum, or collection of curiosities, known in England, was made in this reign, by John Tradescant, the king's gardener.

George. I should like to see what were thought curiosities two hundred years ago.

Mrs. M. That you may easily do when you go to Oxford; for old Tradescant's collection, at least the greater part of it, is preserved there in the Ashmolean museum. Several years ago, a *living* curiosity of this reign was to be seen in the gardens of Lambeth Palace. It was a tortoise which had belonged to Archbishop Laud, and which lived till 1753, when it was killed by an accident.

Richard. Poor tortoise! I wish it had lived long enough for me to see it.

Mrs. M. Laud's ill-timed zeal was most prejudicial to the king, and encouraged him in all those arbitrary notions which he was but too ready to indulge, and which often led him into acts of imprudence that greatly irritated the public mind. To give you an example of the extreme severity which was at that time used even on the most trifling occasions, I will tell you a story I have read of a citizen who quarrelled with some nobleman's servant. The servant showing his master's badge, which happened to be a swan, upon his sleeve, the other replied, "He did not care for that goose." For these words he was summoned before the Star Chamber, and severely fined for having insulted a nobleman's crest, by calling a swan a goose.

Mary. There was some poor princess you told us of in King James's reign, who was driven from her kingdom. What became of her?

Mrs. M. You mean James's daughter, whose husband, the elector palatine, was, as I have already told you, chosen king of Bohemia, and afterwards lost both that kingdom and his own principality, and took refuge with his family in Holland. The eldest son was drowned by accident in one of the canals in Holland. Their next, I think his name was Charles, came over to England, and taking the popular side, sat very contentedly in parliament, while his two brothers, Maurice and Rupert, were fighting in the king's army. Prince Rupert would have done the king signal service, if his rashness had not commonly counteracted all the effects of his invincible bravery. He lived to be a very old man, and devoted himself in his latter years to the study of chemistry. He was the inventor of the kind of engraving called mezzotinto. It is said that he was led to the discovery by observing the effect of rust on an old gun which one of his soldiers was cleaning. Rupert and his brothers died without children; but they had a sister, Sophia, who married the elector of Hanover, and when all the unfortunate family of Stuart were either dead or exiled, her son was placed on the throne of England, and was our king George I.

Mary. But, mamma, you have not yet told us what became of the princess!

Mrs. M. Although her husband had lost the kingdom of Bohemia, she still retained the title of queen. After she became a widow, she

privately married Lord Craven, a nobleman who seems to have had more of the knight-errant about him than any one else since the days of the Black Prince. He had early attached himself to the cause of the elector palatine, and in all the battles which were fought to regain the palatinate displayed the enthusiasm and bravery of an ancient hero. His devotedness to the queen was most romantic. The house in which he lived, near Drury-lane, is now a public-house; and, either in honour or in derision of his passion for her, had not long since, and perhaps still has, the sign of the queen of Bohemia's head.

Richard. I hope, to-morrow, you will give us the history of the war between Charles and the parliament. The king, I know, was at the head of his own party: but pray who was at the head of the other?

Mrs. M. It will not be very easy to say who was the head, when there were so many leaders. It may not, however, be amiss to give you some account of those who were most distinguished. Pym and Hampden were two of the most active speakers in the house, and they were, perhaps, the persons who chiefly excited the people against the king. Hampden was a man of great abilities, of good private character, and there is no doubt but that he acted from conscientious motives. Sir Henry Vane was another promoter of the popular cause, and had first engaged in it to gratify a private pique against Lord Strafford. He was a man of quick parts, but of no principle. He entangled himself much in theological discussions, and was the founder of a very fanatical sect among the Puritans who called themselves *Seekers*.

One of the most respectable of the parliamentarians was Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, a man of great moderation and integrity, who took an active part in politics, and wrote some memorials of his own times, which are more useful than amusing, being little more than a daily journal of events.

Perhaps I ought not to pass by John Lilburn, a violent-tempered, turbulent man, memorable for having attacked all parties by turns in very abusive writings and harangues, and for having been persecuted by them all!

Richard. But, mamma, you have forgot Oliver Cromwell! I thought he had been the greatest man of them all!

Mrs. M. So he was afterwards; but at the beginning of the civil commotions he was rather a follower than a leader of faction. He was born at Huntingdon, and of the younger branch of a good family. There is a curious story told of a narrow escape he had when an infant, from the mischievous tricks of a monkey.

Mary. Pray, mamma, will you tell us the story?

Mrs. M. He had been taken by his father and mother to his grandfather's, old Sir Henry Cromwell's, at Hitchinbroke; and while his nurse was out of the way, a great monkey which was allowed to

run loose about the house, snatched him out of the cradle, and ran with him to the roof of the house, where it was seen dancing about with the child in its arms, to the great terror of the whole family, particularly, as you may suppose, of his father and mother. It was impossible to attempt to catch the animal; the only thing that could be done was to place feather-beds and carpets all round the house, for the child to fall on in case the monkey should let him drop. However, after some time, the creature returned down into the house, by the way it had got up, and brought the child back in safety. Cromwell, from a boy, was remarkable for bodily and intellectual vigour. He first applied himself to the law; but it was too sedentary a study to suit his active disposition. He then took a farm near St. Ives; but, turning Puritan, distinguished himself more as a preacher and expounder of Scripture than as a farmer. He was first in parliament in 1628, and was a warm opposer of the crown. Finding his circumstances much impaired, he agreed with Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Hampden, and some other disaffected persons, to leave England, and establish a settlement in America on republican principles. They and their families were already embarked and the ships were on the point of sailing, when the king, in an evil hour, was advised to issue a proclamation forbidding their departure

Richard. I am sure that was very bad advice, whoever gave it.

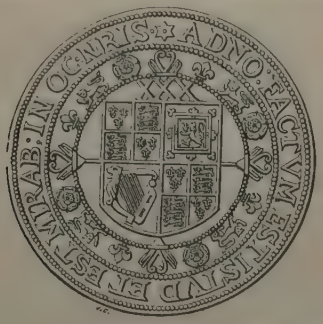
Mrs. M. Cromwell must have been a man of most extraordinary powers to attain the wonderful influence over people's minds which he seems to have possessed; for he had none of that address or pleasing exterior which is generally necessary to obtain popularity. He was also a sloven in his attire, which was the more conspicuous at a time when gentlemen's dress was unusually graceful and becoming. Sir Philip Warwick, a royalist, who wrote some memoirs, thus describes Cromwell:—"The first time that ever I took notice of him was in November, 1640. When I came one morning to the house, I perceived a gentleman speaking, very ordinarily appareled: for it was a plain suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck of blood upon his band: his stature was of a good size: his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice harsh and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour." Cromwell's appearance, however, was afterwards improved; for the same Sir Philip Warwick says, "I lived to see this very gentleman, by multiplied good successes, and by real (though usurped) power, having had a better tailor, and more converse amongst good company, appear of a great and majestic deportment, and comely presence."

George. As the parliament was made of nothing but Puritans, and those sort of people, what did they do for generals when they came to fighting?

Mrs. M. The Puritans, "and those sort of people," when they became a little inured to war, made very good soldiers; their officers were brave and determined; and the parliament had as good generals as the king. Lord Essex and, at a later stage, Sir Thomas, afterwards lord Fairfax, had the chief command. Both were honest and well-intentioned men, and began by seeking to restrain the power of the crown, not to destroy it. But they found themselves hurried on at last, by the fever of the times, to adopt measures which they would have shrunk from in the beginning.

Richard. Who were the king's best generals?

Mrs. M. Prince Rupert was, perhaps, one of the best, though he was in some respects inferior to the marquis of Newcastle, who, from a sense of duty, tore himself from the tranquil enjoyment of a literary and domestic life, to serve his master in the hour of need. Newcastle was a man of great power, as well in council as in war. His high character, both public and private, induced many persons to join the king's army; and while he held the command of it the royal cause prospered. There were also Lord Wilmot, who defeated Sir William Waller at Roundway Down, Sir Marmaduke Langley, and Sir Jacob Astley. Seymour, Lord Hertford, was another nobleman, who, although he never, I believe, had any high command in the army, was yet a great accession to it. It was he who, when he was Mr. Seymour, had been imprisoned for marrying Lady Arabella Stuart, and had escaped abroad. I rather think he returned to England on Lady Arabella's death. At all events, wherever he lived, he devoted himself, till the breaking out of the civil war, to a literary and retired life. Though he had no cause to love the house of Stuart, yet, in the time of its necessities, he stood forward in its service, and being made governor to the prince of Wales, employed his fortune and influence in procuring soldiers for the royal army.



Reverse of a gold Rose Ryal of James I., worth 30 shillings.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHARLES I.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1642—1648.

A sea-captain in the time of Charles I.

John Lilbourn.

ON the 22nd of August, 1642, in the evening of a very stormy day, the king set up his royal standard on the Castle Hill at Nottingham. It was soon blown down by the violence of the wind, and could not be raised again for some days. This trifling circumstance added to the gloom and sadness felt at that moment by all the king's friends. Yet many roused themselves to exertion, and prepared with alacrity for the hard and bloody conflict which lay before them.

The character of Charles seemed in many respects to have changed with the times. He now displayed a vigour and address which astonished those who knew his former studious and inactive habits. The stateliness and formality of his manner was relaxed into a more free and engaging deportment. Even the hastiness of his temper was abated; and he who had formerly shown an extreme impatience of injury or opposition, now submitted with exemplary resignation and cheerfulness to the necessities of his hard condition. One fault, however, still remained unchanged; a fault which had already involved him in many difficulties, and which proved in the end the chief cause of his destruction;—I mean the wavering indecision of his mind, which led him to a continual change of measures, according to the last opinion he heard.

His greatest difficulty was to raise money; and what he could obtain was chiefly by voluntary contributions. The queen found

means to get to Holland with her own and the crown jewels, which she disposed of in that country; and she purchased with the money thus obtained a small supply of arms and ammunition. The fleet having taken the side of the parliament, the little ship that conveyed this supply to England had great difficulty in getting safely over, and escaped being taken only by being run aground on the Yorkshire coast, in a place too shallow for the larger ships which were in pursuit of her to be able to follow. The cargo was sent with all haste to the king at York; who, mustering his forces, appointed Lord Lindsey general in chief, and Prince Rupert general of the horse. The parliament's armies were already in the field. Lord Essex commanded in the south; and Lord Fairfax and his son, Sir Thomas, were generals in the north. For four years our now peaceful country suffered all the horrors of a civil war. Garrisons were placed in all the towns, and the people thought of little else but sieges and battles. There was scarcely any part of the kingdom that was not, at one time or other, the scene of some memorable action.

The first battle was fought Oct. 23rd, at Edgehill in Warwickshire. At the onset Prince Rupert bore down everything before him; but before the day was ended, his rash imprudence lost all that his courage had gained. The two armies, after fighting all day, remained under arms during the night; but the next morning, after facing each other again, they retired from the field without renewing the fight. The loss on each side was equal, and neither gained a victory; though the parliamentarians considered themselves as somewhat entitled to claim it, because the king's general, Lord Lindsey, was among the slain.

The siege of Reading, which was garrisoned for the king, occupied both parties for many months. It was at last taken by Essex, in April, 1643. During the summer the royalists were victorious in a battle at Lansdown, near Bath, and in another fought on Roundway Down, near Devizes; and the parliament had a great loss in the death of Hampden, who was mortally wounded in a skirmish at Chalgrove field, near Oxford. He was a man of such exemplary private character, that even his enemies were concerned at his death. The king, who had now made Oxford his head-quarters, was desirous, when he heard of his being wounded, to send his own surgeon to attend him; but in the interim Hampden died.

The progress of this unhappy war had so far been on the whole favourable to the royal cause. Bristol, the most important town in the west, surrendered to Prince Rupert in July. And had Charles, as he had at first intended, proceeded immediately to London, where everything was in confusion, the contest had probably soon ended in his favour. But instead of doing so, he was as usual swayed by some ill adviser, and laid siege to Gloucester, a town well garrisoned, and which was resolutely defended. This

siege detained him so long that the parliament recovered from its alarm, and collected a formidable army under Essex, who marched towards Gloucester, and soon obliged the king to raise the siege. As the parliamentarians were on their way back to London, the king threw himself across their march at Newbury. A battle ensued (Sept. 20), in which Lord Falkland and other noblemen were slain; the result was indecisive, but Essex was able to resume and successfully accomplish his march to London.

In the beginning of the war the royal army, which was chiefly composed of well-trained soldiers, under the command of officers who had many of them been accustomed to deeds of arms in the wars on the continent, commonly proved successful over the undisciplined forces of the parliament. But as these gained skill and experience, they became superior to any troops that the king could bring into the field; for every man of them was actuated by religious and political zeal, and entered willingly into the service. Charles also, during the hostilities, was often obliged to enlist almost any soldiers he could get, amongst them many dissolute soldiers of fortune, who ridiculed the precise and rigid character of the Puritans, and expressed their contempt of them, not by setting a better example of what was right, but by showing themselves to be deriders of all religion and virtue. Nothing was so ruinous to the king's affairs as the conduct of these men, who committed all kinds of violence and excess; and the country people naturally liked that party best by which they were most humanely treated. Charles also, in his necessities, was glad to accept of the services of many Papists; and this was enough of itself to raise a great prejudice against his cause.

The war was now prosecuted with great vigour, and several battles were fought, with nearly equal success, in differents parts of the kingdom. The parliament finding it less easy than they had at first expected to crush the king, called in the aid of the Scots, and entered into what was entitled a Solemn League and Covenant with them. The Scots gladly accepted the terms of friendly alliance offered by the English parliament, in the hope of being able, by thus connecting themselves with the Puritans, to overthrow the church establishment of England, and to set up their own presbyterian form of worship in its place. They raised an army of 16,000 men, which crossed the border into England in January, 1644.

The king's supplies being gathered from the free will offerings of his loyal subjects, were more scanty than those of the parliament, who, having in their hands the power of levying taxes, used it without reserve. They also impressed soldiers; and, in short, were more arbitrary in all their exactions than the king had ever been in the worst times of his government. These means enabled them, under continual defeats, to bring fresh troops into the field. But it was not till the summer of 1644 that they gained any decisive victory

It happened that the marquis of Newcastle was then besieged in York by Sir Thomas Fairfax and the Scots. Prince Rupert came to the relief of the town, and, rejecting the advice of the marquis to wait for a more advantageous time, rashly led his forces against the besiegers. The two armies met at Marston Moor (July 2), about nine miles from York. Each party by turns had the advantage; but in the end, after a hard-fought battle, victory declared for the side of the parliament. Prince Rupert retired with the remainder of his army into Lancashire, and York surrendered to Fairfax. The marquis of Newcastle, considering himself deeply injured by the conduct of Rupert, and despairing to benefit a cause which was governed by such inconsiderate men, determined to abandon it. The morning after the battle of Marston Moor he gave up his command, and rode immediately to Scarborough, where, finding a vessel on the point of sailing for the coast of Holland, he embarked, willingly exchanging the sight of those miseries which were desolating his native land for poverty in a foreign country, his great estates being sequestered by the parliament.

In the west of England, where Charles himself conducted his army in person, the campaign proved more favourable to him. He pursued Essex into Cornwall, where the people were zealous for the royal cause, and shutting him up between Fowey and Lostwithiel, obliged nearly his whole army to capitulate. But this success availed but little to counterbalance the defeat of Marston Moor.

Meanwhile the queen, who had returned to England, and had been with the king for some time at Oxford, believed herself in danger from the great dislike with which she knew herself to be regarded by the people. She therefore retired to Exeter, where her youngest child, the princess Henrietta, was born; and leaving her there, escaped into France.

During the winter of 1644 Charles remained at Oxford. Though there was not peace, there was at least a cessation of arms, and the country had rest for some months. In this interval a treaty was begun between the king and the parliament, called the Treaty of Uxbridge: but as the parliament was most exorbitant in its demands, and the king, perhaps, not altogether sincere in his concessions, it only ended in making both parties more distrustful and more inveterate against each other. A growing diversity of opinion, both in matters of politics and of religion, had for some time shown itself in the parliament; and a religious party now arose of men who called themselves Independents, who rejected all qualifying measures that were proposed for the establishment of a limited monarchy, and declared themselves openly for a republic.

Cromwell was the chief leader of this party: he had greatly distinguished himself as a soldier and a general, and it was chiefly

owing to him that the parliament's army had been at last so well disciplined and organised. Lord Essex, and many others, who had originally joined the parliament from an honest wish to redress grievances, and had been insensibly led on farther than they had intended, were now anxious to make an accommodation with the king: but they were overruled by the Independents; and Cromwell, contrived, by his cunning and hypocrisy, and by an act of parliament called the Self-denying Ordinance, to make Essex and many other generals resign their commissions. He contrived that Sir Thomas Fairfax should be appointed general of the army, and himself his lieutenant-general; by which means he made a tool of Fairfax, who was an honest, easy man. If things went well, he himself had all the advantage; if otherwise, Fairfax had all the blame.

On the return of spring the two armies were again in motion, and many gallant deeds were performed on both sides. Scotland also had a share in the contest. A body of royalists was raised in that country by a young and gallant hero, the earl, afterwards marquis, of Montrose, who performed many brave actions, but was defeated, after a short and brilliant career, and obliged to retire amongst his native mountains.

The king, at the head of his army, marched northwards: he took Leicester, and was returning to Oxford. As he approached Naseby (June 14), he was informed that Fairfax, whom he did not expect to meet with in that part of the country, was within five miles of him. He halted and called a council of war, in which he proposed to remain where he was till the rest of his forces, which were dispersed, should be collected together; but the eagerness of Rupert's temper prevailed over the better judgment of the king, and persuaded him to march immediately against Fairfax. Rupert, who led the right wing, began the battle with his usual intrepidity and success, by an attack on the left wing of the enemy, took Ireton, who commanded it, prisoner, and routed his division; but he afterwards lost his advantage by pursuing the fugitives too far. The king, who was at the head of the main body, showed himself a prudent general and a valorous soldier. He was opposed to Fairfax, and would have overpowered him, had not Cromwell, who had attacked and put to flight the left wing of the royal army, which was commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, returned to the assistance of Fairfax. The king's troops now gave way. Charles exhorted his cavalry to rally, by calling out to them, "One charge more, and we recover the day!" But the day was too far lost to be recovered. Cromwell and Fairfax obtained a complete victory; and Charles was obliged to abandon the field, leaving his artillery and baggage a spoil to his enemies. Amongst other things that fell into their hands was a cabinet, containing copies of the king's private letters to the queen which the parliament published.

After the battle of Naseby, the king's affairs went fast to ruin; and he lost, one after the other, almost all the towns he had garrisoned. He himself fled into Wales, and afterwards to Oxford, where he passed the winter.

Newark was one of the few places that still held out for him; and a large army which had marched out of Scotland to the assistance of the parliament was now laying siege to it. Charles, seeing his condition desperate, and dreading above all things to be made prisoner by the now triumphant parliament, formed the unfortunate resolution of throwing himself into the hands of the Scots, hoping that their affection for their native prince would be revived by such an act of confidence, and that they would protect him from the insolence of the English. He accordingly set out from Oxford one night in the beginning of May, 1646, accompanied by Dr. Hudson and Mr. Ashburnham, and rode disguised as Mr. Ashburnham's servant, with a portmanteau before him. As soon as his departure from Oxford was known, the parliament proclaimed that it should be instant death to any person who should harbour or conceal him. He, however, pursued his way in safety, and arrived, on May the 5th, at the Scottish camp before Newark.

The Scottish generals were much surprised at the appearance of the king; and though they affected to treat him with respect, they put a guard upon him, and made him in reality their prisoner. Their preachers, however, could not restrain their zeal, and often insulted him to his face. One of these fanatics, in a sermon preached before the king, reproached him severely, and ordered the 52nd psalm to be sung:—

> "Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
> Thy wicked deeds to praise?"—

On this the king stood up, and, with a dignity and meekness that touched even those rigid enthusiasts, called for the 56th psalm instead:—

> "Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour!"

—which was sung accordingly.

The Scots, having now the king in their hands, required of him to send orders to the governors of Newark, Oxford, and all his other garrisons, to surrender. This he did, and the soldiers and officers all received honourable treatment from Fairfax. The marquis of Worcester, who was above eighty-four years of age, would not open the gates of his castle at Raglan till reduced to the utmost extremity, and was the last man in England who laid down his arms.

As soon as the parliament knew that Charles was in the hands of the Scots, it began to treat with them for the possession of his person. The Scots, after some delays and hesitation, agreed, on con-

dition of receiving 400,000*l.*, the arrears of their pay due from the parliament, to give up their confiding king to his inveterate enemies.

A private letter, communicating the information of this disgraceful bargain, was brought to Charles while he was playing at chess; and his self-command was so great, that he continued his game, without betraying by his countenance or manner that he had received any distressing news. In a few days he was given up to the English commissioners, who were sent by the parliament to take him into their custody; and he was conveyed, in the month of February, 1647, to Holmby, in Northamptonshire, one of his own royal residences. On his journey thither the whole country flocked to behold him. Those who favoured the royal cause accompanied his march with tears and prayers for his safety; and even those who were averse to him could not forbear compassionating his fallen state. At Holmby he was treated with great civility by the commissioners; and he selected from amongst them Mr. Herbert and Mr. Harrington to attend upon him in the place of his own servants, who were dismissed.

The king being thus made a prisoner, and the war in a manner at an end, the parliament was desirous to disband its army. But the greater number of the officers, having risen from low conditions of life, and being puffed up with the pride of success, were little disposed to return to their former obscure stations. The common soldiers, too, were exceedingly discontented. Cromwell secretly encouraged this spirit of disaffection till it arose to an absolute mutiny, and the parliament was, in its turn, threatened with a revolt. The influence of the moderate party was also much weakened about this time by the death of Lord Essex, who had seen with regret and sorrow the unhappy result of these political changes to which he had himself so largely contributed, and who had lately become no less anxious to restore the king's authority, than he had formerly been to support the parliament.

But the restoration of the royal authority was the last thing desired by the Independents, who now saw themselves so strong that they conceived hopes of subverting the parliament. Indeed, the parliament had become very unpopular. It had laid much heavier burdens on the people than Charles had ever done; and though the Star Chamber was abolished, yet country committees were formed instead, which fined, imprisoned, and otherwise punished, without law or remedy. And thus the people found at last that in their eager pursuit of liberty, they had fallen into worse slavery than before, and that the tyranny of many masters is far worse than the tyranny of one; and they secretly wished the downfall of their new oppressors.

After the king had been at Holmby some weeks, the army, in order that he might be in their hands rather than in those of the parliament, formed the design of carrying him thence by force, and Cornet Joyce was sent with 500 men to sieze him. Joyce, who had formerly been a tailor, came armed with pistols into the king's presence, and told him he must come along with him. The king asked by what warrant he acted, and Joyce answered by pointing to his soldiers, who were a fine body of men, drawn up in the courtyard. The king said, smiling, "Your warrant is indeed written in fair characters, and legible;" and, knowing that resistance would be in vain, immediately consented to accompany him, and was carried to the head-quarters of the army at Triplow Heath, in Cambridgeshire.

Fairfax was too honest and well-intentioned to be entrusted with the secret counsels of Cromwell, and was astonished at the arrival of the king. The parliament, hearing of it, were thrown into the utmost consternation, and, beginnning to see through Cromwell's hypocrisy, resolved to commit him to the Tower: but he eluded this design, and hastened to the camp, where he was received with acclamations of joy, and invested with the supreme command.

The breach between the army and the parliament was now come to an open rupture, and Fairfax marched to London early in August, and completely reduced both the parliament and the city under the authority of the military chiefs. The king, meanwhile, remained with the army, and was far more comfortably situated than he had been when under the rigorous confinement to which he had been subjected by the parliament, or insincere protection of the Scots. He was allowed to correspond with the queen; his friends and his chaplains were snffered to return to him; and he was permitted the use of the Liturgy, and the service of the Church.

In the autumn of 1647, the king was brought to Hampton Court, and was allowed to live there with some appearance of freedom and royal state. Having been at all times much beloved by his friends, he now, in his adversity, became an object of respect and admiration even to his enemies. He retained all his former grace and dignity of manner, and had acquired a very winning gentleness and cheerfulness. His temper, instead of being ruffled by affliction, was calmed and moderated. He seemed as if he had ceased to struggle with misfortunes, and piously resigned himself to the will of God.

While he was with the army he was allowed to see two of his children, Henry and Elizabeth, who were under the care of Lord Northumberland. At one time they were brought to him at Caversham: another time he was permitted to spend a day with them at Sion House, where Lord Northumberland lived. Cromwell, who was present at one of these meetings, confessed that he had never

witnessed such a touching scene. The king had also during this year the satisfaction of seeing his second son, the duke of York. The duke soon after made his escape to Holland, where his elder brother, the prince of Wales, had been sent some time before. Mary, the king's eldest daughter, had been married to the prince of Orange before the breaking out of the civil war, and the little princess Henrietta was still at Exeter.

An attempt was made, while the king was at Hampton Court, to renew the former treaties which had been set on foot between him and the parliament; but the terms of accommodation insisted on were such as the king would not accept, the Puritans strenuously insisting on the abolition of episcopacy, and the king as firmly contending for its support.

The Puritans, who all set themselves up as competent judges of what was proper to be done in all matters both of religion and government, were of course divided into a multitude of sects; and in the present interval of quiet, the soldiers employed themselves in religious discussions; and many of them, who fancied they had what they termed a call of the Spirit, set up as preachers and expounders of Scripture. Charles, having been told that some of these enthusiasts entertained designs against him, took a sudden alarm, and privately, with three attendants, left Hampton Court, with the intention of flying abroad. He reached the coast of Hampshire: but not finding there the vessel he expected, he concealed himself for a short time at Titchfield, the house of the dowager Lady Southampton. Here one of his attendants, who, it is supposed, was a spy of Cromwell, persuaded him to put himself in the hands of Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight. Thus he prepared for himself a closer prison than any that his enemies had yet found for him.

The king entered the Isle of Wight, Nov. 13, 1647. For a short time he was deluded by Cromwell into a renewal of the former treaty; but on refusing to accede to the exorbitant terms demanded, he was placed in close confinement in Carisbrook Castle. His situation was now very melancholy. All his attendants were dismissed, except Herbert and Harrington, men who had formerly been greatly prejudiced against him; but who, by constantly witnessing his virtue and piety, had become faithfully attached to him, and would willingly have sacrificed their lives in his service.

Colonel Hammond behaved with great feeling towards his royal prisoner, and allowed him every indulgence in his power. He converted a place called the Barbican, outside the castle, where the soldiers exercised, into a bowling-green, and built a small summer-house upon it. Playing at bowls was one of Charles's favourite recreations; and he could enjoy from the summer-house a better

view of the sea than from within the melancholy walls of his prison. A part of the day the king constantly set aside for his devotions, and he spent much of his time alone writing in his bed-chamber. The rest of the day he employed in reading, in exercise, and in conversing with his two attendants, who were both of them accomplished men, particularly Mr. Herbert, who had travelled much in Persia, and other countries of the East. The forward zeal of the puritan preachers brought some of them at this time to Carisbrook, with the intention of preaching before the king; but he, though he treated them with civility, and thanked them for their concern for his soul, declined hearing their sermons.

Early in 1648 hostilities again broke out; an army of Scottish royalists, commanded by the Duke of Hamilton, acting in concert with some English troops under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, entered England, and advanced as far as Preston. There they were met by Cromwell, and completely routed; the duke was taken, and soon afterwards executed; and this unfortunate enterprise only damaged the king's cause, and exasperated the army against him.

In the month of September, 1648, he entered into a new treaty with the commissioners sent by the parliament, which had, for a time, regained some of its authority. Newport was chosen for the place of conference; and Charles left his prison, where he had now passed ten dismal months, and took up his residence in Newport, at the house of a private gentleman. When the king met the commissioners, an affecting change was perceived to have taken place in his aspect since the preceding year. His countenance was pale and dejected; his hair was turned white, and it brought tears into the eyes of the spectators to see his "grey and discrowned head." These words are taken from a sentence of his own in a sonnet which he composed about this time.

But, notwithstanding the seeming decline of his bodily powers, those of his mind were rendered more vigorous by adversity. During the conference, which lasted some weeks, he had to sustain alone the defence of his cause against some of the ablest speakers of the House of Commons. All who were present were astonished at the quickness of his comprehension, his cultivated understanding, his eloquence, and his dignity of mind and manner.

While the conference was going on, the king had permission to take the exercise of riding. He gave his word of honour not to quit the island, but he was so slenderly guarded, that it almost appeared as if the parliament wished him to seize some opportunity of making his escape. This he was importuned to do by his friends, who were now allowed to have access to him; but he rejected their advice, saying he would not break the promise he had given. He probably also may have deceived himself with the hope that, as the treaty was now drawing towards a conclusion, he would soon be restored

to peace and liberty at least, if not to his former authority. The treaty consisted of several articles, to all of which, though tending to the abridgment of his prerogatives, the king agreed, two only excepted, one of which was for tke abolition of episcopacy, and the other that all who had taken up arms in his cause should be declared traitors. After further debate, the king agreed to some modification in regard to episcopacy; but nothing could induce him to consent to the last article. Indeed he had always a grateful sense of the merits and sufferings of his loyal subjects; and when, about this time, he heard that Sir Charles Lucas, and some other loyalists, who had taken up arms in an unavailing struggle on his behalf, had been made prisoners, and shot by sentence of a court-martial, their melancholy fate drew from him more tears than he had ever given to any of his own misfortunes.

While the treaty between the king and the parliament seemed thus drawing towards a favourable conclusion, the council of officers, who represented the wishes of the army, by one daring act, annihilated the whole power of the parliament, and destroyed all Charles's hopes of peace and security. They sent Colonel Pride, a man who had formerly been a drayman, with a body of troops, to surround the parliament-house, a little before the time when the members were to assemble, with orders to permit those only to enter who belonged to the Independent and republican party, and to exclude all the rest; this was called *purging* the parliament. The members admitted, who were between fifty and sixty in number, immediately elected themselves governors of the kingdom, and declared the treaty then pending with the king null and illegal.

The king, two days before this attack upon the House of Commons by Colonel Pride, had been once more seized by Cromwell's orders, and was removed from the Isle of Wight to a dreary fortress called Hurst Castle, which was situate on the coast of Hampshire, and was nearly surrounded by the sea at high tide. In this melancholy place the king remained during great part of the month of December, every day of which he passed in the expectation of its being his last, being prepossessed with the idea that he was brought there for the purpose of being secretly murdered. His jailer was a man of the most ferocious appearance. No person was suffered to attend him but Mr. Herbert. The room he generally sat in was so dark as to require candles at noon-day, and the only recreation he had was walking up and down the narrow sand-bank that joined the castle to the mainland. But even here his natural serenity enabled him to find amusement in watching and admiring the shipping which sailed past his prison.

One night, in the month of December, the king was waked out of his sleep by hearing the drawbridge of the castle let down; and soon after he heard the clatter of horsemen in the court. At first

he was much agitated; and when Mr. Herbert, whom he sent to inquire the cause of this noise, told him that Major Harrison had arrived, he was the more alarmed, because he had some time before been warned that this Harrison was one of those who harboured the design to assassinate him. At length, however, after spending some time in prayer, he recovered his composure, and, having risen and dressed, he tranquilly awaited the event. He was soon informed that the purport of the major's coming was to convey him to Windsor, and he was glad to leave Hurst Castle even under such an escort.

He was four days on the road to Windsor, and during the journey received from all ranks of people many proofs of sympathy and respect, which greatly cheered him, but which were very displeasing to the governing faction. On his journey he rested one night at Farnham; and amongst the crowd who came into the inn-room to gaze at the king was Major Harrison, who till then had appeared to avoid being seen by him, and had been the more easily enabled to do this, as the king travelled in a close coach. Charles, seeing Harrison, beckoned to him, mentioned to him the warning he had received, and asked him if he really intended to murder him. The major replied, "that the law was equally obliging to great and small, and that justice had no respect of persons;" an answer which was not calculated to remove the king's apprehensions.

At Windsor, the king, though kept under great restraint, and though but few people were permitted to have access to him, was treated with civility. His mornings, as was his custom, he spent in prayer and pious exercises, and a part of every afternoon in walking on the long terrace of the castle. During the whole two years of his various imprisonments, he never omitted taking regular exercise; and to this, and to his habitual abstemiousness, and the religious tranquillity of his mind, is attributed the singularly good health which he enjoyed during that melancholy period.

All things being now prepared by Cromwell's artifices for the fatal catastrophe which he meditated, the king on the 6th of January, 1649, was impeached of high treason, for having presumed to appear in arms against the parliament. When he was informed that he must prepare for his trial, he said little, but was heard muttering to himself—"God is everywhere alike in wisdom, power, and goodness." He then retired to his apartment, and spent some time alone and in prayer. Though he had daily expected a sudden and violent death, he was not prepared to see himself arraigned as a criminal; that a king should be brought to trial by his own subjects being till then unheard of in the history of the world.

On the 18th of January, 1649, Charles was removed from Windsor to St. James's Palace; and his guards and attendants were ordered to treat him as no longer possessed of royal dignity, and to call him

merely Charles Stuart. His own attendants were forbidden to wait on him at table, and the common soldiers, in their dirty armour, were appointed to bring him his meals. Charles was much shocked at this mark of disrespect; but, soon recovering his composure, he merely said, "Nothing is so contemptible as a despised king;"—to avoid the disagreeable attendance of the soldiers, he contented himself with only having one or two dishes for dinner, which he ate alone in his bed-room. One favour was, however, granted to him, which he esteemed a compensation for all his privations: this was the company of his attached and faithful servant, Dr. Juxon, the strength and piety of whose mind was the greatest possible support to his afflicted master in this last and trying period of his life.

The preparations for the trial were soon made. Cromwell, though it was apparent to every one that the whole proceeding was occasioned by his own ambition and personal inveteracy against the king, yet still could not forbear his accustomed hypocrisy, and declared, in a speech in parliament, that, had any man voluntarily proposed to bring the king to punishment, he should have regarded that man as the greatest traitor: but, added he, "Providence and necessity hath cast it upon us. When I was lately offering up prayers for his majesty's restoration, I felt my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and considered this supernatural movement as the answer which Heaven, having rejected the king, had sent to my supplication." So shockingly did this man profane the name of Heaven to his own designing purposes!

On the 20th of January the king's self-constituted judges assembled in Westminster Hall. Their names being called over, a voice from among the spectators called out, when the crier came to the name of Fairfax, *He has more wit than to be here;* and when the king was said to be accused "in the name of the people," the same voice exclaimed, *Not a tenth part of them.* The soldiers were ordered to fire at the spot from whence the voice had proceeded; but on its being discovered that Lady Fairfax was the person who had spoken the words, they, in consideration of her sex and rank, did not fire. Lady Fairfax had been an ardent politician, and had fanned her husband's zeal against the royal cause: but now, seeing that the struggle was to end in the sacrifice of the king, and the exaltation of the usurping Cromwell, both she and her husband were dismayed at the event, and bitterly repented the part they had taken.

Charles was brought three several days before the court which his accusers had created to try him, and each time refused to acknowledge its jurisdiction. On the last of these days, January 27th, he was pronounced guilty of having appeared in arms against the parliament, and was condemned to be beheaded on the third day after. The king's fortitude and serenity never forsook him under these trying circumstances; he never uttered one reproachful

word against his judges; and even when the soldiers were excited by their officers to insult him and some even to spit at him as he passed, he only said, "Poor souls! they would treat their generals in the same manner for sixpence." One soldier instead of insulting him, uttered a blessing, for which his officer struck him to the ground. The king, observing it, said, "The punishment, methinks, exceeds the offence." When he had returned to his apartments at St. James's, he retired into his room with Dr. Juxon, and told Mr. Herbert to refuse admittance to all persons coming to take leave of him; adding, "My time is short and precious, and I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope those who love me will not take it ill that they have not access to me. The best office they can now do me is to pray for me."

A scaffold was erected in front of the palace at Whitehall, and on January 30, 1649, he was brought there, attended by Juxon and Herbert; but the latter was so much overwhelmed with grief, that the whole melancholy office of assisting the king in his last moments devolved on the aged bishop.

On the scaffold the king declared himself innocent towards his people, but acknowledged himself guilty in the sight of God; and that the consent which he had once given to the execution of an unjust sentence was now deservedly punished by an unjust sentence inflicted on himself; so heavily did the death of Strafford still press upon his heart. Juxon then assisted him to unrobe. The king, just before he laid his head upon the block, turned to him and said, "Remember!" An executioner, whose face was concealed by a mask, then struck off his head, and, holding it up, said, "This is the head of a traitor!"

This bloody spectacle seemed to cause a sudden revulsion in the minds of all spectators, who felt as much surprised and shocked as if the catastrophe they witnessed had been unexpected. Those who heard of it wondered what they had been about, to permit such an atrocious act to take place. Grief, indignation, and astonishment struck on every heart, except on those of the hardened and guilty perpetrators.

Immediately after the execution, Juxon was called on to declare the meaning of that mysterious word *Remember*. The good old man replied that it was meant to enforce the king's earnest injunction that he would exhort the prince, his son, to forgive his father's murderers.

Charles was in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign. He married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV., king of France.

Their children were—

Charles, prince of Wales;

James, duke of York;

Henry, duke of Gloucester;
Mary, married the prince of Orange:
Elizabeth, died young;
Henrietta, afterwards duchess of Orleans.

They had also a daughter, who scarcely lived beyond infancy.

The prince of Wales was eighteen years old at the time of his father's death. He and the duke of York, who was two years younger, were then in Holland. Henrietta, a child of four years old was in France. Henry and Elizabeth were still in England, and the king had been permitted to see them, and take leave of them, the day before his death.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mary. How glad I am that those wicked parliament people let that poor king see his children once more.

Mrs. Markham. The duke of Gloucester was only seven years old, and his father said to him, as he sat upon his knee, "Mark, my child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and, when I am dead, they will want perhaps, to make thee king; but thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive: therefore I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." The child looked earnestly in his father's face, and exclaimed, "I will be torn in pieces first!" an answer that made the king shed tears.

Mary. And what became of that brave little duke of Gloucester?

Mrs. M. The parliament wanted to bring him up to some handicraft trade; but Cromwell sent him abroad to his mother. He died young, and has left an amiable character. The princess Elizabeth was to have been apprenticed to a button-maker; but she was saved by an early death from this degradation. She died soon after her father, of grief, it is said, at his shocking fate.

George. I only wonder that everybody else did not die of grief too.

Mrs. M. It is very natural that you should feel so much sympathy for this unfortunate monarch. His sufferings and his patient endurance of them endeared him to many even of those who, in the former part of his reign, had much condemned his weakness and mal-administration.

George. I think the queen must have been very unhappy when she heard of the king's death.

Mrs. M. She probably was so; but I own I have no great respect for her character. She had a violent, imperious temper; and often led the king, who, as I have before said, was a man too easily persuaded, into many imprudent and impolitic measures.

Mary. I don't think it was very kind in her to run away to France, and leave that poor little baby at Exeter.

Mrs. M. I don't think I should have left you there; but it is unfair to condemn people without knowing every circumstance of the case.

Richard. And pray what became of the queen after King Charles's death?

Mrs. M. She lived in France uncomfortably enough on a pension allowed her by Louis XIV., who was her nephew. This pension must have been very small, or else very ill paid, as her daughter the princess Henrietta was at one time obliged to remain in bed for want of fuel to make a fire in her apartment. The queen, on the restoration of her eldest son Charles to his father's throne, returned to England, and is supposed to have been privately married to Lord St. Albans. She continued, so long as she stayed in England, to interfere, with her former vehemence, in the direction of public affairs; but after a residence of five years with her son, she returned to France, and died there in 1669.

Mary. And what became afterwards of that young princess?

Mrs. M. The princess Henrietta was unfortunate from the beginning to the end of her life. She was brought up in the dissipated and unprincipled court of Louis XIV. of France: she married the king's brother, the duke of Orleans, and conducted herself in such a manner as to give him great and just displeasure; and she died suddenly in the pride of youth and beauty, and, as is supposed, of poison administered by her husband.

Richard. It would have been better for her to have died while she was that little deserted baby at Exeter.

Mrs. M. She might have envied the happier lot of a little sister (I forget her name), who died at the age of only four years. While on her death-bed, one of her attendants desired her to pray. She said she could not say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but that she would try to say her short one: "Lighten my darkness, O Lord God! and let me not sleep the sleep of death." She had no sooner said it than she laid her little head on the pillow and expired.

Richard. What a different sort of man Charles was at last from what he had been in the beginning of his reign!

Mrs. M. Mr. Herbert, who was his constant attendant night and day during the last two years of his life, and who must have been a good judge of his state of mind during that time, describes him as imbued with the utmost resignation and piety, and with so much benevolence, that all his sufferings and deprivations, instead of producing any irritation against his persecutors, only weaned him the more from the world. His placid cheerfulness, under the most trying circumstances, is quite extraordinary.

George. I cannot think how he could keep up his spirits while he was shut up in those dreary castles!

Mrs. M. He found constant employment his best remedy against melancholy. He read and wrote a great deal during that time.

Richard. I should like to know what were his favourite books.

Mrs. M. Mr. Herbert has given us a list. Among the titles of his books of mere amusement, I remember those of Fairfax's translation of Tasso, Harrington's translation of Ariosto, and Spenser's Fairy Queen. In many of his books he wrote his favourite motto, *Dum spiro spero.* Richard is now so much of a Latin scholar, that he, I dare say, can tell you its meaning.

Richard. I believe it means *While I breathe I hope.*

Mrs. M. There was one book which Charles valued above all others, and which was his best support and consolation in all his afflictions. I need not tell you that this book was the Bible. No day, I believe, passed without his reading a portion of it. Soon after his death a book was published, called the "Icon Basilike;" or, as these words have been rendered, "The King's Portraiture in his solitudes and his sufferings." This book purports to have been written by him, though most persons suppose the real author to have been a Dr. Gauden, afterwards bishop of Exeter.

Richard. When so many people were well-wishers to the king, I cannot think how they ever let him be ill-used, and imprisoned, and killed.

Mrs. M. The king's well-wishers were in general helpless people, or people who had already exhausted all their means in his cause. Still, though they could not do him any real service, they often expressed their sympathy and regard for him; and, at the risk of being punished by the parliament, showed him many little acts of kindness. As he was on his way to his prison at Carisbrook, one day in November, a lady presented him with a damask rose, which had blown in her garden at that unusual season. The gift, to be sure, was nothing in itself, but the king was gratified, and accepted it as it was meant. The day before his execution, one of his old and faithful servants sent his humble duty to him, and begged he would read the second chapter of Ecclesiasticus. The king sent his thanks to the good old man for his kind remembrance of him in his afflicted state, and immediately turned to the chapter, and read it with much satisfaction. It certainly was peculiarly adapted to his condition.

George. Pray, mamma, let us get the Bible and read it.

Mrs. M. Not now; it shall be our morning's chapter to-morrow.

Mary. As for those parliament people, I am sure they must all have been very bad, or they would not have used the poor king so ill.

Mrs. M. We must not let our compassion for Charles lead us to condemn *all* those who were on the other side. The king had given them great provocation; and though some of them made a very ill

use of the power conferred on them by the events of the war, there were, nevertheless, many very good people amongst them. I believe that, in private life, they were on the whole a better conducted set of men than the royalists. There is, though not an unprejudiced, yet a very able and excellent account of the civil wars in Mrs. Hutchinson's life of her husband, which clearly shows that many persons engaged on the side of the parliament from conscientious public motives, without any private feelings of selfishness or ambition. Colonel Hutchinson took an active part against the king, and was one of those who sat in judgment on him, and signed his death-warrant: yet he believed that he was only doing his duty:—in so extraordinary a way can party-spirit warp the judgment even of good men.

Richard. It seems very odd that this war should have lasted so long; for I think Englishmen must have been very sorry to fight against one another.

Mrs. M. It is one of the greatest miseries of a civil war, that it divides even brothers and friends, and makes them seek to shed each other's blood. At the beginning of the war between Charles and the parliament, few people supposed that it would last so long. Baxter says in his journal, under the date of October, 1642—"I went to Coventry with the purpose to stay there till one side or the other had got the victory, and the war ended: for so wise in matters of war was I, and all the country besides, that we commonly supposed that a very few days or weeks, by one or other battle, would end the war; and I believe that no small number of the parliament men had no more wit than to think so too."

Richard. In 1642! Why that, if I remember rightly, was only about the beginning of the war.

Mrs. M. Baxter tells us further, that it was wonderful to see how hardened people's minds became in time to the strange and bloody scenes around them. When neighbours met in a morning to ask "What news?" they began talking of the battles and sieges of the day, with as much indifference as about horse-races and fox-hunting.

George. I remember that, when we went to see Pontefract Castle last summer, the man who showed us the ruins told us it was destroyed in the civil wars. Did he mean these civil wars?

Mrs. M. Pontefract Castle was dismantled by Cromwell, as were most of the other fortresses then in the kingdom. Very few of them have been since repaired, and the rest have of course fallen into decay.

George. How I wish they were all built up again! I cannot bear to see these beautiful castles nothing but a heap of ruins.

Mrs. M. Be well assured they had better remain as they are. That country must be in an unhappy state where every town has its castle and garrison. For my part I lament much more the

destruction of the ecclesiastical buildings, which met with very rough usage in these turbulent times. Besides the havoc made by stripping the lead from the roofs of the cathedrals, and the brass plates from the tombs, which were applied to military uses, the Puritans in their vehement fury destroyed everything which they chose to consider as a remnant of popery. The painted glass in the windows of the churches, the statues of saints on the outside, and even the monuments of the dead, were broken and defaced by these raging fanatics. Many of the cathedrals were used as barracks. In Chichester Cathedral the place is pointed out to strangers where Cromwell's soldiers littered down their horses; and I think it is there the bullets are still to be seen in a picture of St. Augustin, which the soldiers used to amuse themselves with firing at.

Richard. How much I should like to see Pontefract Castle again, now that I know so much more than I did about English history! I recollect that the man who showed it said it had been very famous in old times.

Mrs. M. There are few places that recall a greater number of memorable events than that old castle; and the one that took place in it at the time of its destruction is as memorable as any of them.

George. Will you tell it us, if you please?

Mrs. M. Lambert, one of Cromwell's generals, was laying siege to the castle, which was garrisoned for the king, chiefly by Nottinghamshire gentlemen. The garrison, finding they could not hold out much longer, sent to Lambert to offer to capitulate. He agreed that, on giving up the castle, all the garrison should have leave to depart in safety; six persons excepted, whose names he mentioned, who, being particularly obnoxious to Cromwell, must be put to death. The garrison could not bear the thought of giving up any of their brother soldiers to certain destruction, and demanded of Lambert that they might have six days allowed them before they gave up the castle; during wich it might be permitted for their six companions to use any honourable means of making their escape. Lambert granted their desire, saying that he knew these six persons to be brave and gallant gentlemen, and that, if he might, he would gladly save them all, but his hands were tied. Four of these gentlemen were Sir John Digby, Mr. Maurice, Sir Hugh Cartwright, and a nephew of Sir Hugh. I never could learn the names of the other two.

During the first four days the garrison made several sallies; and in these sallies four out of the six contrived to fight their way through the enemy's troops, and got away. Sir Hugh Cartwright and another were left behind; and they, being unwilling to expose any more the lives of their friends, some of whom had been killed in the late sallies, contrived another way of saving themselves. They

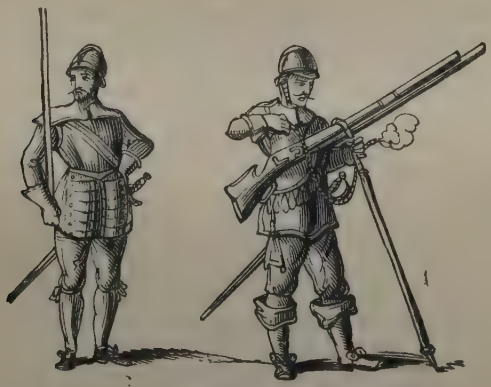
found a convenient nook amongst the walls, where they caused themselves to be walled up with a month's provisions, trusting to the hope that the king's troops would retake the castle in that time. The rest of the garrison then sent word to Lambert that all the six had escaped, and that they were ready to surrender. When they had evacuated the castle, Lambert, luckily for the two immured heroes, dismantled the walls, and reduced the place to a ruin. Sir Hugh and his companion, after ten days, finding all quiet, left their hiding-place, and made their escape.

Mary. And what became of them after all?

Mrs. M. Sir Hugh Cartwright retired abroad, and died at Antwerp. Of the fate of the other I know nothing.

Richard. I must just ask you, mamma, about one thing that has all along puzzled me very much. What was the House of Lords about all this time, that they let the House of Commons govern the country, and have their own way in everything?

Mrs. M. Some of the peers joined the House of Commons, and the rest were too few to make any stand against the number and violence of the other house. They did now and then send down a remonstrance to the commons, but, finding themselves not treated by them with much respect, most of them gave up their attendance in parliament.



A pikeman and musketeer of the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1649—1660.

A Lady during the Commonwealth, and a Cavalier.

THE first act of the commons, or rather, of that small body of men who chose to call themselves a parliament, was to abolish the house of peers as being useless and dangerous. A new great seal of England was made, the legend round which was "The first year of Freedom, by God's blessing restored, 1648." A bronze statue of the late king, the same which now stands at Charing Cross, was ordered to be broken in pieces.[1] All loyalists were treated with great severity, and it was made high treason to call the prince of Wales by any name but that of Charles Stuart. The forms of all public business were altered, and the new legislators gave to their government the name of The Commonwealth of England. Cromwell meanwhile suffered the parliament to establish itself, and kept his own ambitious designs concealed. Yet his influence extended through the whole country: he was the secret instigator of all measures; and exerted a most extraordinary control over the wills of all those whom he had to deal with. He went in 1649 as lord-lieutenant to Ireland, where he found everything in a very distracted state; but his activity and ability overcame all difficulties, and in a few months he restored some degree of order in the island. He then left his son-in-law, General Ireton, as his deputy, the affairs of Scotland calling for his presence in that country.

The Scottish Presbyterians had refused to acknowledge the English republic; and, resolving to adhere to the monarchy, had proclaimed Prince Charles their king, and sent to invite him to

[1] See p. 343.

come and take possession of the throne; but on such hard conditions, that those who were his best friends counselled him not to make such sacrifices for the empty title of king. But Charles, who entertained, probably, the dishonest intention of breaking through these conditions whenever he should be able, agreed to them, and returned with the commissioners. He was not suffered to set his foot on Scottish ground till he had signed the covenant;[1] the moment he was on shore he was beset by the Covenanters, who by dint of sermons and exhortations strove to convert him to their own opinions.

He now found himself in a very comfortless situation. The Presbyterians kept the entire administration both of church and state in their own hands, and though they mocked him with the name of king, they did not treat him even with the respect due to a superior. And they paid so little regard to his feelings, that they obliged him to pass under the gates of Aberdeen, over which was hung one of the limbs of his faithful friend and servant, the gallant Marquis of Montrose, who had a little before been barbarously put to death for appearing in arms in his master's cause. In short, Charles was now little better than a helpless prisoner in the hands of merciless tormentors. All his English friends were driven from him, except the Duke of Buckingham, who alone was suffered to remain. He was not allowed to enter into any kind of amusements, and was harassed by theological discussions, which to him, who had been accustomed to drive away all serious thoughts, and delighted only in gaiety and dissipation, must have been particularly irksome. Under these circumstances, he secretly rejoiced on finding that Cromwell was on his march to Scotland with a powerful army for the purpose of driving him from his uneasy throne.

The Scottish army, commanded by General Leslie, attacked Cromwell near Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650), and was completely beaten with great loss. Cromwell immediately marched to Edinburgh, and after a prolonged siege obtained possession of the castle. Meantime the remains of the Scottish army were rallied at Stirling. In the summer of 1651 Cromwell threw his army across the Firth of Forth, and marching northwards made himself master of Perth, where he was farther from England than the army of the Covenanters Charles, who was with that army, consisting of 14,000 men, seeing the road to the English border thus open to him, formed the bold resolution of marching forwards into England, believing that all who were discontented with the Commonwealth would flock to his standard. But he was greatly deceived in this hope. The movement was so sudden and unexpected, that even those who wished him well were taken by surprise, and had no time to make the necessary preparations for a renewal of the civil war.

Charles still marched forwards, in hopes at last to gather strength;

[1] See p. 305

but he arrived at Worcester with only his 14,000 Scots. Here he halted, and had a few days' rest after his long and fatiguing march. In the meantime, Cromwell, when he found that the king had slipped from him, left the command of the Scottish war to General Monk, and followed Charles with all possible expedition, raising the militia of the several counties as he passed; so that by the time he reached Worcester, he mustered a considerable force. The next day, Sept. 3, 1651, he surrounded the town with his troops, and falling on the royal army, soon destroyed it, the very streets being filled with dead bodies.

The king, after making a desperate resistance, was at last obliged to fly with fifty or sixty gentlemen in his company. They rode about twenty-six miles without stopping. It was then thought advisable for them to separate. The king, by the advice of Lord Derby, determined to seek for refuge at Boscobel, a sequestered spot, situate on a wild hilly common, on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire. Lord Derby himself, who had joined the king at Worcester on the eve of the battle, had found safe shelter at this place a few days before, after a defeat at Wigan. Boscobel, and also a house called Whiteladies, a little farther off, belonged to a Catholic family of the name of Giffard, and Mr. Charles Giffard was one of the companions of the king's flight.

At break of day, on the 4th, Charles arrived at the house at Whiteladies, and his horse was brought, by way of precaution into the hall. Mr. Giffard here recommended him to the care of some brothers of the name of Penderell. There were five of these brothers now living as tenants on the Giffard estates, one of them, William, in the house at Boscobel; and there had been a sixth, who fell in the battle at Edgehill in the royal army. Here Charles had his hair cut short, and disguised himself in a green suit and leathern doublet of Richard Penderell's, and quitting Whiteladies by a back door, it being now broad day, took refuge in a wood on Boscobel. Here he passed the rest of the day. His faithful guides had procured him a blanket, to serve as a seat on the wet ground, and a mess of butter, milk, and eggs. At night-fall he left the wood, and having supped and completed his disguise at Richard Penderell's house, proceeded to Madely, a village on the Severn, with the intention of passing into Wales, whence it was thought that he might escape into France with least suspicion. At Madely he was received by a royalist gentleman of the name of Wolfe, who gave him shelter in a barn in a heap of straw.

During the whole of the following day the king remained in the barn. At night, finding that there would be great danger in any attempt to pass the Severn, he left the barn and returned to Boscobel, where he arrived about five in the morning of September

6. In the house at Boscobel he found a Major Careless, one of his companions in arms at Worcester; and being told that it would be dangerous either to stay in the house or to go again into the wood, they secured themselves during the day by getting up into a large oak-tree, which stood, as the king tells us in his own narrative, "in a pretty plain place, where they might see all around them." This oak, the king says, had been lopped some three or four years before, and, being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through. He tells us also that they carried up with them some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, and small beer, and "nothing else;" and adds, that while they were in this tree, they saw soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped. Meantime Charles slept at intervals on a cushion which the Penderells had provided, resting his head on Careless's lap. At night he returned to the house at Boscobel, where a bed was made up for him in a closet of about five feet square. Part of the next day he passed in a summer-house in the garden.

But though the king had thus far escaped his pursuers, it was not safe for him to remain longer in this part of the country. At night, therefore, on this day, the 7th, he set out for Moseley, a place at no great distance from Boscobel. But his feet had been bruised and galled in his journey to Madeley, and he was unable to walk. The mill-horse of Humphrey Penderell, who was a miller, was therefore procured for him; and all the five Penderells, and a brother-in-law of theirs, named Yates, walked by his side and escorted him to within a short distance to Moseley. At Moseley he remained the whole of the next day, and late in the evening of the 9th went on some miles farther to Bentley Hall, the house of Colonel Lane, a steady royalist, whose sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, had some time before obtained a pass to proceed with a servant to Leigh, near Bristol, on a visit to her friend Mrs. Norton, who lived there. It had been arranged for Charles to go with her as her servant. Accordingly, early on the 10th, the king having changed his dress to a suit of country grey cloth, and taking the name of William Jackson, left Bentley on horseback, with Mrs. Jane Lane on a pillion behind him. They stayed that night at the house of a Mr. Tombs, at Long Marston, near Stratford-on-Avon, and the next night at Cirencester. On the 12th, they arrived at Mr. Norton's at Leigh. The king feigned himself sick of an ague, and, under cover of this illness, he had the better chamber and accommodation provided for him, and some of the best meat, a matter about which he seems to have been by no means indifferent, sent to him from the table. He kept his chamber during the greater part of his stay at Leigh, but was recognised by the butler, who, however, promised not to betray him, and faithfully kept his word.

Finding no ship at Bristol by which he could escape, Charles left Mr. Norton's on the 16th for Trent, in Somersetshire, on the borders of Dorsetshire, the house of Colonel Wyndham. He slept that night in Castle Cary, and reached Trent the next day. Here he remained some time in the expectation of procuring a vessel at Charmouth or Lyme. But being still disappointed in this hope, and having more than once narrowly escaped being taken, he went on the 6th of October to Mrs. Hyde's, at Hele, near Amesbury, a place in his way to the coast of Sussex, where his friends were now preparing for him the means of escape. At Hele he stayed till the 13th, lying concealed five days in a hiding-hole. On the 13th he slept at Hambledon in Hampshire, and on the 14th arrived at Brighton. Early on the 15th he embarked at Shoreham in a small vessel which had been hired for the occasion, and the next day landed at Fecamp, in Normandy.

While Charles had been wandering about, an unhappy fugitive, the party in power had been going on triumphantly. The victory at Worcester they chose to call their "crowning mercy." Monk had been successful in Scotland; Ireton kept everything quiet in Ireland; and the government, elated by success, soon showed a desire to lord it over foreign states; and in 1652 declared war against the Dutch. Holland was at that time regarded as the most considerable maritime power in Europe, and was supposed to excel all other states in the art of ship-building, and in the skill of her seamen. But now the English navy, which the late king had paid great attention to, and which was manned by sailors whom the circumstances of the times had made bold and hardy, was found able to cope with that of Holland; and Admiral Blake was several times the victor in engagements with the Dutch admirals, Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witt.

In the midst of all this national glory, an ignominious fall was preparing for that comparatively inconsiderable band of men who still called themselves a parliament. Cromwell, who now thought it high time to drive them from the station which he had suffered them to occupy, went, on April 20, 1653, to the parliament house, while the members were assembled, and placing a file of soldiers at each door, entered the hall, saying, in his hypocritical manner, "That he was come with a purpose of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly besought the Lord not to impose upon him; but that there was a necessity for it." He sat down for a time, and heard the debates, and then suddenly starting up, he exclaimed, "This is the time—I must do it!" Turning to the members, he loaded them with every term of reproach, and called them tyrants, oppressors, and public robbers: he then stamped with his foot, on which signal the soldiers entering the

hall, he ordered them to drive all the members out: first saying, "You are no longer a parliament; the Lord has done with you; he has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work . . . . It is you that have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon this work." He stayed till the hall was empty; then ordering the doors to be locked, he put the keys in his pocket, returned to the palace at Whitehall, where he and his family had taken up their residence.

Cromwell was now the sole head of the government, and assumed more authority than even the most arbitrary of our kings had done; and though many were secretly displeased at this, particularly the republicans, no one attempted to dispute his power. To keep up something of the appearance of a commonwealth, he summoned a parliament consisting of the lowest and most ignorant fanatics, who, nevertheless, set themselves pompously to work to settle the affairs of the state. They considered the clerical office as being altogether a remnant of popery, and proposed that there should be no more clergy. The common law they deemed a badge of Norman slavery, and were desirous to set it aside. They also voted that learning was heathenish, and the universities unnecessary.

This parliament had the name given it of Barebone's parliament, from the name of one of its chief orators. At last its conduct became so utterly absurd, that Cromwell became ashamed of it, and sent all the members about their business, suffering one only of their many proposed changes and regulations to be carried into effect. This one was in regard to the marriage ceremony, which was declared to be a mere civil contract, and was appointed to be performed for the future in private rooms, before a magistrate, the religious ceremony being left optional.

Cromwell had at this time (December, 1653) the title of Protector conferred on him. His wife had the appellation of *her highness;* and his daughters were waited upon by ambassadors and foreigners, as if they had been princesses. All these things were grievous in the eyes of the republican party, each man of which had devised a form of free and popular government to please his own fancy. But the royalists saw this usurpation with satisfaction, being glad for the people to become accustomed to the dominion of a single man, in the hope that it might render them the more willing, at some after-time, to restore the king.

As for the mass of the people, they were so tired of the tyranny and oppression of the parliament, that they were thankful to get rid of their many masters, and to enjoy anything like a settled government. And Cromwell, though he trampled on the laws and constitution of the country, would suffer no other person but himself to do so. He enforced justice and civil order; and made his government respected at home and feared abroad. He kept up the

power of the navy, and soon obliged the Dutch to sue for peace. He attacked the Spaniards without having even a pretext for making war; and took from them the island of Jamaica in the West Indies, which we still keep, and which is a monument of Cromwell's domineering reign; for *reign* it might truly be called, though he refused the title of king, which was offered him. He was much inclined, it is said, to have assumed that title, but feared that the enmity to kingly government which he had very unmeasuredly encouraged in others might be but too easily retaliated on himself. The protectorship was, however, not only confirmed to him for life, but was also settled on whomsoever he should choose to appoint after his death.

This proceeding alarmed both the republicans and the royalists, who began to fear that a power so well established would become permanent, to the destruction of their different hopes. In 1665 a plan was formed for a general rising amongst the royalists. But Cromwell and his secretary, Thurlow, had full information of their designs, having the carriers and postmasters so fully under their control, that no treasonable letters could pass undiscovered: and before the appointed day of insurrection, many of the royalists were taken up: some were punished with death, and several others were sold for slaves, and sent to Barbadoes. The country was also divided at this time into military districts, each under the command of a major-general invested with almost absolute power. These despotic acts struck terror throughout the whole nation; and no other considerable attempt was made to overturn the Protector's power.

His government of Ireland was equally despotic. Fleetwood, who had married his eldest daughter (Ireton's widow), was his deputy, and carried many of his arbitrary measures into effect. Fleetwood was succeeded by the Protector's second son, Henry, a young man of great abilities, and extraordinary goodness, who, pitying the oppressed condition of the people, did all he could to improve it.

But though Cromwell, by his powerful arm, held the people down from openly rising against him, still, in the latter part of his life, he was under a continual dread of being secretly murdered, knowing, by means of his spies and informers, that many persons had formed the design of assassinating him. And though he often braved danger in battle with intrepidity, he now betrayed a more than common fear of death; and every moment of his life was made miserable by the apprehension of losing it. If any stranger looked earnestly upon him, it made his heart sink within him. He always were armour under his clothes. He never dared to sleep in the same apartment more than two or three nights at a time; and if he went from home, he always took care to go by some unexpected way, and to return by a different road.

In addition to these terrors, he had many causes of mortification in his own family. Richard, his eldest son, whom he had brought to court, and whom he meant for his successor, was a man of inferior talents, and of no ambition. He had never approved of his father's conduct, and would have been glad to have been left in peace in his own little country farm. Henry Cromwell was a man of abilities, but had too much virtue to be willing to follow his father's footsteps. Mrs. Fleetwood and her husband were such sincere republicans, that they, even more than the generality of the people, held the usurpation in abhorrence. Cromwell's other daughters were zealous royalists; and Mrs. Claypole, the one whom he loved best of all his children, represented to him, when on her death-bed, and in terms which filled him with grief and remorse, the enormity of the conduct which he had pursued. From that time he was never seen to smile. The protectress, who was a shrewd, sensible woman, had not allowed her political principles, whatever they were, to interrupt her enjoyment of her dignity. Yet she was always apprehensive of an overthrow; and often besought her husband to secure himself from all danger from the king's party by offering his youngest daughter in marriage to Prince Charles. Charles, it was believed, would have made no objection to such a match; but Cromwell's usual answer on these occasions was, "I tell you, Charles Stuart will never forgive me his father's death."

All these agitations were too great for Cromwell's bodily frame to support. Though, as a ruler, he was successful and irresistible to the last, his troops having aided the French to gain the battle of the Downs over the Spaniards, in 1658, and to take Dunkirk, which was then ceded to England, he found the exalted state to which he had been raised by the success of his vaulting ambition, a burden too heavy to be borne; and died, a worn-out old man, on September 3, 1658, in the 59th year of his age. He was buried with royal pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Richard Cromwell was proclaimed protector in his room. But the nation soon found the difference between the strong hand of Oliver Cromwell and the weakness and indecision of his son, and showed a disposition to cast off his authority. But Richard, quietly resigning a dignity which he had neither the power nor the inclination to keep, wisely saved himself from being dispossessed by violence. He held the protectorship only a few months. Henry Cromwell also resigned his command in Ireland, though his popularity in that country was very great, and he might have retained his power there if he had chosen to do so; but, like his brother, he preferred the tranquillity of a private station to all the dangerous and uncertain enjoyments of ambition.

The country was now without any apparent rule, and was split into a variety of factions. The republicans hoped to establish their

long-desired form of popular government, and the royalists in their turn were full of expectations and projects.

In the meantime those members of parliament who had been so contemptuously expelled by Cromwell in 1653, met, and proceeded to take on themselves the administration of government. Hazelrig, Vane, and some of the original promoters of the civil war, again busied themselves with the affairs of the nation; but the remembrance of their former tyranny made them so odious, that all parties, royalists, Presbyterians, and the army, joined against them.

Lambert, who headed the army, came with a large body of soldiers to London, and filling the streets near Westminster with his men, expelled the Commons once more from the house. The army then began to make arrangements for assembling a military parliament, composed of a certain number of officers from each regiment. They elected what they called a *committee of safety*, which filled the country with dread, from the known fanaticism and cruelty of those who composed it.

Charles, meantime, on hearing what was passing in England, left the Low Countries, where he had for some time past taken refuge, and came to Calais, where he stayed, awaiting the event. For some time there seemed little chance of any turn in his favour; but, at last, what the efforts of his friends could not do, the rivalry of his enemies brought about. Lambert and Monk had long hated each other; and Monk, partly to disappoint Lambert, who was secretly ambitious of the protectorship, and partly because he was urged to it by his wife, who was a zealous royalist, formed the design of bringing back the king, and entered into a correspondence with him. But he kept his intentions so well concealed, that he appeared to be only acting for the restoration of the parliament. He collected several scattered regiments in Scotland, and marched directly into England. Lambert set forward to meet him, but found himself deserted by his own soldiers; and the parliament being no longer held in terror by the troops, assumed once more the reins of government, arrested Lambert, and committed him to the Tower.

Monk and his army soon reached London. He appeared at first to acknowledge the authority of the parliament; but in a few days he openly avowed his contempt of that obstrusive body of men, and, declaring for a free parliament, he called together all the surviving members of the old or long parliament, who had been expelled by Colonel Pride in 1648. They met on February 21, 1660, and in a few days formally dissolved themselves, and issued writs for a new parliament, which assembled April 25.

On the 1st of May, Monk having everything ripe for his project, ventured to propose to the parliament the restoration of the king. It is impossible to describe the joy with which this proposal was heard—a joy which soon spread from the house to the city, and

from thence through the whole country. The peers, from all parts of the kingdom, hastened to reinstate themselves in their parliamentary rights; and on the 8th of May Charles II. was proclaimed king, and a committee of gentlemen was sent to invite him to return and take possession of his dominions. The king sailed from Scheveling, a small village on the coast of Holland, and was met at Dover by General Monk, who conducted him to London, which he entered amidst the joyful acclamations of the people, May 29, 1660.

In the time of the Commonwealth the business of banking was first practised. Before the civil war, the Mint in the Tower was the usual place of deposit for money; but after the commencement of the disturbances the private property of individuals was no longer thought safe in the Mint; and the goldsmiths were employed by the rich merchants and tradesmen to take care of their money for them, and thus the goldsmiths became the first bankers.

Episcopacy had been abolished by the parliament during the war. In the time of the Commonwealth, most of the loyal and orthodox clergy were dispossessed of their livings, and allowed small pensions; and, instead of regular clergy, itinerant preachers were employed, who rode about the country (more particularly in Wales) to teach the people their new and fanatical doctrine.

Oliver Cromwell, though he had declined the title, assumed all the privileges of a king. He affected to create peers, and assembled a house of lords, consisting of persons on whom he had conferred this dignity. This house, however, did not sit long; and to be one of "Oliver's lords" was, after a time, a term of reproach, instead of being a title of honour.

During this period the national character of the English appeared to undergo a total change. The air of frankness and blunt honesty, by which the nation has been at all other times characterized, was changed into an air of hypocritical stiffness. All amusements and recreations were forbidden. A cheerful countenance and a ruddy complexion were considered as the marks of a *malignant*; and the Presbyterians and republicans had such a way of lengthening out their faces, and putting on a solemn and melancholy look, that their very features seemed to be changed, as well as their tempers.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXV.

Richard. I don't know what would have become of George, with his round merry face, if he had lived then.

Mrs. Markham. He must either have submitted to be a suspected malignant of the very worst sort; or else he must have adopted the

Puritan fashion of wearing his hair cut square round his face, with a little black cap edged with white on his head—a sort of head-dress which was highly esteemed, as being the most unbecoming that could be invented.

Mary. And pray, mamma, did the ladies try to make themselves look ugly too?

Mrs. M. I do not think they made themselves look very beautiful, with their heads tied up in hoods as if they had got the tooth-ache. Sometimes, but whether out of modesty or vanity I cannot pretend to say, they covered the upper part of the face with a black mask. The strange fashion too of putting on black patches, which made the face look as if it were all over spots, came in about this time.

Richard. I wonder whether Cromwell had thought from the first of killing the king, or whether it came into his head afterwards!

Mrs. M. There is a foolish story that Cromwell, even while a boy, had formed some wild scheme against Charles, with whom he had a childish quarrel, when the prince once accompanied the king his father on a visit to Cromwell's hospitable uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, at Hinchingbrook. But if, as the story goes, the two boys fought, and Charles had the worst of it, we yet need not think that Cromwell retained any grudge against him after the contest was over. It is probable that Cromwell never thought of compassing the king's death till circumstances threw that unfortunate monarch in his power. There is one story which, if true, is some justification of Cromwell's conduct.

Richard. Pray tell it, if you please. I should like to believe him not quite so bad a man as he seems to have been.

Mrs. M. The story is this:—Cromwell had found out, by means of his spies, that Charles was about to send a letter to the queen; and that it would be sewed up in the flap of a saddle which would be brought at ten o'clock at night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, by a man who would saddle a horse and ride off to Dover. Upon this information, Cromwell and Ireton went on the appointed night to this inn, disguised as troopers. They left some person to keep watch at the stable, who was to tell them if any man came with a saddle: they themselves went into the house, and sat drinking beer like common soldiers. At the specified hour they were told that the man was come. On receiving this notice they went out, and taking the saddle away from him, opened the lining and found the letter. They then returned the man his saddle, and he, not knowing of the letter, was ignorant of his loss, and pursued his journey to Dover. The purport of this letter was to tell the queen that Charles was courted both by the Presbyterians and the army, and that he rather thought he should close with the Presbyterians.

And Cromwell, finding from this letter that the king was dealing insincerely with him, from that moment vowed his destruction.

Richard. I think Cromwell would perhaps have been a better man if he had not been so clever. It must have been a great temptation to him to go on, when he found all his schemes succeed.

Mrs. M. Cromwell's character is one of the most extraordinary in history. His talents were, in some respects, of the very highest order. In other respects, he was strikingly deficient. He knew the precise moment when a thing was to be done: he had that wonderful penetration into people's characters, that he seemed almost to see into their hearts, and read their thoughts. And with all this he could neither write nor speak with common ability. He had a vehement manner, which made people suppose there was some great matter in his speeches; but it was a hidden matter, for they were generally so confused, that it was almost impossible to find out his meaning.

Richard. Perhaps, mamma, that might be part of his cunning. He might not choose that people should find out his meaning.

Mrs. M. It might be so. I will give you a passage from one of his speeches, and you may try to make sense of it, if you can. "I confess, for it behoves me to deal plainly with you, I must confess, I would say I hope I may be understood in this, for indeed I must be tender what I say to such an audience as this, I say I would be understood that in this argument I do not make a parallel between men of a different mind, and a parliament which shall have their deserts." The whole speech is in the same strain; but I think I have given you enough of it.

Richard. Why, indeed, mamma, if all speeches were no better than that, it would cure me of ever wishing to be in parliament.

Mrs. M. Another of the strange inconsistencies of Cromwell's character was, that though he could act the part of a sovereign with great dignity, he was so fond of low wit and buffoonery, that he often played tricks which would disgrace a schoolboy.

Mary. O! pray tell us some of his tricks.

Mrs. M. One instance may satisfy you. After he was Protector, he gave a great entertainment at Whitehall, and he amused himself with putting sweetmeats on the chairs to dirty the ladies' dresses.

George. I think he must have learned such tricks as those from his friend the monkey who danced with him to the top of the house.

Mrs. M. It is very remarkable that, while Cromwell himself was ambitious to the utmost degree, the rest of his family were so totally free from that vice, that they shrunk from the greatness which was forced on them. His children, as I have already said, disapproved

of his conduct. His mother, a worthy, careful woman, who had done her best to bring him up respectably in the condition of life in which he was born, was dragged unwillingly to reside with him in his palace. She had here so little satisfaction in the splendour which surrounded her son, that she was in continual apprehension for his life. She never heard a gun go off, or any other sudden noise, without exclaiming, "My son is shot!" and she was never satisfied of his safety unless she saw him twice every day. Cromwell was very fond of his mother, and amidst all the hardness of his character, was always an affectionate and dutiful son. Her dying request, however, he disobeyed; for instead of burying her, as she desired, in a private manner, he had her interred with as much pomp as if she had been the mother of a king.

Mary. How did Mrs. Oliver Cromwell like being her highness and all that?

Mrs. M. It is said that she took to her dignities very comfortably. She was nevertheless a good sort of woman, and had brought up her family carefully. But though she and her daughters appear to have conducted themselves well in their high station, they were exposed to have many sarcastic remarks made on them. Mrs. Hutchinson says of the Protector and his family, "His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet did the ape. Cromwell himself had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted, with these things; but the rest were insolent fools." The truth was, that Mrs. Fleetwood's principles of republicanism suited better than those of the Protector's other children with Mrs. Hutchinson's politics. His other children were all royalists in their hearts, and ardently desired the restoration of the monarchy.

George. And did they live to see the king come back?

Mrs. M. All of them did, except Mrs. Claypole, who died young. Lady Fauconberg and Lady Russel lived much in society, and were greatly respected. Their brothers preferred retirement. Richard Cromwell changed his name to Clark, and lived to be a very old man at his residence at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. Henry settled at Spinney Abbey in Cambridgeshire, and was a highly respected and respectable country gentleman. He well describes his own character in a letter he wrote to his brother on the subject of his retiring from the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland. "I would rather," he says, "submit to any suffering with a good name, than be the greatest man on earth without it." There is a very pretty story of his being surprised in his retirement in Cambridgeshire by a visit from King Charles II.

Mary. Oh! do tell it, if you please.

Mrs. M. The king, being one day out hunting, and seeing a gentleman's house, rode up to it to obtain some refreshment. When Henry Cromwell, whose house it happened to be, saw the king, he was somewhat embarrassed; but Charles, by his gracious manner, soon set him at his ease, and the visit went off very agreeably. Charles was as much pleased with the goodness and simplicity of Mr. Cromwell's manner and appearance, as Mr. Cromwell was with the good humour and pleasantry of the king.

Richard. You said that Oliver Cromwell had the post-office people in his pay. I did not think there were any post-offices so long ago.

Mrs. M. Charles I. appointed a post to carry letters once a week between London and Edinburgh. The system was afterwards much extended and improved during the Commonwealth; and the privilege of franking was then first allowed to the members of the House of Commons. This was confirmed to them by Charles II., who extended the privilege to the peers also.

George. But how did people send their letters before there was a regular post-office. I suppose they must have written now and then to one another.

Mrs. M. I believe that in urgent cases, they employed special messengers. There is some reason, however, to think that there were people whose business it was to convey letters from place to place so long ago as Edward the Third's time; and it is very certain that in the reign of Henry VIII. there were established letter-carriers: but the system at that time was very imperfect and irregular. The odd way in which letters were formerly directed would very much surprise a modern postmaster.

George. Why, how were they directed?

Mrs. M. Here is the direction of a letter from a nobleman of Henry the Eighth's court to Lord Shrewsbury:

"To the right honourable and our very good lord the earl of Shrewsbury, president of the king's majesty's council in the north parts.

"Haste for thy life, post—haste, haste, haste,—for thy life, post, haste!"

The letter does not appear to require any extraordinary haste; and indeed Lord Shrewsbury's correspondent, either in that letter, or in some other directed in the same sort of way, apologizes for putting so much speed in the direction, and adds, "The only cause is that the posts be so slow."

Richard. How often does the post go now from London to Edinburgh?

Mrs. M. It goes every day; and there is not only a daily post to Edinburgh, but to almost all other towns in the king-

dom.[1] I believe there is no other country in which the business of the post-office is so well regulated as in this. Despatch and accuracy in the management of it may be justly ranked among the *luxuries* of a well organized government.

George. Why, yes, mamma, you have nothing to do but to put your letter into a hole in the wall, and then, without your having to trouble your head any more about it, away it goes to the end of its journey.

Mrs. M. The mention of the post-office reminds me of newspapers, which were first circulated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in order, I believe, to apprise the country of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. After this occasion had passed by, I suppose they must have been discontinued for many years, since the date commonly assigned to their first publication is that of the year 1642.

George. I wonder if they were like our newspapers?

Mrs. M. There is a collection of early newspapers in the Bodleian Library; and if we go to Oxford this spring, we will ask to see them.

Richard. You said that the statue of Charles I. now at Charing Cross was ordered to be broken in pieces. How could it be put together again?

Mrs. M. The statue had been cast some years before by Le Sœur, a very famous French artist; but on account of the breaking out of the civil war, it had never been set up. The parliament, conditioning that it should be broken up, sold it after the king's death to a brazier of the name of John Rivet, who, instead of breaking it to pieces, buried it, at the same time exhibiting as parts of it some other pieces of broken metal.[2] After the Restoration it was dug up, and placed where it now stands.

George. How tired I was of those dull Puritans! and I was quite glad when you came to those good Penderells. I hope the king remembered them after the Restoration.

Mrs. M. I am sorry to say that Charles was not of a very grateful disposition. He, however, never forgot his obligations to those honest woodcutters. After his restoration he sent for Richard Penderell, and calling him "Friend Richard," made him give the courtiers an account of all their adventures together, and of the escape from Boscobel. This the old man did, to the great entertainment of all present, telling them "how he got a sorry jade for the king, with a bad saddle and bridle; and how his majesty complained of his steed; and how his brother Humphrey said the king should

[1] To many towns there are now (1844) two posts, but the reader scarcely needs to be informed that this and many other increased facilities of correspondence have grown up since the publication of this history in 1823.

[2] It is also said that this man sold at high prices to the loyalists various articles which he pretended to have manufactured out of the material of the statue itself.

not find fault with the poor animal, for it had never before carried the weight of three kingdoms on its back," &c. Charles settled a pension on the honest man, and kept him near his court while he lived, and when he died placed a monument over his grave in St. Giles's churchyard in London.

George. I hope he was also kind to Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. M. He granted her a pension of £1000 a-year, and another of £500 a-year to her brother. Mrs. Lane afterwards married Sir Clement Fisher. I will tell you another story of what happened during Mrs. Lane's journey with the king. While they were at Long Marston, Will Jackson, as Charles was then called, was left in the kitchen. The cook, a great rough countrywoman, told him to wind up the roasting-jack for her. The king, who, perhaps, had never seen one before, and certainly had never before been desired to wind one up, set about his task in such a blundering way, that the cook exclaimed to him in a passion—"What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a jack?" The king answered with all the appearance of humility, that he was a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire; that they had seldom roast meat at home, and that when they had, they did not make use of a jack.

Richard. How extraordinary it was that Charles should never have been found out during the long time he was wandering about!

Mrs. M. It was a great security to him that, having been long abroad, his person was the less known in England.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHARLES II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1660—1685.

Charles II. and his Queen. From Heath's Chronicles.

CHARLES was thirty years old when, after sixteen years' exile, he was so unexpectedly placed on the throne of his ancestors. He had a good figure, and, though his features were harsh, there was something agreeable in his countenance; and his cheerful, easy, and graceful deportment made him altogether a very engaging person. He had a great deal of cleverness, shrewdness, and wit; and with common application, might have been anything he pleased. But he loved amusement, and hated business, and to live idly and merrily was all he cared for. His good-humour proceeded merely from the selfish principle of driving away care: his freedom from ambition was only the love of ease. He had no wish to be a great or a good monarch, and he only valued his country because he found it an agreeable dwelling place. He had a good head, but a bad heart, or rather he had no heart at all: he was devoid of feeling, and only feared foes and valued friends as they could injure or serve him His constitutional good nature was all he had to recommend him; and this concealed, for a time, his entire want of better qualities.

The king began his reign by forming a ministry from among the best and wisest men of all parties, and he gave general satisfaction by the choice he made. An act of indemnity, or of general pardon,

was then passed towards all those who had taken part against the Crown, excepting only the judges who had sat on the late king's trial, and all those who had in any other way been immediately accessary to his death. About sixty persons had been concerned in that act. Of these many were dead, and others had left the kingdom. Of those who could be brought to trial, ten only were executed: the rest were reprieved, and placed in different prisons. Harrison, who had conducted Charles I. from Hurst Castle was amongst those who suffered. He died justifying his conduct to the last. Hugh Peters also was executed. He had been one of Cromwell's fanatical preachers, and had not only been very active in stirring up the minds of the people against the king, but also, it was supposed, was either assisting on the scaffold when he was beheaded, or was himself the masked executioner. General Lambert and Sir Henry Vane, though they were not absolutely regicides, were yet thought too guilty to be included in the act of indemnity. Vane was executed: Lambert was reprieved, and exiled to the island of Guernsey, where he lived thirty years, and from being a rigid Puritan became a Roman Catholic.

This act of retribution being performed, the ministry applied themselves to the business of the state. The chancellor, Lord Clarendon, who had attended the king during his exile, had the chief weight in the council, and by his integrity and wisdom the government was carried on for a time with justice and moderation. The old standing army of the republicans was disbanded: the king retained only a few guards and garrisons; and most of the fortified places that had not been destroyed in the civil wars were dismantled. Episcopacy was restored; nine of the old bishops, who still survived, were replaced in their sees, and all the ejected clergy returned to their livings. The Presbyterians saw these measures with dissatisfaction; but an insurrection of one of the fanatical sects among the republicans gave the ministry a pretext to insist on the restoration of the church without any modifications. An act of uniformity was passed, which required the assent of all the clergy to several articles very obnoxious to the Presbyterians. Those who refused to sign these articles were disabled from holding their livings; and, in consequence, two thousand of them were deprived.

The Scots had joyfully seen the restoration of the kingly authority: but when Charles proceeded to settle the affairs of that country, he found the people altogether averse to receive the hierarchy, which he was exceedingly desirous to establish amongst them; perhaps the more desirous, because, in spite of his naturally careless temper, he could not have forgot all the indignities and insults which the spiritual pride of the Scotch Presbyterians had made him suffer when he had formerly been amongst them. He won over Sharp, a Presbyterian leader, to accept the archbishopric of St. Andrews.

Sharp was a vindictive and bigoted man, whose conduct only exasperated the people more against episcopacy. He was at last (1679) assassinated by a zealous fanatic of the name of Balfour of Burley; who, with a small party of men, chanced to meet him, as he was travelling with his daughter, dragged him out of his carriage, and murdered him. A rising of the Covenanters then took place; but after gaining some success at first, they were completely defeated by the Duke of Monmouth at Bothwell Bridge; and the same tyrannical system of government, both in Church and State, was continued in Scotland till the Revolution.

In 1662 Charles married Catherine of Braganza, daughter of the king of Portugal. The new queen had been educated in a convent, and was very formal and grave; she rejected the company of the English ladies, and would only have about her a set of old solemn Spanish duennas. The king found her and her court so dull, that he neglected her society, and spent most of his time with a set of idle, dissolute companions and unprincipled women.

In 1665 Charles entered into a war with Holland, which afterwards led to a rupture with France and Denmark. This war was carried on wholly by sea, and the king's brother, James, duke of York, an active, enterprising man, commanded the fleet. Many well-contested actions were fought, and many fruitless victories gained. One of these engagements lasted four days, and is among the most memorable which are recorded in history. The Dutch fleet consisted of seventy-six ships, and was commanded by the famous De Ruyter, and by Van Tromp, son of the great Van Tromp. The English fleet was commanded by Prince Rupert, and by Monk, now duke of Albemarle, and altogether was nearly equal to the Dutch; but Rupert having been detached with twenty ships, Albemarle began the fight with very inferior force.

The first day, June 1, 1666, the wind was rather against the English, who could not bring their lower tiers of guns into use; and their rigging was much injured by the Dutch chain-shot, a new invention. The vice-admiral, Sir William Berkeley, was killed, and his ship taken. The battle, however, still raged, and was only interrupted by the darkness of the night. The next day the Dutch were joined by sixteen fresh ships, and the English were obliged to retreat, nearly half their ships being disabled. A calm fortunately came on, which prevented the enemy from overtaking them. The following morning, June 3, the English continued their retreat; and the Dutch advancing upon them, the shattered ships were ordered to stretch a-head. Sixteen of those which were in the best fighting condition followed in good order, and kept the enemy in awe. Albemarle himself closed the rear, determining to blow up his ship rather than yield.

About two o'clock in the day, the Dutch having come up, the

English were preparing to renew the fight in desperation, when a squadron was seen to the south, crowding all sail to reach the scene of action. This was Prince Rupert, who joined the rest of the fleet; and the next day, being the 4th of June, a general engagement commenced, and was only put a stop to by a thick fog, neither party having gained the victory. The two fleets then retired to their harbours, but met again, June 25, at the mouth of the Thames, when the English obtained a decisive victory. De Ruyter, indignant at being obliged to fly, frequently exclaimed, "O God, amongst so many thousand bullets, is there not one to put an end to my miserable life!" The English were now incontestably masters of the sea; but they had been visited at home during this year by so many calamities, that they had no spirits to rejoice in any triumphs over a foreign foe.

In the preceding autumn a most violent plague had broken out, particularly in London, where in a short time, ninety thousand persons are said to have died of it. We are told that, during this calamity, forty thousand servants were dismissed by their masters, and turned into the streets to perish. These poor wretches, all persons being afraid to receive them into their houses, wandered into the country; but the villagers drove them back with pitchforks, lest they should bring the infection of the plague with them. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Lawrence, then supported them till his means were quite exhausted; and a subscription was afterwards raised for them, to which the king contributed a thousand pounds a week.

While London was still suffering under this calamity, it was assailed also by another. On the 3rd of September, 1666, a fire broke out near London Bridge, which spread with such rapidity that thirteen thousand houses were burnt down. The fire raged three days and three nights, and its progress was only stopped by blowing up houses to prevent the flames from spreading farther. Few lives were lost; but the distress of so many people thus driven into the streets, and most of them with the loss of all their property, is past description.

At this time, when every one else was too much stunned and terrified to be able to think or act, the king and the duke of York exerted themselves greatly, not only giving judicious orders for arresting the progress of the fire, but furnishing also every relief they could to the unhappy sufferers. The violent prejudices of the times made some people suspect the republicans, others the Papists, of having set the city on fire; but it may far more probably be attributed solely to accident. Many of the houses were of wood, and built close together: the season had been uncommonly dry, and it was no wonder that when the fire broke out, it should spread fast and be extremely destructive.—These dreadful scenes were not

without some good effect on the king's disposition, and detached him for a while from the idle and dissolute habits he had sunk into; but his vicious companions soon got about him, and rallied him out of all his good resolutions, and he relapsed into his former way of life.

These vicious companions the chief of whom was the duke of Buckingham, the *witty* duke, as he has been called, had long meditated the overthrow of Lord Clarendon, whose virtue and integrity made him the particular object of their dislike. It happened (1667) that the Dutch fleet sailed up the Medway, and destroyed some ships in the harbour at Chatham. A peace was made with Holland soon afterwards. Buckingham and his party found means of turning both this peace itself, and also the disgrace at Chatham, to the particular discredit of Clarendon, insinuating especially that the latter could not have taken place unless he had been negligent of the public security. The sale of Dunkirk to France, which had taken place shortly before, was also alleged against him. Charles, who had little gratitude in his nature, forgetting how faithfully this great statesman had served him in all his wanderings and necessities, was not sorry to have a pretext for removing a man who was some check upon his vices. Clarendon was, therefore, impeached on various slight pretences, and sentenced to banishment. He retired into France, and employed his remaining years chiefly in composing his excellent History of the Rebellion, and also in writing an account of his own life, and his transactions as minister, which is, perhaps, fully equal in value to his History. His youngest daughter, Anne Hyde, married the duke of York soon after the Restoration. She died young, leaving two children, the princesses Mary and Anne.

After Clarendon's disgrace, Prince Rupert, the duke of Ormond, Sir Orlando Bridgman, and other men of experience and high character, had for a time the chief weight in the council. But in 1670 their influence declined, and the king, whose carelessness about public affairs daily increased, committed the entire management of the state to five of the most unprincipled men of the kingdom, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, who were called the *Cabal*, from the first letters of their names. One of the nefarious measures of this administration was to shut up the Exchequer, and to take possession of the money which private individuals had placed in it. Another, and a still more generally unpopular measure, was that of entering into a new war with the Dutch, in order to gratify Louis XIV., one of the most ambitious, vain-glorious, and unprincipled kings that ever reigned. Charles, at first, hesitated to take such an unpopular step; but he was at length persuaded into it by his sister Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, who was sent on a visit to him by the French king. It is even said that

the restoration of popery in England was made an article of a secret treaty between the two kings. Charles, if he had any religion, was in his heart a papist; the duke of York was a professed one.

The French and English fleets now (March, 1762), joined each other. As they were at anchor in Solebay,[1] De Ruyter came unexpectedly upon them. The English ships, on this surprise by the enemy, cut their cables, that they might be the sooner ready for action. Lord Sandwich commanded the van. He rushed on the enemy, and sank one of their ships. He also destroyed three fire-ships that had attempted to grapple with him; and though his own ship was almost torn to pieces with shot, and the decks were filled with wounded and dead, he still fought till his ship took fire and blew up, and he and all his brave crew perished. The duke of York, who commanded in chief, had his ship so shattered that he was obliged to remove his flag on board another. The battle lasted the whole day, and De Ruyter declared that of the thirty-two actions he had been in, this was the hardest fought. The English and Dutch lost many ships, and divided the glory of the day. The French kept aloof during the engagement, their admiral having been ordered to spare his own ships, and to let the English and Dutch weaken themselves. This policy answered for that time; but in several sea-fights which followed, the English admiral, profiting by past experience, took care to dispose the French ships in such a manner that they should come in for their share of the danger. Another memorable naval action was fought on August 11, 1673. The English fleet was commanded by Prince Rupert; the Dutch by De Ruyter. In this battle, as in many of the former, nothing was gained by either party.

In 1673 the Test Act was passed, the effect of which was to prevent any person from holding office, or serving in the army or navy, who was not a member of the Church of England. Lord Clifford and the duke of York were thus compelled to resign; Ashley, who had been created Lord Shaftesbury, was disgraced, and the Cabal was broken up. Honester ministers, the chief of whom was the earl of Danby, came into place, and wiser measures were pursued. One of these measures was to make peace with Holland; but Charles still kept up with France a secret alliance on the most dishonourable terms. He received privately from Louis XIV. an annual pension of two millions of livres,[2] as the price of his supporting the French interest in his own court. Whether the ties by which he was thus attached to France were or were not suspected by his subjects, the manifest predilection which he entertained for that country made them view him with continual distrust, and he and his parliament were generally on bad terms. In 1679 the parliament, which had sat seventeen years, was dissolved. It had assembled in all the intoxication of joy, loyalty, and hope, which it was natural to feel on

[1] *i.e.*, Southwold Bay.

[2] Or francs, equal to 80,000*l.* sterling.

the king's restoration; and it separated with feelings of severe disappointment at his utter want of conduct and principle.

The following year another parliament was summoned, in which great struggles were made to exclude the duke of York, on account of his religion, from the succession, and to settle the crown, after the death of Charles, who had no legitimate children, on the duke's eldest daughter Mary, who was now married to the prince of Orange. But this bill of exclusion could not be carried. In the parliament of 1679 the liberty of the subject was materially secured by the passing of what is called the Habeas Corpus bill, by which it is rendered illegal to detain in prison any person who claims to be tried, and which thus affords a complete protection against all kinds of arbitrary imprisonment.

The people were now becoming more and more dissatisfied both with the king and his brother; and the quiet of the country was greatly disturbed by tumultuous meetings, and many rumours of secret plots, rumours which appear to have been in general fabricated by persons who pretended to give information of designs entertained against the king. One plot was formed in favour of the duke of Monmouth, a natural son of the king, whom some of the more violent opposers of the Popish party were desirous to declare heir to the crown. The Papists, in their turn, had also a plot of their own to secure the duke of York's succession; and both parties were thus agitated by turns with various hopes and schemes. It was at this time that the names of Whig and Tory, names so often since used and abused, were made the appellations of two opposite factions.[1]

While the country was thus filled on all sides with discontent and apprehension, the king was urged by the vindictive temper of the duke to exercise severities foreign to his nature; and many persons were taken up and executed on suspicion of being engaged in plots. One of these persons was Lord William Russell, a nobleman of high character, who was accused of being privy to what was called the Ryehouse plot (1683), from the name of a house on the road to Newmarket, where the conspirators held their meetings. The witnesses against him were men of infamous character; but, notwithstanding the want of proper evidence, he was condemned and executed. Algernon Sidney, son of the earl of Leicester, was also tried and executed with as little show of justice. Nothing was proved against him, but he was known to be attached to republican principles, and for this reason was the more easily suspected of harbouring designs against the king.

The king, though he permitted these things to be done, does not appear to have approved of them, and often opposed his brother's

[1] See, for a general character of these two parties, pp. 380, 381.

violent counsels. One day he said to him, "Brother, I am too old to go again on my travels; you may, if you choose it,"—meaning that the measures which the duke wished him to pursue would provoke the people to open rebellion. Charles, though he was careless and idle, had good sense; he plainly saw the discontents that were rising, and we are assured that he had determined to take the best way of appeasing them, by dismissing all his ill-advisers, and throwing himself on the good-will and affection of his subjects. But he had no opportunity of trying the experiment; for, in the midst of a life of vicious indulgence, he was attacked by apoplexy, and died, after a few days' illness, February 6, 1685, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

He married Catherine of Braganza, daughter of the king of Portugal, by whom he had no children.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXVI.

Richard. Ah, mamma, how disappointed I am in that Charles II.! I was in hopes he would have made a very good king.

Mrs. Markham. And the worst of it was, that his bad conduct had a pernicious influence not only on the times in which he lived, but also on those that followed: for though few could pretend to equal him in wit, yet persons of the meanest capacity could easily imitate his vices, and the coarse and vulgar jokes in which he often indulged himself. This infection spread from the court through the country; and the people, flying from one extreme to the other, gave up the affectation of gravity and stateliness to assume the opposite character of licentiousness. Even the public taste was corrupted. Many of the books written at that time were polluted with the same vicious spirit that so generally prevailed in society.

Mary. Were there then no good books written in Charles the Second's reign?

Mrs. M. I did not and could not make so sweeping a charge. I meant particularly to speak of plays and poems; and even amongst these there were great exceptions. 'Paradise Lost,' a poem which for sublimity and purity has never been excelled, or, indeed, equalled, was published in this reign.

Mary. Well, I am glad there was one good book to make up for the rest.

Mrs. M. We have not to thank any of Charles's wits for it. Milton, the admirable author, was a poor blind Puritan. He was a man of great learning, and had been Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell. He wrote many prose works which are almost all political, and in favour of independent and republican principles. His poetical works are, as far as I know, free from any political bias, and I hope

you will ere long acquire good taste and sense enough to appreciate their excellences. He had many admirers; and persons of rank and distinction would often come to converse with the blind and venerable bard, as he sat, according to his custom, at the door of his house in Bunhill Row, Finsbury Fields, to enjoy the refreshing breeze in a summer evening. And I dare say he looked more truly dignified, with his white hair and plain grey coat, than his gay visitors did in all their frippery.

Mary. What do you mean by frippery?

Mrs. M. I mean all the ribands, and feathers, and shoulder-knots that the fine gentlemen wore, in imitation of the fashions then reigning in France. Long flowing wigs too, of curled and frizzled false hair, were then first introduced, and were made so large as to cover the head and shoulders, and to hang down nearly a yard in length. Wigs continued to be universally worn till the middle of the last century. Even young boys were emulous of wearing wigs. I have seen the copy of a hairdresser's advertisement, who boasts that *she* (for it was a female artist) could cut and curl boys' hair in so fine a way that it should be impossible to know it to be their own hair. The falling cape, made of lace or lawn, and the ruffs that were worn in the reign of Charles I., had been succeeded during the Commonwealth by a neat and very becoming collar of white linen. This was now displaced by a cravat round the throat, tied in a great bunch under the chin.

George. When did people leave off wearing those great standing-out ruffs, like Queen Elizabeth's?

Mrs. M. They were worn till the middle of James I.'s reign, though sometimes a little varied by being dyed yellow. A Mrs. Turner, who was convicted of being an accomplice in poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, was hanged in one of these ruffs; and this circumstance put them completely out of fashion.

Richard. I think, mamma, that I once heard you speak of some very old man who lived in the reign of Charles II.

Mrs. M. Old Jenkins, who died in this reign, is the oldest man on record in this country, or, I believe, in any other, since the ages immediately after the flood. He remembered the battle of Flodden Field, which was fought in the early part of Henry the Eighth's reign, and died a few years after the fire of London, aged 169, having lived in eight different reigns.

Mary. O, mamma, how I hope London will never be burnt down again!

Mrs. M. I trust it never will; for I can imagine few calamities more dreadful. Mr. Evelyn, a truly excellent country gentleman, who lived at the time, and who kept a daily journal, which has lately been published, has given us a very animated description of

the terrible scene. The fire began near London Bridge, and burnt everything westward as far as Temple Bar, extending northward to Smithfield and Holborn. It destroyed eighty-four churches, leaving only thirteen standing within the boundary of the city.

Richard. Why, it must have burnt half London!

Mrs. M. The flames first broke out at ten o'clock at night on the 2nd of September, 1666. The following evening Mr. Evelyn went to the Bankside at Southwark, which is on the south side of the Thames, and from thence he beheld the flames on the opposite side of the river, spreading in one sheet all along the river bank. He went again early the next morning to the same place, and saw the fire still raging furiously. It was then catching St. Paul's church. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. The light was seen at forty miles' distance, and not by night only, but also by day; and the smoke, which rose in thick black clouds, was supposed to spread through the atmosphere for fifty miles round. The air in and about London was so hot and inflamed that it was quite stifling and oppressive.

The next day, Sept. 4, St. Paul's was burnt, and the melted lead from that and the other churches ran in a stream. The pavement of the streets glowed with so intense a heat, that neither man nor horse was able to tread on it. The people at first seemed to lose their senses in the greatness of the calamity. The king was the first to regain his recollection. He himself attended late and early to encourage and reward the workmen, and showed great presence of mind and activity.

On Sept. 6 the fire began to abate, and on the 7th Mr. Evelyn walked from Whitehall to London Bridge—a scene of desolation, in which he often did not know whereabouts he was. The ground was so hot that the soles of his shoes were burnt: old timbers that were not reduced to ashes were as black as charcoal; the stones were burnt and calcined, and quite white; and the smell of so many burnt and burning substances was very oppressive. The prison-doors were all burnt away. Still, however, the poor wretches within could not escape, but perished in the flames.

Mary. O pray, mamma, do not go on with any more of that sad story!

George. Do, mamma, do go on! I want to hear all about it.

Mrs. M. How am I to please you both?

Mary. If there is anything good, you may tell it, but nothing more that is horrible.

Mrs. M. Then I will tell you how some tradesmen, who lived near St. Paul's, contrived to save some of their property. When they saw the flames spreading on all sides, they put their goods in the vaults under the church. Four days after the fire had ceased,

some of them, anxious to know what was the state of the goods which they had so deposited, opened one of the vaults; but no sooner were the doors opened than the current of air fanned the heat within, and caused the flames to burst out in the vault; and thus everything in it was burnt. The rest, taking warning by the misfortune of their neighbours, waited till the heat was abated, and till rain had cooled the air. They then opened the other vaults, where they found their goods uninjured.

George. Were many gentlemen's houses burnt?

Mrs. M. I believe but few. That part of the town consisted principally of shops and warehouses and the habitations of merchants and tradesmen and their dependants. The nobility and gentry lived chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Strand and Whitehall. Somerset-house was a royal palace, and was inhabited by the queen. London and Westminster were at that time, as now, connected by streets. St. Giles's and St. Martin's were become part of London; but to the north of Piccadilly all was still open, and Bond Street and Hanover Square are built on ground which was then fields for cattle.

Richard. I have just been thinking about that picture you showed us one day in the History of London, of a high column, called the Monument, which was built in order to show something about a great fire. Was it this fire?

Mrs. M. Yes. That monument is erected on the spot where the fire first broke out; and it also marks another spot, perhaps known to antiquaries alone, and at least interesting to them. It stands directly opposite to the place where once stood the London house of Edward the Black Prince.

Richard. I wonder how those who had lost their houses could contrive, when the rubbish was all cleared away, to know their own bits of ground again.

Mrs. M. It must have been a business of great difficulty to give back his exact right to every person. Sir Matthew Hale, who happily lived at that time, and who was a most wise and excellent man, and also a most upright judge, framed, with the assistance of the other judges, a set of rules for adjusting the different claims; and all parties were, on the whole, very well satisfied.

George. Were all the houses built up exactly as they were before?

Mrs. M. No: they were rebuilt on a general and much improved plan; and, though the fire of London was a dreadful calamity to those who suffered by it, it has been an incalculable benefit to their posterity. The habitations of those who live in that part of the city are far more agreeable and more healthy than they were before. The plague, which used formerly to be such a terrible scourge, has never been known in London since the fire.

George. Was the infection then burnt out?

Mrs. M. The dirt was burnt out which used to harbour the infection. The old wooden houses, with windows not made to open, could never be purified by fresh air; the want of which, and the want of cleanliness, were enough to harbour and encourage infectious disorders.

Richard. I remember you said, when you first began this history, that it is wonderful to see how God directs all things that happen to men, so as to turn, in some way or other, to good. I have often and often thought of it since, and now the account of the fire of London makes me think of it more than ever.

Mrs. M. I am glad, my dear boy, to perceive that you view human affairs in their true light. They who see the hand of God in all things find a support under every affliction and a double enjoyment in all blessings.

George. I think, mamma, that the fire of London was a happy event for the king, as it made him exert himself, for once in his life, to do some good.

Mrs. M. The beneficial effect on the king's mind was very transient. Charles II. was one of those persons whose carelessness makes them incorrigible. Both warning and example were thrown away upon him. He possessed talents, but made no good use of them. There was a lively epigram made on him by one of the wits of his court:—

> Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one.

This was shown to Charles, and he said, in his pleasant way, that it was very true; for his words were his own, but his actions were his ministers'.

Richard. But, however, his ministers were not all bad: Lord Clarendon, for instance.

Mrs. M. And there was also a duke of Ormond, who was a very noble character. He had been a faithful adherent of Charles I., and on the Restoration was made lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Cabal hated him for his honesty; and one day in parliament Lord Shaftesbury attacked the duke's administration of government in that island; but he was so keenly, and yet so politely, answered by Lord Ossory, the duke's son, that, though the most hardened man that ever lived, he retired quite abashed.

Richard. I should like to know what Lord Ossory said.

Mrs. M. After vindicating his father's conduct in several particulars, he went on to say,—"Having spoken of what the lord lieutenant *has* done, I presume, with the same truth, to tell your lordships what he has *not* done. He never advised the shutting up of the Exche-

quer; he never advised the falling out with the Dutch, and joining with France; and that Holland, a Protestant country, should, contrary to the true interests of England, be totally destroyed."

Richard. No wonder that old lord was ashamed; for, if I do not forget, those were the very things which the Cabal people had done.

Mrs. M. And the attack came the more unexpectedly, as Lord Ossory was a plain soldier, more used to fighting than to oratory. He was his father's only son, and was the most popular man in the kingdom; he kept aloof from the corruptions of the court, and would never join in any of the restless factions of the time. He died early, to the great grief of his father, and indeed of the whole nation. The poor old duke used to say, "He would not change his dead son for any living son in Christendom."

George. I wonder if anything could have made Charles II. a good man.

Mrs. M. Had he been a private gentleman, and not rich enough to have afforded to live in idleness, he might perhaps have left a better name behind him. He had great good-nature, and was admirably qualified to be an agreeable companion; but he wanted all the virtues which are required to make a great man. Still there was a kind of dignity about him which prevented those he conversed with from taking too great liberties in return for the freedom with which he often treated them. It is said that he could be, when he pleased, a perfect model of good breeding.

Richard. Then I think his being so agreeable was only so much the worse; for people must have liked him so much that they would forget his faults.

Mrs. M. He was certainly a much greater favourite with his subjects than he deserved to be. This might in part, be owing to his entire freedom from suspicion and pride, and his never showing the least fear of his people. He was very fond of the park at St. James's; and that part of it called the Bird-cage Walk he caused to be planted with trees, on which birds in cages were hung. He would sit for hours on the benches in the walk, amusing himself with some tame ducks and his dogs, amidst a crowd of people, with whom he would talk and joke.

Mary. I am glad you have said something about his dogs, because I wanted to know why people always say that our dog, Pompey, is a King Charles's dog.

Mrs. M. It is because people fancy he is the same kind of dog which Charles II. was accustomed to keep; but I rather believe that no dogs are left of the true breed, except some very beautiful black-and-tan spaniels, which belonged to the late duke of Norfolk, and which used to riot over Arundel Castle, much in the same way in which I suppose their ancestors formerly racketed about the palace

at Whitehall. Charles was quite troublesomely fond of dogs. He had always so many in his bedroom, and his other apartments, that Mr. Evelyn says the whole court was made offensive and disagreeable by them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JAMES II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1685—1688.

Gentlemen of Charles the Second's Court.

JAMES was in the fifty-third year of his age when he succeeded to the throne of England. He had not his brother's talent and brilliancy, but he was a man of much perseverance and steady application to business. He had been by his mother brought up a Papist, and had acquired from his religion a harshness and bigotry which does not appear to have belonged naturally to his character. He meant to act rightly, and to be, according to his own ideas, a good king. But he mistook, or, to speak more properly, he did not regard, the feelings, opinion, or character of the people he had to govern.

As he had been very young when the civil war broke out, and had been bandied about from place to place, sometimes living under the care of his father, and being at other times in the hands of the parliament, it is probable that he received no regular education. He was about thirteen when he was permitted to see his father (the last time they met) at Hampton Court. The king then told him that, as he was old enough to be trusted with a secret, he would tell him one which he must keep. This secret was, that a Colonel Bamfield was to contrive the means of conveying him abroad, and that he must be ready to do all the colonel should desire, and be discreet.

James then returned to London, and was placed by the parliament, with his sister Elizabeth, in St. James's palace. At last Bamfield found means to let him know that all was ready, and that he would wait for him at one of the doors of the park.

James and his sister were allowed to play in a room which opened on a back-stairs that led to a door into the garden. That evening they had been left alone, and James took the opportunity of running down into the garden; and thence, without either hat or cloak, he contrived to get unperceived to the door where Bamfield was waiting, who hurried him into a house not far off, where he had provided for him a woman's dress. Thus disguised he took him to the Custom-house stairs, where a vessel was prepared to sail for Holland. They embarked, and crossed the sea in safety; and James was placed for a short time under the care of his sister, the princess of Orange. From that time to the Restoration, he passed many uncomfortable years, sometimes at Paris with his mother, who treated him with great rigour, and sometimes at Bruges or Brussels, in his brother's court—if that could be called a court which had nothing but high-sounding titles to distinguish it. The lords of the bedchamber and masters of the horse were obliged to walk on foot, and many of them had scarcely a bed to lie on. But the good-humour and easiness of Charles, who would never find a vexation in anything which he could turn into a joke, cheered and enlivened the circle which surrounded him.

James was always glad to be with his brother, but towards the end of the year 1659, Charles was reduced to the utmost distress; and James was on the point of accepting an offer made to him by the king of Spain to take the command of the Spanish fleet, when his brother's restoration placed him at the head of the English navy—a situation that suited him well, for he was a man of great personal courage, and naturally inclined to an enterprising and active life. The maritime rivalry between the English and Dutch gave him great opportunities of distinguishing himself. He either invented sea-signals, or greatly improved them, and made many beneficial alterations in the management of naval affairs. Soon after the death of his first wife, Anne Hyde, he married Maria Beatrice of Este, daughter of the duke of Modena. This proved a very unfortunate marriage, for the princess was an ill-judging woman, and meddled indiscreetly in matters of state.

James, as soon as he came to the throne, professed an intention to maintain the laws of the country both in church and state; and this declaration served greatly to tranquillize the minds of the populace, who were well disposed to rely on it, because James, notwithstanding his known bigotry, had hitherto preserved a high character for sincerity. Yet he soon after despatched a Catholic priest to Rome

to negotiate a reunion with the papal see. The pope, Innocent XI., had more prudence than the king, and advised him to attempt nothing rashly.

The duke of Monmouth had found it necessary to leave England during the ferment of the real or pretended plots in the late king's time; but now, encouraged by the dread the people had of Popery, and relying on his own popularity, he returned and landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, June 11, 1685, with only a hundred followers. He pretended that his mother had been privately married to Charles, and that he was the legitimate heir to the crown. He soon assembled 6000 men, and was prevented only by want of arms from raising a much greater number. Had he marched immediately to London, he might, perhaps, have had some chance of succeeding; but, instead of doing so, he wasted his time by staying to be proclaimed in the different towns he passed through. On July 5 he encountered the king's army at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, and was totally defeated.

Monmouth himself fled from the field of battle without stopping, till his horse dropped from fatigue. He then changed clothes with a peasant, and endeavoured to conceal himself in the most sequestered places. At last he was found lying down in a wet ditch, and hiding himself under the fern-leaves that grew on the bank. He was at this time nearly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, having for the last two days eaten nothing but raw peas, and such other food as he could gather in the fields and hedges. He was taken to London, and besought an interview with the king, that he might try to move him to pity the favourite son of a brother whom he had tenderly loved.

James granted the interview, in hopes to gain from the duke some knowledge of the persons implicated in his rebellion. But both Monmouth and the king were disappointed. Monmouth's crime was too dangerous to be forgiven; and he either had had no abettors, or was too honourable to betray them. He was beheaded in the 36th year of his age. The executioner, either from unskilfulness, or, perhaps, from being overpowered by his feelings made two or three ineffectual strokes. He then threw down his axe, declaring that he could not go on. But the sheriff obliged him to try again; and he at length completed his melancholy office. Though this execution was seen by crowds of people, they could not bring themselves to believe that their favourite was actually dead. They fondly imagined that some other person had, from friendship, suffered in his stead, and that they should see him emerge from some concealment.

The punishment of those who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion was very severe; and the cruelties perpetrated in the king's name by Judge Jeffreys and Colonel Kirk in the West of England have left a stain on their memories, and on that of James II., which

can never be wiped away. In the same year, 1685, the duke of Argyle was executed in Scotland for heading a rebellion in that country.

James, having now, as he supposed, suppressed the discontents of the people, thought that he had sufficiently cleared the way for the restoration of popery. Being led on by the vehemence of the queen, and the rash counsels of his confessor, Father Petre, he introduced Papists into the army and navy, suspended the bishop of London, and issued a declaration of indulgence to the Roman Catholics, and even to the other dissenters. He expelled, by an arbitrary and illegal exercise of power, the president of Magdalen College, in Oxford, and placed a Papist in his stead. He sent also a solemn embassy to Rome; and the pope, though he again warned him of the imprudence of his conduct, indulged him by sending a nuncio to England. Even the Roman Catholics in general thought these proceedings extremely dangerous and ill-judged.

The measures now taken in favour of the Catholics induced the primate and six of the bishops to present a remonstrance. For this presumption they were committed to the Tower; but on being brought to trial they were acquitted, to the great satisfaction of the people at large, though to the bitter mortification of the king.

One great check on the king's ardent zeal for the restoration of popery was the knowledge that, should his eldest daughter, the wife of the prince of Orange, succeed him on the throne, the whole work would be undone, both the princess and her husband being Protestants, and the prince universally looked up to as the great support of the reformed religion in Europe. James, therefore, ardently desired a son; and when, on June 10, 1688, a son was born, he thought that everything would prosper to his wishes. This very event, however, in fact, hastened his own expulsion from the throne. For the people, who had been cheered by the hope of a Protestant sovereign after James's death, now seeing themselves cut off, according to the ordinary course of events, from any further indulgence of that hope, became anxious for the king's dethronement; and many persons of rank and consideration entered into secret negotiations with the prince of Orange.

Meanwhile James's conduct seemed nothing but a course of blind infatuation. He looked at but one object, the restoration of popery, and saw neither the rising discontents of the people, nor the increased intercourse which was held with the prince of Orange. At last his minister at the Hague sent to warn him that he might soon expect an invasion from Holland. On receiving this information he was completely stunned; the letter fell from his hands, and it was some time before he recovered the power of thinking and acting. When at last he roused himself from this state of consternation and surprise, the only means which occurred to him of averting the coming

storm was to retract some of his late obnoxious measures. He replaced several magistrates whom he had deprived of their commissions: he took off the bishop of London's suspension, and he reinstated the expelled president of Magdalen College. But these concessions gained him no credit, and were attributed rather to fear than repentance. The prejudices of the people led them also to suspect him of doing many things which he had never perhaps even thought of. Amongst the many calumnies that were heaped on him and the queen, it was asserted that the young prince of Wales was not their child, though acknowledged by them for the sake of depriving the princess of Orange of her right to the succession.

At this time a declaration from the prince of Orange assuring the people of England that he was coming over to redress their grievances, was gladly received throughout the kingdom. On October 31 he sailed from Helvoetsluys with a numerous army and fleet, and landed in Torbay, November 5. But the disastrous issue of Monmouth's invasion was still so fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of the West of England, that at first they dared not join him. In a few days, however, the gentry of Devonshire and Somersetshire flocked to his standard. All England was presently in commotion, and the people combined almost universally against their misjudging and ill-advised monarch.

James's dismay and perplexity were now very great. The Jesuits who were in his confidence were unable to give him any assistance, and only advised him to abandon the country. The same advice was also strongly urged by the queen; and thus, overruled by the fears and clamour of those around him, he forbore to make even a single effort to preserve his throne. He sent the queen and her infant son secretly away under the care of the Count de Lauzun, a French nobleman; and, on December 12th, he himself left London in the middle of the night, attended only by Sir Edward Hales. His intention was to get on board a ship at Sheerness, and to escape to France. He carried off with him the great seal, and threw it into the Thames.

When it was known that the king was gone, and had left no one in charge of the administration, the mob of London rose, and seemed to consider themselves as masters, and set about executing summary justice in the usual manner of mobs. They destroyed all the mass-houses; and, finding Judge Jeffreys, disguised, and intending to flee the country, they nearly tore him to pieces before he could be got into the Tower. To add to the general confusion, Lord Feversham, commander of the king's forces, disbanded them, and without disarming, or giving them the pay due to them, turned the men loose on the country. In this extremity, those peers and bishops who happened to be in London, assembled

and sent an invitation to the prince of Orange, who on receiving this encouragement assumed almost all the functions of royalty.

Meanwhile the fugitive king had been discovered at Feversham. He was brought back to London, much to the dissatisfaction of the prince of Orange, who had promised his wife that no personal violence should be offered to her father. William, therefore, not only winked at, but even secretly assisted James to make his escape a second time. On the 25th of December this unfortunate monarch landed at Ambleteuse in Picardy, from whence he proceeded to St. Germains, near Paris, where Louis XIV. received him with great generosity and commiseration. He had reigned about three years.

By his first wife, Anne Hyde, he had two daughters :—

Mary, married William of Nassau, prince of Orange;

Anne, married George, son of Frederick III., king of Denmark.

By his second wife, Maria Beatrice of Este, he had

James Francis Edward, afterwards called the Pretender;

Mary Louisa, who was to have been a nun, but died before she took the veil.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXVII.

George. It was, to be sure, very wrong in James to want to make all people Papists, whether they would or no; and yet, somehow or other, I can't help thinking that he meant well.

Mrs. Markham. Had it not been for his bigotry, he might perhaps have made a good king, for he was frugal in his expenses, paid great attention to business, and was very sincere. The duke of Buckingham used to say that the difference between James and his brother was, that Charles *could* see things if he *would*, James *would* see things if he *could*.

Mary. What did he mean by that?

Mrs. M. That Charles possessed a natural quickness, which enabled him to comprehend with facility everything that he desired to learn; but that James, though not so clever, was more persevering and willing to study.

Richard. You did not give, I think, a very good character of the queen.

Mrs. M. She was a very beautiful, but a very proud woman. I recollect an instance which has been related of her pride. At the time when she was duchess of York, the duke had invited old General Dalziel to dine with him; and she refused to sit at table with him because he was a subject. I believe at last she did consent to sit down with him, on the duke's remonstrating and telling her that, but for the good services of such men, he might still have been a miserable exile.

George. But, mamma, who was this General Dalziel?

Mrs. M. He had been a faithful servant to Charles I., and on the day on which his master was executed he made a vow never to shave his beard again. He lived to be very old, and his beard grew to be of an enormous length, and reached down to his girdle, while his head was entirely bald. After the Restoration, he used to come up every year from Scotland to pay his respects to the king. His grotesque appearance caused much amusement to the courtiers; but Charles always received him with real kindness, and made him very welcome.

Mary. I do not see what there was to laugh at: I thought almost everybody wore long beards in old times.

Mrs. M. Not in the times we are now talking of. There seems to have been as great a variety of modes in the way of wearing the beard as in the fashion of garments. The Normans wore the beard short, or shaved it close; and William the Conqueror almost drove the Anglo-Saxons to desperation by requiring them to do the same. I believe, however, that in the time of the Plantagenets the Norman practice was in great measure adopted. In the prints I have seen of the dress and fashions of that time,[1] particularly in those which represent men of the higher ranks, I recollect to have seen but very few beards. In the time of the Tudors they appear to have been allowed to grow; for Henry VIII. is always painted with a beard, and in some of Holbein's pictures there are very long ones. In Elizabeth's reign, Lord Burleigh, Lord Essex, and many others, are represented with huge beards spread out, and cut square at the bottom; but in the time of Charles I. the beard was reduced to a little pointed lock on the chin, which gave rather a prim expression to the countenance, except when qualified, as it generally was, by two fierce-looking mustachios on the upper lip. The lock on the chin was soon left off, and the mustachios alone remained; though these, unless I mistake, did not last long: at least I do not remember to have seen either beards or mustachios in any pictures which are of later date than the reign of James II.

George. Why, indeed, if people had worn long beards with those monstrous wigs, they would have been more strange-looking than that General Dalziel!

Richard. Do you know, mamma, why the duke of Monmouth was so great a favourite with the people.

Mrs. M. I suppose he had many of his father's fascinating qualities, which may have had the effect of blinding them to his faults. He deserted an amiable wife, and in his last moments seemed to regret nothing but the society of a very abandoned woman with whom he lived. His attempt on the crown was without any excuse:

[1] See Strutt's 'Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities.'

and I own that he appears to me to have been one of the most defective characters ever idolized by the mob. He had a house in Soho fields near London, which was doubtless the reason why *Soho* was taken by the insurgents as the word of the day at the battle of Sedgemoor.

George. I think, mamma, that we seem to be got back again into times as tumultous as those of the civil wars.

Mrs. M. Yet I am glad to be able to tell you that, even during a time in which men's minds were kept in a perpetual ferment, there was a little knot of wise men who contrived to detach themselves from the agitations of public affairs, and enjoy in peace and quietness the tranquil satisfactions of science and philosophy. Bishop Wilkins, Mr. Evelyn (whom I have already mentioned to you), Mr. Boyle, Sir Christopher Wren, and a few others, were of this set. Bishop Wilkins was a man of great talents and merit, although he had some visionary notions of the perfection to which art and science might be brought. In the time of the Commonwealth he was head of Wadham College in Oxford; and, having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell, he was able, by his influence with the protector, to do much for the interests of that university. Mr. Evelyn was a man of taste and literature, and was a patron of many artists, whose merits might not have been known but for him. He first brought into notice Gibbons, the celebrated carver in wood, some of the finest specimens of whose art are to be seen at Windsor, and at Petworth in Sussex.

Richard. I should not think there was anything very fine in wooden ornaments.

Mrs. M. You will not say so when you have seen Petworth, where the sides of a large room are ornamented with festoons of flowers carved in wood, and exquisitely beautiful. But I have not finished all I had to say of Mr. Evelyn. He was a great planter and layer out of grounds, and wrote a book on trees, called the Sylva, which even those who have no grounds to plant and ornament may read with pleasure. He turned the attention of gentlemen of landed property so much to this subject, that many millions of trees were planted in consequence—a benefit of which we are now partaking.

Mary. Why, mamma, can any tree that was planted so long ago be alive now?

Mrs. M. Many of the oaks that were planted then are still probably only in their prime. I have stood under the shade of an oak at Penshurst, in Kent, which is said to have been a shady tree in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

George. Oh! if that oak could speak, how many things it could tell us of!

Mrs. M. It might, perhaps, repeat the oak's pedigree.

In my great grandsire's trunk did Druids dwell;
My grandsire with the Roman eagle fell;
Myself a sapling when my father bore
The hero Edward to the Gallic shore.

George. But who were the rest of those philosophers you were talking of?

Mrs. M. One of them was the celebrated Robert Boyle, an extraordinarily able and good man, who withdrew himself from all the tumults of the unhappy times he lived in, and devoted his life to science and religion. Charles II., after his restoration, pressed Mr. Boyle to become a clergyman, and to accept of some church preferment; but he declined, saying that what he could do for the service of religion he thought would have more effect as coming from a layman. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and a great promoter of the establishment of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Sir Christopher Wren was an architect, and he is commonly regarded as the greatest we have ever had. He was employed to furnish designs for rebuilding the churches which were destroyed by the fire of London. Fifty-eight churches were built by him. Of these St. Paul's is his greatest work. Indeed it is considered by many to be the finest church in Europe, with the exception only of St. Peter's at Rome.

Richard. It must have taken a long time to build such a large church as St. Paul's.

Mrs. M. It took a much shorter time than was taken to build St. Peter's, or indeed to build most of our old cathedrals. St. Peter's was above a hundred years in building. The first stone of St. Paul's was laid in 1675, and the whole building was completed in thirty-five years, though some of the decorations were not finished till 1723. It seemed as if the life of the venerable architect was lengthened, that he might enjoy the pleasure of seeing the completion of his great work. He died the year it was finished, aged ninety-one.

Richard. When I saw my grandpapa this morning, I gave him an account of the reign of Charles II., and told him all I could remember of it; and he desired I would be sure to tell you that you have made a mistake in saying that the Bird-cage Walk in St. James's Park is so called from the king's birds. This, he says, is a vulgar error: and that the real origin of the name is from *Bocage*, the name given to the walk by St. Evremond, a French wit, who was a great favourite with the king; and that John Bull, not being apt at learning French, soon changed *Bocage* into *Birdcage*.

Mary. And pray who was John Bull?

George. Not know John Bull? Why, Mary, how stupid you are!

Mrs. M. John Bull is a nickname applied to the people of

England, and George, I suppose, can tell you how the name was acquired.

George. I really don't know, mamma.

Mrs. M. Then another time, pray, be better informed before you venture to call another person stupid. I am told that this name cannot be traced beyond Queen Anne's time, when an ingenious satire, entitled the History of John Bull, was written by the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift. The object of this satire was to throw ridicule on the politics of Europe during the contest for the Spanish succession. John Bull is the Englishman, Nic Frog is the Dutchman, and Charles II. of Spain and Louis XIV., are called Lord Strut and Louis Baboon.

The Landing of William III. at Torbay. From a Picture at Hampton Court.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WILLIAM III.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1689—1702.

William and Mary. From an old Engraving of the Period.

WILLIAM of Nassau was son of William Prince of Orange, and Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I. He was in the thirty-ninth year of his age when the general voice of the people of England called upon him to ascend the throne. Some years before he had been chosen stadtholder of Holland, and had long been accustomed to an active life, and had shown much firmness and military skill in the wars between Louis XIV. and the Dutch. He was a man of a cold, inflexible mind, calm in his temper, and moderate in all his habits, close and reserved, but neither artful nor insincere. He had a plain understanding, unimproved by cultivation. Nothing enlivened him but the animation of a battle. He then seemed to put on a different nature, and was full of spirit and alacrity. At the siege of Maestricht, when he was only prince of Orange, he received a shot in the arm; and to animate and assure his men, who were alarmed by the accident, he took off his hat with his wounded arm, and waved it in the air.

With regard to his appearance—he had a high forehead, an aquiline nose, fine eyes, and a very grave countenance. He was of the middle height, and very thin, being worn down by an asthma and perpetual cough from his infancy. I have somewhere seen it said that he was so feeble, that he was commonly obliged to be lifted on horseback; but that when once mounted, he managed his horse with admirable skill, and seemed as if he imbibed the strength and spirit

of the animal he rode. He married, as you already know, the Princess Mary, daughter of James II. This princess had a fine person, with an engaging countenance, accompanied by an air of great dignity. She was a truly good woman, and unambitious of governing.

After a long debate in both houses of parliament, it was declared that the throne was become vacant, and thereupon settled that the prince and princess of Orange should be made king and queen of England, and that the administration of government should be placed in the hands of the prince only. The two houses at the same time made a declaration, called the Bill of Rights, by which the prerogatives of the crown were limited and defined, and the liberty of the subject placed in greater security.

At first all was harmony and satisfaction; but William had not long been king of England before he and his new subjects became mutually discontented with each other. William, a thorough soldier, had been accustomed to the implicit obedience which is paid in camps to the authority of the general. He found the management of a free people extremely troublesome; and was so much harassed by the mutual jealousies of the different parties into which England was split, that once, in a moment of disgust, he was very near resigning a throne which he found encompassed by so many cares and vexations. The English, on their side, were equally out of humour with a monarch who, instead of living amongst his people in that sort of social way to which their former kings had accustomed them, spent most of his time either alone in his closet, or at a camp which he had formed at Hounslow. And when he did show himself in his court, which was very seldom, he appeared sullen and out of humour. After a time, finding that this secluded way of life made him very unpopular, he tried to rouse himself, and on various public occasions, exerted himself so far as to conduct himself with affability to those about him. In order to ingratiate himself with the citizens of London, he even accepted the post of grand master of the Grocer's Company; but still the whole bent of his mind was fixed on humbling the power of France, and this more for the sake of revenging the quarrels of his native country than from any motive in which England was concerned.

Soon after the settlement of the crown of England, the Scots declared the crown of Scotland vacant, and offered it to William and Mary. Thus the title of the new sovereign became established in both kingdoms. Lord Dundee alone collected a body of Highlanders. With a few hundred men he defeated a large body of William's troops at the pass of Killiecrankie. Dundee himself was, however, mortally wounded in the action, and died on the day following. His death so broke down the spirit of the Highland clans, that they, after a short time, accepted a pardon offered them by William, and acknowledged his authority.

A few months after the battle of Killiecrankie, James himself, being assisted by Louis XIV. with a large body of troops, and with arms and money, landed at Kinsale in Ireland. That island, in which the greater part of the people were Papists, still adhered to him. In March, 1689, he made a public entry into Dublin, where he was joyfully received. He afterwards laid siege to Londonderry; but the besieged, though reduced by famine to the last extremity, made a most vigorous and obstinate defence, and were at last relieved. In the month of August in the same year, the duke of Schomberg, William's favourite general, landed in Ireland with ten thousand men, and immediately commenced operations against the *Jacobites*, the name which was given to James's party. The duke, however, met with unexpected difficulties; and after James had been above a year in Ireland, William resolved to undertake the war against him in person, and on June 14, 1690, landed at Carrickfergus with a large body of troops, who, when joined to those already in Ireland under the command of the duke of Schomberg, composed an army of thirty-six thousand well-appointed and disciplined men.

James was able to bring nearly as many men into the field; and the two armies came in sight of each other on the opposite sides of the river Boyne, not far from Slane Bridge. While William was standing on the bank taking a survey of the enemy, two persons near him were killed by a cannon-ball, and he also was wounded in the shoulder; but, regardless of the hurt, he went on giving his orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. At six the next morning, July 11, William's infantry crossed over at Slane Bridge, while he with the cavalry forded the river, amidst a shower of bullets. The engagement soon become general, and after a time James's Irish soldiers gave way. His foreign troops then retreated in good order, and William remained master of the field. During the heat of the action, the duke of Schomberg was killed by some mistake of the soldiers of his own regiment, who, being foreigners, and not knowing the English from the Irish, had levelled their pieces against their own party. The duke was in the 82nd year of his age, and had passed the greater part of his life in campaigning.

James, who had looked on at the battle from the neighbouring hill of Dunmore, when he saw his troops give way, immediately turned his horse's head towards Dublin, without making any effort to retrieve the fortune of the day, which probably he might not have found altogether irretrievable if he had retained any part of his former resolution and activity. At this time his mind seemed to be subdued. During the battle he had expressed the greatest concern at seeing any of the English slain, even though they were fighting against him; and he was frequently heard to exclaim, "Oh! spare my English subjects!"

When James arrived in Dublin, he called the magistrates together, and signified to them his intention of leaving the kingdom. In a few days he sailed for France, and there lived the rest of his days under the protection of the French king. In the latter part of his life he practised all the austerities of a monk, and died in 1701.

Some few places, after James had quitted Ireland, still held out against William: William, however, soon returned to England, and committed the management of the Irish war, first to the earl, afterwards duke, of Marlborough, and then to the earl of Athlone, who, before the conclusion of the year 1691, reduced the towns that had held out for James, and completely subdued his party. Those who chose still to follow his fortunes had permission given them to leave the island, and consequently 12,000 of the Irish Catholics retired to France, where they were hospitably received by Louis XIV., and formed into a corps which was long afterwards kept up under the title of the Irish brigade. It was kept up, I believe, till the French revolution.

Thus was Ireland rendered externally tranquil. In Scotland, though after the battle of Killiecrankie no resistance had been opposed to the establishment of William's authority, a bloody tragedy was still to be perpetrated. The Highlanders could not thoroughly reconcile themselves to the loss of their ancient race of kings; and the violent Presbyterians, though they were no friends to the Stuarts, yet thought themselves highly aggrieved by William's supporting the system of episcopacy in England. A few slight tumults, which these discontents excited, had been soon quelled, and a general pardon was promised to all who on or before a particular day should take the oath of allegiance to William.

Macdonald of Glencoe, one of the Highland chiefs, had deferred taking this oath to the very last day, and then, unfortunately, mistaking the place where it was to be received, went to Fort William, instead of to Inverary. When he found his error, he set off in all haste to Inverary; but the roads being bad, and the snow deep on the ground, he did not arrive there till after the stated day. In consideration, however, of the circumstances of the case, he and those of his clan who accompanied him were allowed to take the oath, and returned home in full security of pardon and protection.

The earl of Breadalbane, the head of one branch of the Campbells, had a private pique against Macdonald, and had savagely sworn to effect his destruction. Under colour of his having refused to take at the proper time the oath of allegiance, he represented him to the king as an obstinate rebel. Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards earl of Stair, who was secretary of state for Scotland, seems to have joined also in this horrible plot. William accordingly granted a warrant of military execution both against Macdonald himself and his whole clan.

A party of the Campbells was sent to Glencoe. They were received by Macdonald as friends, and stayed with him nearly a fortnight. At length, supposing that the passes amongst the mountains were secured, they fell like butchers on the unarmed and unsuspecting Macdonalds. Nearly forty persons were massacred. The rest made their escape, the severity of the weather having prevented the troops from actually stopping the passes; but many who had thus escaped for the present perished afterwards from the inclemency of the season, or by famine, or died of grief. This horrible outrage caused a general detestation of William's government, and was the beginning of a long series of troubles and sorrows in Scotland. The king tried to exculpate himself by saying that he had signed the fatal warrant in the hurry of business, without being aware of its full purport.

William, who had gone to the continent soon after his return from Ireland, was now actively engaged in a war with France. He had embarked at Gravesend for Holland on the 16th of January, 1691. The next day, when within a mile and a half of the land, he quitted his yacht for an open boat, hoping by that means to arrive sooner on shore; but, the wind rising, the boat was tossed about for eighteen hours in the utmost peril. At last it reached the shore, and the king was glad to repose himself in a fisherman's hut, before he proceeded to the Hague.

Many of the Protestant States of Germany had now joined Holland in the war against France. William took on himself the command of the allied army; and only making occasional visits to England, spent nearly the whole of the next three years on the continent. Flanders was the chief seat of the war; and in the conduct of it Prince Eugene of Savoy, the earl of Marlborough, and the duke of Schomberg (son of the veteran who was killed in Ireland) greatly distinguished themselves.

In 1692 Louis XIV. made another attempt to effect the restoration of James II. He prepared a numerous fleet for the invasion of England; but it was completely defeated off La Hogue by the combined fleets of the English and Dutch.

Queen Mary, who during her husband's absences from England had the chief conduct of the government, endeared herself much to the nation, acting on many occasions with great firmness and judgment, and at the same time with great mildness. She died of the small-pox, December 28, 1694, and was very sincerely lamented. William was in England at the time of the queen's death, an event which caused him as much grief as his cold temper was capable of. He soon after went again to the continent, and passed another year there in fighting the battles of the allies. The Jacobites at home were still constantly on the watch for any opportunity to disturb

the government, and many plots were laid for assassinating him; but the mass of the people were steady to their allegiance. On his return to England, he made, for the sake of gaining popularity, a royal progress through part of the kingdom as far as Lincoln, and visited several of the nobility by the way.

In 1697 a general peace was made, called the peace of Ryswick, by which the continent of Europe was for a short time restored to tranquillity; but towards the conclusion of William's reign an alliance was agreed upon between the emperor, the king of England, and the Dutch, which led soon afterwards to a renewal of the war. William was engaged in making active preparations, when an accident put a sudden end to his life. Finding that the air of London disagreed with him, he had purchased a house at Kensington, which he had fitted up as a palace; and when in England, he divided his time chiefly between that place and Hampton Court, a favourite residence, where he made improvements and alterations which still remain as he left them. On the 21st of February, 1702, as he was riding to Hampton Court from Kensington, his horse fell with him, and he was thrown with so much violence that he broke his collar-bone. His attendants conveyed him to the palace at Hampton Court, where the bone was set; but the same evening he returned to Kensington in his coach, and the jolting of the carriage displaced the setting. On March 4th he seemed much recovered from the effects of this accident; but in the evening he was seized with shiverings. In two days he became so much worse that his life was considered in danger, and he was himself heard to say, "Je tire vers ma fin." On March the 8th he expired, in the 52nd year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign. After his death, a ring containing some of the late queen's hair was found fastened by a black riband round his arm.

He married Mary, eldest daughter of James II., and left no children.

King James II. died at St. Germains a few months before William; and his son James Francis was proclaimed king of England by Louis. At William's accession the English parliament had set the claims of James totally aside, and had settled the succession, after William and Mary, and in the event of their leaving no issue, on the Princess Anne and her children. William and Mary having no children, and the duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the Princess Anne, having died in the latter part of William's reign, a new act was passed in 1701, settling the crown, on failure of the direct line, on the electress Sophia and her Protestant descendants. Sophia was daughter of the queen of Bohemia, electress palatine, and was grand-daughter of James I. She married the duke, afterwards elector of Hanover, a Protestant prince of the House of Brunswick.

The duchess of Savoy, who was daughter of Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I., protested, as being in a nearer line of succession, against this settlement; but her claims were unattended to, both she and her children being Catholics.

William appropriated the park and palace at Greenwich as an hospital for disabled seamen. The bank of England was established in this reign. The expenses of the king's foreign wars had occasioned a continual drain for money, and he first burdened the country with a national debt, the foundation of what we call the public funds.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXVIII.

George. But, mamma, I understand neither the one nor the other, neither the national debt nor the funds.

Mrs. Markham. I fear I shall find it so difficult to enable you to understand the subject, that I must leave it to your papa to explain to you its intricacies.

Richard. But, perhaps you can tell us a little about it?

Mrs. M. I can tell you so far as this, that the national debt is an exceedingly large sum of money, now amounting to many hundred millions of pounds sterling,—a debt which has been incurred at different times by government, and which is owed to persons who have lent money to the state, and who receive in return perpetual annuities; or else to persons who have acquired a portion of those annuities from those who actually lent the money: for these annuities have been divided and subdivided, sometimes into very small portions, and have been sold and resold over and over again.

Richard. Then that, I suppose, was what my uncle meant the other day, when he said he had bought a thousand pounds in the funds.

Mrs. M. Exactly so. He bought as much of those annuities as he could get for 1000*l.*; that is about 40*l.* a year.

Richard. But can he ever have his money back again?

Mrs. M. He may get it, or perhaps most of it, again, by selling his right to the said annuity; but he must take his chance of selling it for what he can get. He may get less, or it may happen that he may get more, than he gave for it.

George. That getting less may not be altogether quite so convenient. But still it is much better for him to put his money in the funds, than to lock it up in a box, and spend 40*l.* a year out of it; for then, you know, it would be all gone in twenty-five years.

Mrs. M. It is certainly a great convenience to many private people, particularly as the interest or annuity is paid half-yearly, and every person may know the very day and hour when he may expect to receive his money,—an exactness not always to be cal-

culated on where money is lent on any private security. But still these advantages are not without some serious drawbacks. The interest or annuities cannot be paid out of nothing, and taxes must be levied to procure money to pay them with, and this occasions a great burden on the country.

George. I think, mamma, the reign of this Dutch King William is a very dull sort of a reign. Nothing happened in it that is at all entertaining.

Mrs. M. Perhaps the dulness in my account of this reign may be as much my fault as King William's. However, I will try to find out something amusing in it. Shall I tell you of the czar Peter's visit to England?

George. Oh! do, mamma, that will be something worth hearing.

Mrs. M. Russia, you know, is a very extensive country, and the natives were longer than any other people in Europe before they became civilized. At the latter end of the seventeenth century they were quite barbarians; and when Peter I. (jointly with his brother John) came to the throne, he found that his subjects knew few of the arts, and none of the refinements of life. He himself was totally without education; but he had an enterprising, active mind, and a great natural capacity, and he was filled with the highest ambition of a great monarch, that of improving his people and their condition. His first attempt was to teach the Russian soldiers the military discipline then practised by the rest of Europe. He enlisted as a common soldier in one of his own regiments: he procured German officers, and set the example of learning the German exercise. His next desire was that of forming a navy, and he spent many months at Archangel, which was then the great resort of foreign ships, that he might himself examine the different methods in which they were built and equipped. During this time he lived almost entirely on board some English and Dutch vessels which happened to be there. In 1696 he became, by the death of his brother, sole emperor; and two years afterwards he went incognito in the train of his own ambassador to Holland; and that he might perfect himself in the knowledge of ship-building, he worked as a common ship's carpenter at Saardam.

Mary. An emperor working as a carpenter! Indeed, mamma you *have* found something very amusing to tell us!

Mrs. M. He called himself Peter Michaelof; and the shed in which he worked, and a boat of his making, are still preserved at Saardam, and pointed out to travellers. From Holland he went into England; and he always declared that he learned more during his visit to this country than he had learned anywhere else. He chose to travel incognito, that he might be the more master of his time, and that he might avoid all the tedious ceremonies he would

have been troubled with had he appeared as a royal personage. Still it was very well known who he was. Unluckily for Mr. Evelyn——

George. Ah, mamma! is that our old acquaintance who told us about the great fire of London?

Mrs. M. The very same. Unluckily for him, King William desired him to accommodate the czar with his house at Sayes Court, in Deptford. This place was considered a pattern of elegance, according to the taste of those times; and Mr. Evelyn, who had great skill in gardening, had spared no pains in adorning it. The czar, whose mind could embrace great objects, had no taste for neatness; and the house and gardens were soon reduced to a lamentable state of disorder by the hard-working emperor, who made no ceremony of destroying the shrubs and trampling down the flowers. One of his diversions was to be wheeled in a wheel-barrow through the neat clipped hedge that had been raised with much care and cost.

Mary. I never heard of such an amusement! Pushing through a hedge is the last thing I should do for pleasure!

Mrs. M. The czar stayed three months at Deptford; and he and his people, who, as Mr. Evelyn's old servant said to his master, were "right nasty," left the place in a deplorable condition. The king paid for the actual damage they did, but could not restore the beauty of the gardens.

George. I should have liked to have seen it before the Russians spoiled it.

Mrs. M. The grounds were laid out in the French style of gardening, which, out of compliment to William, it was the fashion to call the *Dutch* style.

Richard. What was it like?

Mrs. M. It was very formal and artificial; the garden being principally laid out in flower-borders, which were disposed in regular shapes and patterns. Great art was required in forming the plans of these "garden plots," as they were called; and the more fantastical the shapes of the flower-beds, and the more complicated the walks, the more they were admired, provided the opposite sides of the "garden plot" corresponded with one another. Where the extent of the ground admitted of it, there were walks between clipped hedges, cascades, fountains, statues, yew-trees cut into all kinds of shapes, arbours, and terraces; but the regularity still observed with all this variety gave to these gardens a formal air, which the poet Pope well describes where he says—

> Grove nods at grove; each alley has its brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.

Mary. All this might be very ugly and very formal; but still

I should like, of all things, to see such a nice old-fashioned garden.

Mrs. M. It appears that greenhouses were first introduced about this time; for Mr. Evelyn speaks of a new contrivance which he had seen to preserve tender plants, by placing them in a house warmed by flues.

Mary. How odd it seems to us now that a greenhouse should be thought anything remarkable!

Mrs. M. Many things that we are accustomed to see, and pass by without notice, were, when first invented, thought very surprising. An Italian prince, who visited England in the time of Charles II., mentions in his journal that he saw in the garden of an English nobleman a very ingenious and singular contrivance for keeping the gravel walks level, which he thus describes: "It is a stone cylinder, through the axis of which a lever of iron is passed, whose ends being brought forward, and united together in form of a triangle, serve to move it backwards and forwards."—Now can you guess what this singular machine was?

George. Why, mamma, it could be nothing else but a garden-roller!

Richard. Was William as grave and sulky to his own dear Dutchmen as he was to the English?

Mrs. M. I believe he was grave and reserved to every one. His chief favourites were Bentinck and De Ginkel, two Dutch noblemen. The former he made duke of Portland, and the latter he made earl of Athlone. They were able men, and much respected both in England and Holland, and were faithful servants to the king.

Richard. Was there not some famous duke of Marlborough about this time? and was he the same you spoke of as having a command in Ireland, and afterwards on the continent?

Mrs. M. The same. His family name was Churchill; and his father, if I mistake not, had some inferior place in the court of Charles II. Young Churchill entered the army at twelve years old, and was engaged in active service nearly the whole of his life, which proved a long one. He married early Sarah Jennings, one of the favourite attendants of the Princess Anne; and he became himself also a great favourite with that princess. He was made earl of Marlborough by William, who had a high value for him, and appreciated his great abilities. Indeed he was a man of such an extraordinary military genius, that it is said that so skilful a commander had not been seen in England since the days of the Black Prince. Lady Marlborough was a clever woman, but of an imperious and meddling temper, and was the cause of many dissensions between the Princess Anne and Queen Mary.

Mary. I dare say Anne was to blame, because Mary seemed to be such a good woman.

Mrs. M. As it is the case in most dissensions between near relations, they were both very much to blame, though they were both good kind of women. Mary had the best understanding of the two; she had cultivated her mind by reading, particularly by reading books on serious and devotional subjects; and she gave great encouragement to learned and pious men, in whose conversation she took much pleasure. She was also very fond of needlework, and introduced the fashion, which was so prevalent a hundred years ago, of working tent-stitch and cross-stitch for carpets and chair-cushions. And it should appear as if the example of a queen had great influence over female manners; for, before her time, the ladies of England were remarkable for being never employed. Besides this example of industry, Mary also set her countrywomen a good example as a wife, for there never was a more dutiful or more attentive one.

Richard. Pray, mamma, will you tell me something about the Highland clans?

Mrs. M. The Highlanders are very strict in keeping up their relationships; and all persons who are descended, or supposed to be descended, in the male line, from the same ancestor, are considered as belonging to the same clan. The head of the family is the chief of the clan. In former times the attachment to the chief used to be of the most ardent kind, and the rest of the clan were always ready to follow wherever he chose to lead them. This being the case, it was always in the power of the chiefs to bring numerous bodies of men into the field, whenever they were disposed to raise an insurrection. It was, therefore, the endeavour of the English government to break, as much as possible, the ties of this system of clanship. Very little is, I believe, now remaining of the system itself, and of the authority which it conferred, though the strength of that hereditary attachment which used to subsist between the chief and his clan is not yet, probably, wholly worn out; at least not in all instances.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ANNE.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1702—1714.

Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark.

ON the death of William, Anne succeeded peaceably to the crown. She was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age: she had married, in 1683, George, son of Frederick III., king of Denmark, and had many children, who all died in their infancy, except one son, Prince George, whom I mentioned to you at the end of William's reign. This young prince lived to be eleven years old. His death was occasioned by catching cold, after having been heated with dancing. It caused the most bitter grief to his parents, especially to his mother, who after that event never regained her former vivacity. Anne had a good natural capacity, but it had been very little cultivated. Her temper was mild and obliging; she attached herself ardently to her friends and favourites, and often suffered herself to be too much influenced by them. In private life she would have been an estimable character, but she wanted the decision and energy necessary to make a great queen. Her person was engaging, but without dignity. Her features were regular, but her complexion was too florid, and her face too full and plump to be perfectly handsome.

The undivided administration of government was vested in the queen, Prince George having no greater dignities in the state than those of generalissimo of the queen's forces, and of lord high admiral. He was a man, indeed, who had no wish to interfere in the management of public affairs. The political animosities between the Whigs and the Tories ran very high during the whole of this reign. The leading difference in the views of the two parties was on

the subject of the succession to the crown, in case Anne should die without children. The Tories were in favour of the Pretender and of the house of Stuart, while the Whigs were friends to the house of Hanover and the Protestant succession, as established by the Act of Settlement in the latter end of William's reign.

Louis XIV. was now become more than ever formidable to all the other states of Europe; his power having been greatly augmented by the devolution of the crown of Spain to his grandson the duke of Anjou, to whom Charles II., the late king of Spain had left it, contrary to his promise to the Archduke Charles, son of the emperor of Germany. The duke of Anjou had thus become king of Spain, by the title of Philip V. The curbing of this exorbitant power, and the placing the archduke on the throne of Spain, were the great objects of the alliance which had been made towards the close of William's reign, between the Dutch, the king of England, and the emperor.

Anne, on her accession, declared herself resolved to pursue the same line of policy in which her predecessor had engaged so warmly; and she sent Marlborough to conduct the war on the continent, at the same time appointing him ambassador to the Dutch, whose confidence he acquired so thoroughly, that they also invested him with the chief command of their own army.

The first campaign was on the whole successful, but was not distinguished by any great event. There is a story told of a remarkable escape from being taken prisoner, which Marlborough himself met with on the dispersion of the troops into winter-quarters. He had embarked on the Meuse, in the month of November, with some Dutch deputies, and a guard of soldiers, and was intending to return to the Hague. At the close of the evening, some French troops who had been lurking about, and were on the watch for plunder, suddenly darted out from amongst the reeds by the river-side, and seizing the hauling-rope, rushed into the boat. They immediately secured the soldiers, and would have made the Dutch deputies prisoners also, had they not produced their passports. Marlborough was not provided with a passport, but one of his attendants, having an old passport in his pocket, slipped it into his hand, and the French officer, not taking time to examine it, let him go, after plundering the boat, and carrying off the soldiers. Marlborough and his companions arrived safely at the Hague, where they found the town in the utmost consternation, a report having reached it that they had all been carried off by a party of the enemy.

In the spring of the next year, 1703, Marlborough, who was now created a duke, rejoined the allied army in Flanders, and the war was carried on on both sides with great activity. The year following, 1704, a junction was formed between the English and Dutch army and that of the Imperialists; and the seat of the war was

transferred to the Danube, where the French, with whom the Bavarians had joined, had a powerful army.

On the 11th of August, the combined armies, under the command of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, came in sight of the enemy, who were advantageously posted on a hill near Hochstedt, on the banks of the Danube, and not far from the village of Blenheim. On the 13th, a most severe battle was fought between the two armies, in which the imprudence of Tallard, the French general, and the skill of Marlborough, decided the victory for the allies. The French and Bavarian army had amounted, before the battle, to sixty thousand men, ten thousand of whom were left dead upon the field, and many more perished in attempting to cross the Danube. Thirteen thousand were taken prisoners, and they lost a hundred pieces of cannon, besides an immense quantity of baggage, which fell into the hands of the allies. The consequences of this great victory were very important. The emperor took entire possession of Bavaria, and the broken army of the French was obliged immediately to retreat beyond the Rhine.

The duke of Marlborough was from this time looked up to as the greatest commander of his age. Compliments and honours were heaped on him by the emperor, and on his return to England he was received with universal joy. The queen bestowed on him the royal manor of Woodstock, near Oxford, and a noble mansion was there built for him at the public expense, and, in honour of his great victory, was named Blenheim.

In the meantime, the Archduke Charles had applied for the assistance of England in asserting his claim to the crown of Spain; and a fleet was sent under Sir George Rooke to convoy him to Lisbon, where he landed. From thence he marched into Spain with a considerable body of forces, but was unable to make any progress. Sir George Rooke proceeded into the Mediterranean, and, after an unsuccessful attempt on Barcelona, attacked and took the fortress of Gibraltar, which has since proved one of our most valuable possessions, and has resisted every endeavour to retake it.

In 1705 a fleet was sent, under Sir Cloudesly Shovel, having on board five thousand soldiers, commanded by the earl of Peterborough, to the assistance of the archduke. The fleet, taking the archduke on board at Lisbon, sailed for the coast of Catalonia, where he was supposed to have many friends. Barcelona, though defended by a large garrison, was now forced to surrender, chiefly through the extraordinary vigour and ability with which Peterborough pressed the siege. The exploits of this extraordinary man have all the character of the age of chivalry. Though at the head of very inconsiderable forces, he at one time had nearly gained Spain for the archduke, whom he caused to be proclaimed as

Charles III., and he almost drove Philip V. out of Spain. But, in the midst of his victorious career he was recalled to England, and the command of the army in Spain was given to the Earl of Galway, who, being joined by a body of Portuguese, encountered the army of Philip at Almanza (1707). The allies were defeated with heavy loss; and before long, by the surrender of the English forces at Brihuega (1710), and of the Austrians at Villa Viciosa in the same year, the cause of the archduke was ruined throughout Spain. The detailed history of Lord Peterborough's expedition is more like the adventures of a romance than a series of facts that really happened.

In 1707 Sir Cloudesly Shovel's ship with three others were wrecked on the rocks of Scilly. Sir Cloudesly perished; and out of the four ships' crews only one captain and twenty-four seamen were saved.

In the following year, Prince George of Denmark died. He suffered greatly from the asthma, and the queen attended him with the most assiduous attention during the whole of his illness, and was sincerely grieved at his death.

The duke of Marlborough meanwhile increased his renown abroad, and gained many splendid victories; of which the most celebrated are those of Ramillies, which was fought on the 23rd of May, 1706; of Oudenarde, fought July 11, 1708; and of Malplaquet, September 11, 1709. All this time, however, his enemies and rivals at home were busily employed in endeavouring to undermine his favour with the queen; and they at last succeeded. Mr. Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, supplanted in the cabinet his friend and supporter Lord Godolphin; and a Mrs. Masham supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough as the queen's confidante and favourite. Perhaps the imperious temper of the duchess at last wore out the queen's regard.

Marlborough, as his favour diminished at court, appears to have lost also the affections of the people; a circumstance certainly very extraordinary, considering his splendid success as a general. On coming to England, in 1710, instead of being caressed and honoured as formerly, and received with a triumphant welcome, he saw himself insulted and reviled. He returned once more to the allied army, and continued to conduct the affairs of the war with his usual ability and success: but such is the malevolence of party, that the Tories, at the head of whom was Lord Oxford, took all opportunities of disparaging and underrating him, even in respect of his military talents. At last, in 1711, they succeeded in procuring his dismissal from all his appointments. Marlborough withdrew from the injustice of his countrymen, and retired to the continent, where he continued during the remainder of Anne's reign. In January, 1712, a treaty for a general peace was opened at Utrecht; but it was so difficult to adjust the claims of the many different states who had

taken part in the war, that the negotiations could not be brought to an end till April, 1713, when the treaty of Utrecht was signed.

The chief articles of this treaty which concerned England were that Louis should resign Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay, and the island of St. Christopher's to the English, that he should abandon the cause of the Pretender, and acknowledge Anne and the Protestant succession. The Pretender, who had now assumed the name of the Chevalier St. George, protested ineffectually against this article of the treaty. Louis, however, still afforded him protection. He had married a daughter of John Sobieski, king of Poland, a princess of a very exalted character, and far superior to himself both in capacity and merit. He had two sons, Charles Edward and Henry. The eldest was afterwards known as the *young* Pretender, to distinguish him from his father, who is often termed the *old* Pretender. Henry took orders in the Romish church, and was afterwards cardinal of York.

In 1713 the Electress Sophia died, in her 84th year; and her eldest (I believe her only) son, George, became the head of the Protestant succession.

A few months after the death of Sophia, the queen fell into a bad state of health; occasioned, it is said, by the intolerable dissensions amongst her ministers, who never met, even at the council board, without falling into violent altercations. The Whig party proved in the end the strongest; and at length, the queen's death visibly approaching, a letter was sent to the elector of Hanover, desiring him to come immediately to Holland, where a squadron should be in waiting to bring him to England. Heralds were kept in readiness to proclaim King George the instant the queen should expire. Care was also taken to secure the seaports, and many other precautions were adopted to prevent the Tories and Jacobites from attempting the restoration of the Stuarts. The queen died August 1, 1714, in the 50th year of her age, and in the 13th of her reign. She married George, son of Frederick III., king of Denmark, and had nine children; only one of whom, George, duke of Gloucester, lived beyond the age of infancy. He died July 23, 1700, aged eleven years.

Though Anne was a woman of no very brilliant qualities, yet many lasting benefits were in her reign conferred on the country. Among these was the union with Scotland (1707), a measure which James I. had vainly attempted to accomplish, and which succeeding kings had thought impracticable, and which at last was not effected without much opposition from those whose private interests or prejudices made them adverse to it. By the terms of the union the two kingdoms were in future to be considered as one country. The Scots were to retain their own Presbyterian form of Church government, their established laws for the administration of justice, and in all matters of property; but it was settled that, instead of retaining

their parliament, they should send forty-five commoners and sixteen peers to represent them in the English parliament.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XXXIX.

George. I have been thinking, mamma, that it was not quite right in Mary and Anne to take the part they did against their own father.

Mrs. Markham. Mary has been much censured for her conduct. What passed in her mind it is not in our power to know, but she certainly showed a blameable indifference and want of feeling when she took possession of her father's palace. Anne, though she joined her sister and the prince of Orange against her father, never seemed to be satisfied with her conduct in so doing; and it is said that she considered the early deaths of all her children as a punishment inflicted by Heaven for her failure in filial duty. It was generally thought that had James outlived King William, Anne would have declined the crown. With regard to her brother she did not feel the same scruples. Still, however, her heart inclined to his cause, and nothing but her anxiety for the Protestant establishment prevented her from taking a decided part in favour of his claims.

Mary. Anne was not such a fine queen as Elizabeth; but still she seems to have been a very good woman.

Mrs. M. I believe her greatest fault was that of being too much influenced by her favourites, whom she allowed to treat her with more freedom than perhaps it was judicious for a queen to allow. She and the duchess of Marlborough corresponded, for a long time, under the assumed names of Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley.

George. I think, mamma, that whether she was a clever queen or not, she was at least a fortunate one, for all things went on well during her reign.

Mrs. M. The reign of Anne is certainly a brilliant period of our history, and very few other periods can be named in which so many men of genius flourished together. Of the military and naval achievements of the reign I have already given you a brief sketch. This period is also regarded as an epoch in the history of taste and literature. Dryden had died in 1701, one year before the accession of Anne. Locke died only two years after. Pope, Steele, and Addison flourished during her reign, and perhaps did more towards the improvement of the general style of thinking and writing than has been done by any other writers. The Tatler and Spectator, which were chiefly written by Steele and Addison, were the first periodical works that appeared in England, and were read with the greatest avidity by all classes of persons. Dr. Swift, who wrote

Gulliver's Travels, and many other political and satirical works, was also one of the great geniuses of this age; but though his mode of writing is simple and easy, his matter is often gross and offensive.

Richard. But surely there is nothing political in Gulliver's Travels; for that is only a fabulous story about Lilliputians, and those sorts of things.

Mrs. M. The whole is meant as a satire, and was well understood at the time, but to us much of the point is lost.

George. Still, mamma, it is very entertaining.

Mrs. M. But to proceed: I must mention to you another great man, whose genius towered above that of all his contemporaries; Sir Isaac Newton, though his great work on the system of the universe was published in the time of William III., lived all through the reign of Anne, and did not die till 1727.

Richard. Ah, mamma, I have heard of Sir Isaac Newton; and I should like, when I am a man, to be just such another.

Mrs. M. My highest ambition for you, my dear boy, could not go farther; for he was not only one of the profoundest philosophers, but also one of the most sincere and humble Christians that ever lived. His father was a gentleman of small estate at Woolstrop, in Lincolnshire, and died when he was very young. His mother married again, and Sir Isaac was employed by his father-in-law as a shepherd boy. One day while he was keeping the sheep, a gentleman passing by observed that he was deeply occupied in some book, and had the curiosity to ask him what it was. To his surprise he found it was a book of practical geometry. This circumstance was mentioned to some of his mother's relations, who rescued him from his humble employment, and placed him at a school at Grantham. His progress there was quite astonishing; and he was, as Dr. Stukeley says of him, "noted for his strange inventions and extraordinary inclination for mechanics. He had a little shop of tools, as little saws, hatchets, and hammers, with which he amused himself in making models in wood of various things." His extreme modesty and gentleness of temper were more extraordinary than even his talents and acquirements. He retained the full use of his powers of mind to the last day of a long life, and was never guilty of any one excess, unless it might be that of an excess of study. You may have heard that one day when his favourite little dog, Diamond, destroyed a manuscript which he had bestowed much time and thought in completing, all he said was, "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

George. And now, mamma, will you tell us something about those great generals and admirals?

Mrs. M. We will begin then with Lord Peterborough, who was a man of very extraordinary bodily and mental powers. He was so

rapid in all his thoughts and movements, that he never seemed to take more than one glance at an object; but he comprehended more from that glance than most men could by deliberate observation. During the war in Spain, his success was greatly owing to his celerity, which absolutely stunned the Spaniards, who are usually slow in their movements. Captain Carleton, an officer who served under him in that war, says that "he had that wonderful command over all other men, that wherever he appeared, every difficulty vanished, and the slightest dictate was instantly obeyed with cheerfulness and alacrity." After the Spanish war, he was sent on an embassy to Vienna, and when his business was concluded, he set off post for England, and travelled on horseback with so much expedition, that he reached London before several of the expresses whom he had despatched from Vienna to announce his own intended departure from thence. With this great and active genius he had a thin, spare frame of body which seemed quite unequal to the fatigues which his restless spirit was ever imposing on it.

The duke of Marlborough's success as a general was of a very different and indeed of a very superior kind. He was a man of extreme calmness and tranquillity. Nothing flurried, nothing disconcerted him. His judgment and presence of mind were ready for all occasions. Commanding an army composed of officers and men of different states and nations, whose interests were perpetually clashing, he listened to no cabals or jealousies, but acted in a straightforward manner for the public cause. Of his command of temper I remember one very striking instance. Prince Eugene had proposed, at a council of war, that an attack should be made the next day on the enemy. Though nothing could be more evidently judicious than this proposal, the duke positively refused to consent to it. The prince called him a coward, and challenged him; but Marlborough kept his temper, and declined the challenge. On this the prince, being violently enraged, left the council. Early the following morning he was awoke by Marlborough, who coming to his bedside, desired him to rise, as he was preparing to make the attack, and added, "I could not tell you my determination last night, because there was a person present who I knew was in the enemy's interest, and would betray us. I have no doubt we shall conquer, and when the battle is over, I will be ready to accept your challenge."

George. And did the prince take him at his word?

Mrs. M. No: he was overpowered by Marlborough's greatness of mind, and asked his pardon for his own intemperate conduct. The duke accepted his apologies saying, "I thought, my dear prince, you would in time be satisfied."

George. And now will you tell us about Sir Cloudesly Shovel?

Mrs. M. His parents were poor, and lived in Norfolk. He was, when very young, apprenticed to a cobbler; but he had so great a desire to go to sea, that he ran away, and became a cabin boy on board a ship of war. During the heat of an engagement, the admiral wanted to send some despatches to another ship, and young Cloudesly swam with them in his mouth, and conveyed them in safety through the enemy's line of fire. He became noticed by the officers of the fleet in consequence of this exploit. In time he was made a lieutenant, and after that his rise was rapid. Both James and William promoted him. Anne made him admiral of the fleet, and he received many honours and distinctions; but none of them altered the original simplicity of his manners and character: and there was no man more valued and respected when alive, or whose loss was more lamented.

Mary. I think you said he was shipwrecked?

Mrs. M. His body was found on the shore, and was stripped by the country-people, who buried it in the sands. It was afterwards taken up and removed to Westminster Abbey. Many years after the shipwreck, an old woman sent for the clergyman of her parish, and told him that she wished, before she died, to confess to him a dreadful crime which burdened her conscience. She then told him that Admiral Shovel had survived the wreck, and had reached her hut in a very exhausted state; that he lay down on her bed to rest, and that she, tempted by the value of the things he had about him, had murdered him. In confirmation of the truth of this assertion, she delivered up a ring which she had taken from his finger, and which, when shown to his friends, was well remembered to have been his.

George. I think the beginning of Sir Cloudesly Shovel's history is like Robinson Crusoe's, but Robinson Crusoe was not so lucky as to be made an admiral.

Mrs. M. Robinson Crusoe's is not a real history, but only a tale written by Daniel Defoe, who, by the by, was a voluminous writer in Queen Anne's reign.

Mary. I am quite disappointed, for I thought it was all true.

Mrs. M. It is supposed that the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who lived some years on the island of Juan Fernandez, first suggested to Defoe the idea of writing his very delightful book; a book which has been more read, and translated into more languages, than perhaps any other book of amusement that can be named.

Before we enter on the reigns of the Brunswick family, I will

give you a table of the descendants of James I., that you may the better understand the line of the succession:—

James I.
Charles I.
Charles II. } sons of Charles I.
James II. }
William III.
Mary, daughter of James II.
Anne, daughter of James II.

George I., son of the Electress Sophia of Hanover, who was daughter of James the First's daughter, the Electress Palatine.

The *old* Pretender, James Francis, was the son of King James II.

The *young* Pretender, Charles Edward, and Henry, cardinal of York, were sons of the Pretender James Francis.

CHAPTER XL.

GEORGE I.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1714—1727.

The House in which Sir Isaac Newton was born.

ANNE died, as I have already said, August 1, 1714, and the elector of Hanover was immediately proclaimed. He arrived in England September 16, and was met at Greenwich, where he landed, by many persons of high office and rank. Amongst these was the duke of Marlborough, who had lately returned to England, and whom, both at this time and ever after, the king treated with great distinction. George, at his accession, was in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of plain, steady understanding, grave in his

manner, and simple in his habits, and had the reputation of being a sagacious politician. He spoke English very imperfectly, and was too much of a German in all his notions and ways to be very popular in England. He had married young the Princess Sophia Dorothea of Zell, and either had, or supposed himself to have, so much reason to be displeased with her conduct, that he shut her up in the castle of Ahlden, not far from Hanover, where she remained during the rest of her life. She died only the year before the king, having been a prisoner forty years. She had one son and a daughter. The son had married Caroline, daughter of the margravine of Anspach, and at the time of his father's coming to the throne had three young daughters. He was created prince of Wales, and came with his family to England; as did also one of the king's brothers, the bishop of Osnaburg, who was created duke of York.

The spirit of party still ran very high. The king, either from policy or inclination, showed a decided preference for the Whigs. At this the Tories were much exasperated, and they soon began to show a spirit of disaffection to the house of Hanover. The following year Lord Oxford was sent to the Tower, where he remained two years; but the two houses of parliament disagreed so violently as to the proceedings to be taken in regard to him, that he was at last acquitted without a trial. The duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were impeached, but escaped to France. They were then attainted, and their names were erased from the list of English peers.

These severities towards the leaders of the Tories excited great murmurs; and the Jacobites, who had been very active ever since the queen's death, made a strong party in Scotland. The earl of Mar proclaimed Prince James Stuart, September 6, 1715, and set up his standard. James, however, was not then in a condition to come and take the crown which was proffered him. Louis XIV., who had given him a small supply of arms and ammunition, with the promise of more, died on the 1st of September this year, and the duke of Orleans, who was regent of France during the minority of Louis XV. (the infant great-grandson of the late king), was not a friend to the Pretender's cause. The earl of Mar, nevertheless, continued in arms, and at length assembled a body of ten thousand men, which was further increased by some English Jacobites. On the other hand, the duke of Argyle, who was appointed commander of the king's forces in Scotland, advanced against the rebels at the head of his own clans, assisted by some troops from Ireland.

In the mean time the Pretender's party in the north of England, at the head of which were the earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Foster, joined by some gentlemen from the Scottish border, made an ineffectual attempt on Newcastle. They afterwards marched through

Cumberland into Lancashire. The county militias were hastily raised to oppose this inroad; but whenever they came in sight of the enemy they fled in all directions, and the rebels advanced as far as Preston without experiencing any molestation. At Preston they were encountered by a strong force under Generals Wills and Carpenter, and had only the choice given them of laying down their arms and surrendering at discretion, or of being cut to pieces. On this they surrendered. The common men were imprisoned at Chester and Liverpool. Their leaders were sent to London, and were conveyed through the streets to their several prisons pinioned like malefactors. On their being brought to trial, the Lords Derwentwater, Kenmuir, and Nithsdale were condemned to be beheaded. The two first were executed; but Lord Nithsdale contrived to make his escape in woman's clothes. Of the rest some were hanged at Tyburn; but a small party broke out of Newgate and got away. Twenty-two persons were executed in Lancashire, and about a thousand were sent to the North American colonies.

On the very day of the surrender at Preston, November 12, a battle was fought at Dumblain between the duke of Argyle and the earl of Mar. The duke's army was much inferior in number to the Scotch, and, on the first onset, was so impetuously assaulted by the Highlanders, that General Whetham's division was totally routed in less than seven minutes, and the general fled full gallop to Stirling, exclaiming that the royal army was entirely defeated. In the mean time, however, Argyle's division had attacked the Scots with so much vigour, that they, in their turn, were obliged to give way; but, turning about, they faced the English again, and the two armies stood looking at each other for some hours, without renewing the combat. In the evening they drew off different ways, and each party claimed the victory. The duke of Argyle, however, had all the fruits of it. On December 22, the Pretender, after having been long expected, at last arrived in Scotland. He came attended only by six gentlemen. The earl of Mar soon joined him, and he was proclaimed king; and in the expectation that all Scotland would rise in his cause as one man, he fixed January 16, 1716, for his coronation at Scone. But before that day arrived he was so closely pursued by the duke of Argyle, that he was glad to abandon his rash enterprise, and to get back again to France.

A war with Spain, which ensued soon after, served once more to rouse his declining expectations; and an expedition, intended to act in his favour, set sail from that country, under the command of the duke of Ormond. But the fleet was disabled by a violent storm off Cape Finisterre, and soon afterwards peace was restored.

In 1720 the attention of the nation was chiefly occupied by a scheme called the South Sea Scheme. It was principally contrived

by Sir John Blunt, a busy, speculating man; and the object of it was to enable a company of merchants, called the South Sea Company, to buy up all the national debts, and to concentrate them into one fund. This company was so called from having been formed originally in order to trade to the South Seas. It was made to appear, by the contrivers of the scheme, that it would be exceedingly profitable to all who should engage in it; and the whole nation, as if by a general impulse of avarice, was eager to enter into the project. Many persons advanced large sums of money towards it, in the expectation of receiving a high interest: but in a few months the whole was discovered to be a fraudulent scheme of a few unprincipled speculators. The principal actors in it were punished by parliament, and measures were adopted to give some redress to the injured individuals; but a very large number of them suffered great loss, and some were almost ruined.

In the summer of 1727, the king, who was much attached to Hanover, and had visited it several times, set out with the intention of going there once more. He had got as far as Delden, a small town near the frontiers of Germany, when he was taken extremely ill. It is supposed that, if he would have consented to rest at any of the towns he passed through, and would have taken the proper remedies, he might have recovered; but he had set his mind on reaching his brother's palace at Osnaburg, and ordered his people to hasten forwards. He soon became so exceedingly ill that he could scarcely articulate. Still he kept exclaiming, "Osnaburg! Osnaburg!" But he did not live to get there. It was found, when the carriage stopped at the gate of the palace, that he had already breathed his last. He died June 11, 1727, in the sixty-eigth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign.

He married Sophia Dorothea of Zell, and had two children:

George Augustus, who succeeded him; and a daughter, married to Frederick William, king of Prussia.

In this reign the Triennial Act, limiting the duration of a parliament to three years, which had been passed in the reign of William, was repealed, and seven years was fixed as the period to which the sitting of a parliament might be extended.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XL.

George. I don't at all wonder that the Scotch wanted to have their own king. Oh! if I had lived in those times, what a Jacobite I would have been! James the Third should have been *my* king.

Mrs. Markham. I suspect that you would not have had a very good one. The Pretender was a man of very inferior abilities, and of a mean, selfish character. And after he had been in Scotland,

and his adherents had seen that he was not the high-minded hero they had enthusiastically fancied him to be, his cause visibly declined.

Mary. I think, mamma, that was a very odd battle, when both the English and Scots ran away by turns, and then both said that they had got the victory.

Mrs. M. You mean the battle of Dumblain, or Sheriff-Muir, as it is sometimes called. The soldiers who fought there seem to have thought it as odd a battle as you think it, Mary. One of the many Jacobite songs that were made at that time begins thus:—

There's some say that we won,
Some say that they won,
Some say that none won at a', man.
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-Muir,
A battle there was, which I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran, awa', man.

Richard. Pray, mamma, did people still fight in armour at that time?

Mrs. M. No, my dear; defensive armour was then totally laid aside. It was very little used after the civil wars; and in William's reign the armour-makers presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying them to enforce the use of armour, for that otherwise their trade would be ruined.

Richard. When did soldiers begin to be dressed in uniform?

Mrs. M. The first account I can find of any attempt to dress soldiers in uniform is in an order of Henry VIII. for the clothing of some troops raised for an intended invasion of France. The coats were to be blue, with a great deal of red about them, and every man was to wear a red stocking on his right leg, and a blue one on his left. There seem also to have been some regulations with regard to the soldiers' dress in Queen Elizabeth's days. As far as I can make the matter out, the general colour of their coats was grey. One company, indeed, I find, was to be clothed in "motley, or some other sad green colour." The dress of the cavalry was enlivened by a scarlet cloak or mantle. In the civil war it appears that armour was generally used by the officers; and that the common soldiers had chiefly leathern coats, or *buff jerkins*, as they were called. Charles II. made many regulations in regard to the forming of regiments; but I do not precisely know whether a regular national uniform was established before the time of George I.

Richard. Can you tell me when guns were first used in battle?

Mrs. M. Men who were accustomed to archery found themselves so much more expert in the use of the bow than in the use of fire-arms, that guns were not adopted in the English army till long after

they were invented; and indeed, when we see what strange clumsy things the first guns (or harquebuses) were, it is no wonder that the English bowmen, who excelled all others in the world, should be averse to use them. Those old guns were so very heavy, that it was necessary to rest them on a forked staff before they could be levelled; and then, when the gun was propped on its staff, or rest, a lighted match was used for the purpose of firing it, the gunlock not having yet been invented. The pistol was the next improvement on this unwieldy weapon, and had its name from being originally made at Pistoja in Tuscany; but this was a very clumsy thing, being only a short harquebus. In time, the contrivance of striking fire with a flint, and the reduction in the size and weight of firearms, brought them into general use, and the bow and arrow were entirely laid aside; as was also the pike, another formidable weapon, which was much in use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Richard. How entertaining it is to see how one invention leads to another, and one improvement brings on more!

Mrs. M. And as we have been speaking of the improvement of weapons of war, it may not be amiss to say something of the improvement in the art of healing wounds. On the first introduction of firearms, it was an opinion among the army surgeons that there was something venomous in gunpowder which poisoned all gunshot wounds, and their method of cure was to pour boiling oil into the wound.

George. I am sure, then, those must have been best off who were killed outright in the battle!

Mrs. M. How long this horrible practice might have lasted there is no knowing. Happily a young surgeon in the army of Francis I., having on one occasion expended all his oil, was obliged to dress the remainder of the soldiers' wounds without it. He could hardly sleep, as he tells us, all night for thinking of his patients, and rose early in the morning, expecting to find all those whose wounds had not been scalded either dead or "empoisoned." But to his surprise he found they had rested well, and were free from pain, while the others were in fevers, and their wounds inflamed; "which being the case," he adds, "I resolved with myself never to burn gunshot-wounds any more."

George. I don't think that, if I was taken prisoner, I should like to get away, like that Lord Nithsdale, in woman's clothes: there is something so cowardly in sneaking away in disguise.

Mrs. M. I fancy that, under the same circumstances, you would not have disdained doing as he did. The particulars of his escape are so extraordinary, that, though you would despise to imitate the example, I think you will not dislike to hear the story.

Mary. I shall like to hear it very much; and George, you know, need not listen.

George. No, no, Mary, I'll not lose a good story.

Mrs. M. The account I have met with is in a letter from Lady Nithsdale to her sister. In it she says that, hearing her lord much wished to see her, she set off from Scotland, and rode the greatest part of the way to London on horseback, and in so deep a snow, that it was frequently up to the girth of her saddle. On her arrival in London, she personally petitioned the king for her husband's life, but in vain. She, therefore, determining to save his life, if possible, by any means, set herself to work to contrive his escape. Having permission to visit her lord in the Tower, and to bring with her one friend at a time to take leave of him before his intended execution, she took a Mrs. Mills and another lady in a coach to the Tower, and left Mrs. Mills waiting in the carriage, while she and the other lady went into Lord Nithsdale's apartments. This lady, who who was of a slender shape, had on two suits of clothes, and two riding-hoods. One of these suits she took off and left with Lord Nithsdale, and then went back to the carriage, where she waited while Mrs. Mills paid *her* visit. Mrs. Mills, while she stayed with Lord Nithsdale, changed her own dress for that which the other lady had left, and then returned to the coach, leaving the dress she had come in for Lord Nithsdale. Mrs. Mills being a large, stout woman, her clothes fitted him tolerably well; but Lord Nithsdale being of a dark complexion, and she of a fair one, and with yellow hair, some further contrivance was necessary. However, by the help of white and red paint, and painting his eyebrows yellow, and putting on a woman's wig of yellow hair, he was made altogether a very tolerable copy of good Mrs. Mills. When his disguise was completed, the countess, who had assisted him in dressing, conducted him out of the room, and in the hearing of the guards who stood at the door called him Betty, and told him to run quickly and send her maid to her. The guards, suspecting nothing, opened the gates for the supposed Betty. Thus Lord Nithsdale got off from the prison. The countess's maid was in waiting in the street, and conducted him to a lodging that had been provided. In the mean time the countess returned to the room that had been her lord's prison, and began to talk in a loud voice, and sometimes imitated his, to make the guards on the outside the door believe they were conversing together. How she had the power to do this I cannot imagine, for her poor heart must have been beating all the time with fear lest her husband should be discovered in his disguise. After she had continued this pretended conversation some time longer, she left the apartment, and Lord Nithsdale's escape was not immediately discovered.

Mary. Well, mamma, and what became of them?

Mrs. M. Lady Nithsdale hastened to the place of her lord's concealment; a miserable place it was, being a very small room up two pair of stairs, in a wretched house full of all sorts of lodgers. In this apartment they stayed three days, and that it might not be known that it was inhabited, they sat perfectly still during the whole time, lest they should be overheard by any of the other lodgers; and they had nothing to eat but some bread and wine, which Mrs. Mills, who came to them once or twice, brought in her pocket. At last this indefatigable friend, having prepared all things necessary for his leaving the kingdom, released Lord Nithsdale from his concealment, and took him to the house of the Venetian ambassador, who was about to send his carriage in a few days to Dover. She there entrusted him to the care of one of the servants, who engaged to assist him, and who hid him in his own room. He afterwards put on a livery, and went in the ambassador's retinue to Dover, and thence sailed to Calais. His passage was so short, that the captain who took him across observed, little thinking how nearly he hit upon the exact truth of the case, that the wind could not have served them better if his passengers had been flying for their lives.

Mary. You have never told us, mamma, what sort of a looking person George I. was.

Mrs. M. I beg your pardon, my dear; I do indeed perceive that I have omitted it. He was a grave man, plain and simple in his habits. He had an honest, sensible countenance, without anything in it particularly striking. When the late Lord Orford was a little boy, he had a great desire to see the king; and as his father was then one of the ministers, the boy was indulged in the wish, and was one night allowed to come into the room while the king was at supper. He describes him as pale, not tall, with an aspect rather good than dignified. He had on a tie-wig, and wore a complete suit of snuff-coloured clothes, and stockings of the same colour. And now, my dear Mary, you know all that I can tell you about George I. and his appearance and dress.

Richard. And a very sober, respectable dress too for an old gentleman.

Mrs. M. The king understood English very imperfectly, and Sir Robert Walpole could speak neither German nor French; so that they were obliged to transact all their business in Latin.

George. I wish the king had not been so severe to his wife. I do not wonder that the prince was very angry at it.

Mrs. M. It is supposed that the prince had intended to bring his mother to England, and to consider her as dowager queen, when he should come to the crown; but her death before the king's

prevented it. The prince, when he grew to be a man, had a very great desire to see his mother; but he tried in vain to accomplish it. One day he swam his horse across the river Aller, which runs near the castle of Ahlden, where the electress was confined. He made his way to the gates, and passed the outer moat; but when he got to the drawbridge of the inner moat, the governor of the castle met him, and made him retire.

George. If I had been the governor of that castle, I could never have had the heart to have done so.

Mrs. M. Before we conclude our conversation, I will repeat to you some ingenious lines by Mr. Addison, in which he draws a parallel between some of the heathen deities and some of our English sovereigns, beginning with Charles II.:—

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And loved the spreading oak, was there.
Old Saturn, too, with upcast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd:
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads: the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung.
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-lived darling son to mourn.
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills allied
In impious league their king defied.

George. Oh! I know who they are that he means by the *rebel crew:* he means the Highlanders: but he should not have spoken so hardly of them: for, though I dare say George I. was a better king than James would have been, still those Scotch Highlanders were fine, brave fellows, and worth all the English Whigs and Tories put together.

Armorial bearings of George I.

CHAPTER XLI.

GEORGE II.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1727—1760.

An Officer and Sergeant of the Reign of George I.

THE news of the sudden death of George I. reached London June 14, and George II. was proclaimed the next day. He was in the forty-fifth year of his age. In his person he was rather below the middle height, well shaped, and upright. His complexion was fair, his nose aquiline, and his eyes remarkably prominent. His abilities were inferior to those of his father, and his temper hasty. He was simple in all his tastes and habits, and was singularly methodical. His strongest feeling, and that which more than any other governed his conduct, was his preference of Hanover to England—a feeling which ought not, perhaps, to be blamed as a moral fault, though it was to be lamented as a great political error in a king of England. His queen united brilliant beauty to a strong understanding, and great goodness of heart. She, however, is said to have interfered more than was judicious in the political jealousies and intrigues of the court. When George II. came to the throne he had two sons: Frederick, the eldest, was twenty years old; William, afterwards duke of Cumberland, was only six years old. He had also four daughters, Anne, Amelia, Caroline, and Mary; another daughter, Louisa, was born some years afterwards.

The new king found the country in a state of great tranquillity; and little occurred for many years to disturb it, except a riot at Edinburgh (1736), in which the mob took the execution of justice into their own hands, broke open the prison or Tolbooth, and seized and

hanged Captain Porteous, who had been found guilty of murder for shooting some persons in a riot, but reprieved by Queen Caroline.

In 1736 the prince of Wales married the princess of Saxe-Gotha. In 1737 the queen died, and the king's grief for her loss was sincere and excessive, though during her life he had not always treated her with the tenderness she merited. In 1739 a war broke out between England and Spain; and Admiral Vernon took Portobello, a Spanish settlement on the isthmus of Darien.

The winter of 1740 was remarkable for the most severe frost that had ever been known in England. It began at Christmas, and lasted till the latter end of February. The Thames was so strongly frozen over, that tents and booths were raised upon it, and various sports were exhibited on the ice for the amusement of the populace. But these amusements could not divert the poor from the feeling of the privations they suffered from the continuance of the severe weather. The watermen and fishermen were thrown out of work; and coals and provisions of all kinds became so dear, that, if it had not been for the charity of the rich, many persons must have perished through hunger and cold.

In 1741, the peace of the continent was disturbed by a contest about the succession to the dominions of the house of Austria. The Emperor Charles VI. (the same who when archduke had nearly acquired, through Lord Peterborough's valour, the crown of Spain) died, leaving an only daughter, Maria Theresa, married to Prince Francis of Lorraine. The claim of Maria Theresa was disputed by the elector of Bavaria; and nearly all Europe entered into the quarrel. The king of France took the part of the elector of Bavaria. The king of England engaged on the side of Maria Theresa, and sent to the continent an army of 16,000 men, under Lord Stair, which was afterwards increased by an equal number of Hanoverians. This army was encamped at Höchst on the river Maine, and on June 19, 1743, was joined by the king and his son the duke of Cumberland, who on their arrival found it in a perilous situation. The French had 60,000 men under the duke de Noailles, encamped on the opposite side of the river, who watched all its motions, and cut off all its supplies. The king, finding that the army must be removed to a better position, broke up his camp and commenced a retreat; but when he arrived near Dettingen, he perceived that a part of the French army had crossed the river, and stood in front of him to oppose his further progress.

The king's army was confined in a narrow plain, bounded on the right by hills and woods and on the left by the river, on the opposite banks of which the French had erected batteries. To retreat would have been no less hazardous than to advance; but fortunately there lay a narrow pass, with a morass in the middle, between the

king and the opposing French army; and the French, rushing impetuously down this defile, were repulsed with so much firmness, that, after a short but fierce conflict, they were obliged to repass the river with the loss of 5000 men. The victors lost 2000 men in this action, and the duke of Cumberland was wounded in the leg. The king exposed himself during the whole time to the fire of the cannon and musketry, riding along the line with his sword drawn, and encouraging the men to fight for the honour of England. This was the last occasion on which a king of England exposed his person in battle.

On the 30th of April, 1745, the duke of Cumberland attacked the French under Marshal Saxe near Fontenoy. The cannonading began at two o'clock in the morning. At three in the afternoon the duke, not being properly supported, was obliged to retreat.

In the beginning of 1744 an invasion of England had been attempted by a French force of 15,000 men, under a convoy of twenty ships of the line. This attempt is said to have been instigated by the extreme violence of the disputes in the English parliament, and by other symptoms of political discontent, which led the French court to suppose that the country was ripe for revolt, and that only the presence of the Pretender was wanted to induce his adherents to come forward in great numbers. James himself not having sufficient activity to engage personally in this expedition, deputed Prince Charles Edward, his eldest son, to join in it. A part of the troops were embarked, and cast anchor off Dungeness, waiting till they should be joined by the rest of the armament. But in the mean time the English fleet, under Sir John Norris, was seen doubling the South Foreland; and the French, being seized with alarm, weighed anchor, and, taking advantage of a rising gale, sailed off with great expedition down the Channel. The gale soon increasing into a storm, many of the French transports were driven ashore and destroyed, and the rest were greatly damaged.

But though this expedition was thus rendered abortive, Prince Charles ventured in the following year to try his fortune in the northern part of the island. Having procured a sum of money, and a small supply of arms, on his own credit, he sent to inform his friends in Scotland that he hoped soon to be with them. In June, 1745, he embarked with a few Scotch and Irish gentlemen in a small frigate. His supply of arms was put on board the Elizabeth, a French ship of war, which was also his convoy. Their design was to sail round Ireland, and to land on the western coast of Scotland; but being met by the Lion, an English ship, an engagement ensued between the Lion and the Elizabeth, in which the latter was so much disabled, that she was obliged to put back into the harbour at Brest. The Lion also suffered so severely in the engagement,

that she was left floating on the water like a wreck. Meanwhile the frigate pursued her destined course. On the 16th of July Charles landed at Borodale, in Lochaber, and was soon joined by a considerable number of Highlanders.

A moment more favourable for this enterprise could not have been chosen. The king of England was in Hanover; the duke of Cumberland, with the most serviceable part of the army, was in Flanders; and the ministers and parliament were divided, as usual, by vehement political disputes: but Charles could not make the most of these advantages; his want of arms, and the loss of the officers who were to have come in the Elizabeth, disabling him from making any attack on the strong English garrisons which were in the heart of the country, at Fort William and Fort Augustus.

The news of the Pretender's arrival in Scotland threw all England into commotion; and the political disputants forgot for a time their animosities, to join together in the common cause against the Jacobites. The lords regent, to whom the conduct of affairs had been left during the king's absence, sent to hasten his return; and in the mean time issued a proclamation, offering a reward of 30,000*l.* to any one who would seize Charles Stuart. Charles, in retaliation, set the same price on the head of the elector of Hanover.

The prince, advancing to Perth, proclaimed his father king. His army still kept gathering numbers; and, on the 16th of September, he took possession of the town of Edinburgh. The castle, however, still held out. General Guest, an experienced officer, commanded there, and, having a strong garrison, was determined to stand a siege. Sir John Cope, meanwhile, who commanded the king's forces in Scotland, approached Edinburgh with all the troops he could muster; and, Sept. 20, he encamped about nine miles from the town, at Prestonpans. The next morning Charles marched to meet him, and the half-armed Highlanders attacked the king's troops with so much fury, that the cavalry fled with the utmost precipitation. The total defeat of the infantry soon followed. They fled, leaving on the field all their baggage, and, what the prince wanted most of all, their arms, ammunition, and a train of field artillery.

By this victory the rebels acquired possession of a considerable part of Scotland. The castle of Edinburgh still held out, and was blockaded by the rebels. Charles, however, at the entreaty of the inhabitants of the town, whom General Guest had alarmed by the threat of destroying, and indeed by actually beginning to fire on it, raised the blockade. The popularity at this time of the Pretender's cause was greatly increased by the good conduct of the prince himself, who showed himself both vigorous in action and prudent in council, and bore his success with moderation. The king of France, seeing that his affairs were prosperous, sent him a supply of small

arms, cannon, and officers, and promised him that a large body of French should be landed in the south of England. On this assurance Charles passed the borders of Scotland. He entered Carlisle November 17th. Leaving a garrison there, he marched onwards, and on November 29th fixed his head-quarters in Manchester. He was there joined by about two hundred English Jacobites, and then proceeded to Derby.

The rebel army was now within four days' march of London. Indescribable alarm and consternation prevailed in that city. Those who were in London fled into the country, while those in the country flew to London, every person thinking the place he was in the place of danger. Orders were given to form a camp at Finchley. The king, who had returned from Germany on the first summons, was all activity, and intended to have taken the field in person.

But at the very time when the alarm in London had risen to the utmost height, and the approach of the rebels was hourly expected, the threatening storm suddenly dispersed. The rebels, hearing no tidings of the expected landing of the French, and fearing to be surrounded by the English troops, which were collecting from all parts, began to be alarmed; and the Scotch officers resolved on retreating homewards, much against the wishes of the prince, who was eager to advance and push his fortune. Being reluctantly compelled to submit to the decision of the rest, he followed in the rear of the army, and lost all spirit and alacrity. The rebel army quitted Derby December 6. Performing their retreat in excellent order, they in ten days re-entered Carlisle, and, reinforcing the garrison there, returned to Scotland. It is to be remarked that, in the six weeks during which the Scotch troops had been in England, they committed no kind of outrage or pillage, although they had often suffered greatly from hunger. Carlisle was taken by the king's troops a few days after the Scotch army had left it.

On January 17, 1746, Charles obtained a victory at Falkirk over a part of the English army, commanded by General Hawley. He then moved farther northward to Inverness. In the beginning of April he advanced to Culloden. The duke of Cumberland, who had returned from the continent, had now arrived with a large force at Nairn, within nine miles of Culloden. Prince Charles, hearing of the approach of the English army, set out on the night of the 15th April with the design of surprising it in the dark. He began his march at the head of two long columns; but his men, having been under arms the night before, were many of them overpowered by sleep and weariness. Those who marched in the second column could not keep pace with the first, which thus was frequently obliged to wait for them. Many of the men also fell down from fatigue, and were unable to proceed on their march.

It was now impossible to reach Nairn before daybreak, and it was found absolutely necessary to retreat. When they got back to Culloden, the poor wearied soldiers lay down on the bare heath and slept; but they were soon roused from their repose by some of their companions, who had lain down by the way during the retreat, and who, having been early awakened by the noise of the English army, which was advancing, had hastened to inform the prince of its approach. The rebels had thus time to form themselves in order of battle before the English came in sight.

The cannonading began about noon, and in less than half an hour the rebel army was totally defeated. Charles, seeing that all was lost, rode off the field with a few followers. These he soon dismissed, and led a wandering life for nearly five months, concealing himself in different parts of the Highlands, and owing his preservation to the fidelity of the poor inhabitants, who could not be tempted to betray him by the great reward which was offered for his apprehension, and who concealed him in their huts and caves, at the risk of their own lives. At last he, with a few faithful friends, found means to get on board a French privateer. Under the shelter of a thick fog he passed through the midst of a British squadron; and at last, after many difficulties and dangers, landed safely at Morlaix, in Bretagne, but so worn out by the fatigues and hardships he had undergone, that he was scarcely to be known as the same handsome, sprightly youth who had left France full of animation and hope the year before.

I will not dwell on the scenes which followed in Scotland after the decisive victory at Culloden. It is deeply afflicting that the reputation of a brave man should be sullied by such dreadful cruelties as must ever stain the memory of the duke of Cumberland. It is said that, in a district of nearly fifty miles round Lochiel, there was, in the course of a few days, neither house nor cottage, neither men nor cattle to be seen—so complete was the ruin, silence, and desolation.

The gaols in England were filled with rebels, whose trials now followed. Many were executed, many were transported to the plantations in America, and some few were pardoned. Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat, and Mr. Radcliffe, who were among the principal persons concerned in the rebellion, were conveyed to London and executed. They were the last persons who suffered the punishment of beheading in this country. Mr. Radcliffe was brother of the Lord Derwentwater who suffered in the year 1716.

The rebellion being subdued, the duke of Cumberland returned to the allied army in Flanders, where the war continued a short time longer. At length a general peace was signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, October 7, 1748.

A series of encroachments made by France on the British colonies in North America gave rise, a few years afterwards, to a new war with that country, which broke out in the year 1755. This war involved eventually the whole of Europe, and is often entitled the Seven Years' War. In its commencement it proved unfavourable to England. The English colonies, those which are now entitled the United States of America, were, on their western side, greatly exposed to the French, who possessed both Louisiana and Canada, and were attempting to connect them by a chain of forts, stretching in the rear of the English settlements. The French had instigated also many native tribes of the American Indians to join in attacks on the English provinces. In a country which was as yet very thinly peopled, and full of woods, deserts, and morasses, it was found impossible to oppose effectually the assaults of those untractable invaders, who sometimes destroyed whole settlements at once. In the commencement of these disputes in America, General Washington, who afterwards gained so much distinction in the war, which ended in releasing the United States from their dependency on England, first signalized himself, though then a very young officer, by his prudent conduct of an expedition sent from Virginia to watch the motions of the French on the river Ohio.

In 1756 several expeditions were undertaken by the English commanders in America, but the more considerable of them failed of success. The operations of the year 1757 were also unfavourable in that quarter to the British arms: but in the year following, the fortunes of the war appeared to take a decisive turn; and in 1759 and 1760 the whole province of Canada was subdued, and the French power was annihilated in that part of the American continent. This great object, however, was not achieved without the loss of one of the most popular and distinguished commanders whom the English army has ever had to boast of; namely, General Wolfe, who was killed in the moment of victory at the battle of Quebec, in 1759.

In the mean time the war was carried on in Europe with great animosity. France attacked and took possession of Hanover. The king of England vainly claimed from the house of Austria that assistance to which he was entitled by treaty, for the preservation of his hereditary dominions. He had no ally but the king of Prussia, Frederick the Great as he is commonly called, who was himself menaced on all sides, the Empress Queen Maria Theresa, and the empress of Russia, having formed the design to crush him, and to divide his dominions between them. The French, also, after taking possession of Hanover, turned their force against him. But Frederick's sagacity and military skill finally extricated him from the hazardous situation in which he was placed by the combination

of so many enemies. He was assisted both with money and troops from England, where the energy of a very able minister, Mr. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, infused great spirit into the conduct of affairs. In the battle of Minden, which was fought in 1759, the English forces had a considerable share; Lord Clive was very successful in the East Indies; and at sea the English flag was completely triumphant over the French.

The king was now become an old man; but he enjoyed a degree of health and bodily vigour very unusual at his advanced age, and which seemed to give the promise of a much longer life. On October 25, 1760, he rose at his usual hour, and observed to his attendants, that as the morning was fine he would walk in the garden. His attendants left him while he was still at the window observing the weather; but they almost immediately afterwards heard something fall heavily, and instantly returning found the king lying on the floor. The only words that he spoke afterwards were to desire that his daughter Amelia might be called; but before she reached his apartment he had expired. He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign. He married the Princess Caroline of Anspach, and had two sons and five daughters:—

Frederick, prince of Wales, died in 1751;
William, duke of Cumberland, died in 1765;
Anne, married the prince of Orange;
Amelia, died in 1786;
Caroline, died in 1757;
Mary, married the prince of Hesse-Cassel;
Louisa, married the king of Denmark.

The prince of Wales had married, as I have already told you, the princess of Saxe-Gotha, by whom he had nine children:—

George, who succeeded his grandfather;
Edward, duke of York, died 1767;
William-Henry, duke of Gloucester;
Henry-Frederick, duke of Cumberland;
Frederick-William, died young;
Augusta, married the duke of Brunswick;
Caroline, died in 1759;
Louisa, died in 1768;
Matilda, married the king of Denmark.

Blackfriars Bridge was built in this reign, and great improvements were made in the appearance and convenience of the streets of London. Many public charities were also founded, and amongst others the Foundling Hospital, for the reception of deserted infants.

Political parties ran very high in this reign. Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Pelham, the duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Pitt,

afterwards earl of Chatham, were successively leaders of administrations.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XLI.

Richard. Pray, mamma, is that large print that my grandpapa has of the death of General Wolfe a picture of the General Wolfe who was killed at Quebec?

Mrs. Markham. It is, my dear. You may recollect that the wounded general is leaning on an officer. That officer (I have forgot his name, but all the figures are portraits), looking towards the field of battle, exclaimed, while he was supporting Wolfe, "They run, they run!" "Who run?" cried Wolfe. "The French," replied the officer. "What!" said the dying general, "do the cowards run already? Then I die happy."

George. It seems to me, mamma, that there is something very glorious in dying on a field of battle.

Mrs. M. Alas! my child, I fear your dazzled imagination runs away with your judgment. To me there appears something very dreadful in being killed in battle. Amidst the hurry and tumult of such a scene the mind cannot meditate with that tranquillity which a Christian should desire on the coming awful change. A soldier, therefore, ought, more than any other man, to keep himself always in a proper state for death.

George. And so ought a sailor, I suppose?

Mrs. M. In that respect they are circumstanced alike. And indeed we ought all of us to reflect and acknowledge that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Richard. I have been wondering, mamma, what occasion there was for the people of England to keep sending troops to be always fighting in Germany?

Mrs. M. The people of England, my dear, kept wondering too, and murmured besides at the great and unnecessary expense of money which these continental wars occasioned.

George. I am glad, however, that we beat the French by sea. There must have been some fine brave admirals then.

Mrs. M. The names of Anson, Hawke, and Boscawen are, perhaps, the most distinguished in the naval history of this reign.

Richard. I found a very entertaining book one day on the library-table, called Anson's Voyage. Was that Anson the same you have just mentioned?

Mrs. M. Yes; and I am not surprised that you call the history of his voyage a most entertaining book.

Mary. Pray, mamma, will you tell me something about it?

Mrs. M. Anson, then Commodore Anson, sailed September 18,

1740, with a small squadron to act against the Spanish settlements in Chili and Peru: but he encountered such horrible tempests off Cape Horn, that his ships were dispersed; and when he reached the island of Juan Fernandez, the Centurion and Gloucester, and two small attendant vessels, were all that remained to him.

George. Juan Fernandez? Why, that was Alexander Selkirk's island!

Mrs. M. After staying there to refresh his men, and repair his ships, which had been greatly shattered by the storms, he plundered and burnt the town of Paita, in Quito, and took several small prizes; but so many of his men died of the sea-scurvy, that he was at length obliged to abandon all his vessels, except his own ship the Centurion, for want of hands to navigate them. The survivors of their crews he took on board the Centurion; but the men still continued to suffer so much from sickness, and the vessel was in such a disabled condition, that he found himself obliged to leave the enemy's coast. He then stretched across the Pacific Ocean, and reached with difficulty the beautiful little island of Tinian, one of the Ladrones, of which he gives a most delightful account. There he continued for some time, and his men having recovered their health, he was able to prosecute his voyage to Canton; where having repaired his ship, and obtained a reinforcement of Dutch and Indian sailors, he once again set sail to the eastward, in the hope of intercepting a rich Spanish treasure-ship, which was known to sail annually from Acapulco, a port in Mexico, to Manilla, in the Philippine Islands.

George. And what luck had he this time?

Mrs. M. He had what sailors consider very good luck: he fell in with and captured the ship he had expected. He then returned to England with his prize, and anchored at Spithead, June 14, 1744, after an absence of nearly four years. The quantity of money he brought home was so great, that it required thirty-two waggons to convey it to London. This train of waggons made quite a procession, and was accompanied with music playing, and the shouts of the people.

Richard. Did Lord Anson keep all the money himself?

Mrs. M. He had a large share of it: the rest was divided amongst his officers and crew.

George. The Centurion must have been a fine old ship to have weathered so many storms, and have got safe home at last.

Mrs. M. A part of it is still in existence. The huge red lion that once was its head now adorns a garden in the outskirts of the duke of Richmond's park in Sussex: at least it was there a few years since, when I was last in that part of the country.

George. I am not quite sure whether I should like to be really a

sailor; but I am very sure that I like nothing so well as reading and hearing about voyages and ships.

Mrs. M. Then you like to read and hear what is often very melancholy. A sea-life is not always a life of success and victory; for, besides the hardships and dangers which every seaman is liable to, the bravest man may sometimes meet with defeats and disgrace.

George. Nay, mamma, not disgrace! No English seaman ever was disgraced, I'm quite sure!

Mrs. M. I will grant you that very few have been so unfortunate. And yet I could tell you a grievous story of an English admiral who was shot for not doing his utmost against the French.

George. But you don't mean, mamma, that he was really a coward?

Mrs. M. I must, of course, be a very incompetent judge. He certainly was very unfortunate. You shall hear the whole story:— Admiral Byng, the son of a distinguished admiral, was a commander of high character, till, unfortunately for himself, he was sent, in 1756, to the relief of Minorca, then in possession of the English, but besieged by a French army. After Byng had arrived off the island, a French fleet also appeared, which for some reason he would not attack, and he soon after sailed for Gibraltar, and Minorca fell into the hands of the French. An excessive clamour was in consequence raised against the admiral. His enemies declared that his unwillingness to fight proceeded from cowardice. His friends tried to defend him by saying that his hesitation had proceeded from his habitual caution and humanity, which had always made him averse to risk the lives of his men without a certainty of success. However that was, orders were issued for putting him under arrest, and bringing him to England. On his arrival he was committed a close prisoner to Greenwich Hospital. In about six months he was removed to Portsmouth, where a court-martial was held on his conduct, and he was sentenced to be shot.

Mary. Oh, poor man!

Mrs. M. During his trial he had been kept on board the Monarch, a ship of war anchored in the harbour of Portsmouth. On March 14, 1757, the day appointed for the execution, after he had taken leave of his friends, and of the clergyman who attended him, he came on the quarter-deck, where two files of marines stood ready with loaded muskets. His eyes were bound with a handkerchief, and he knelt down on a cushion, and, immediately giving the signal for the soldiers to fire, he was killed instantaneously. Five balls passed through his body. This was done with such extraordinary quickness, that his body was laid in its coffin within three minutes after he had quitted his cabin.

George. But do you really think that he was a coward?

Mrs. M. The officers of his ship seemed to be of opinion that his not engaging the enemy when he might, and perhaps ought to have done so, was an error of judgment more than a want of courage. But this is a point on which we, who know nothing of sea affairs, except from what we read by our firesides, cannot pretend to give an opinion.

Richard. I want to know, George, whether you are still a Jacobite, and whether you would change George II. for Charles III.?

George. I don't know whether I would have done that; but I think that, if I had lived then, I should have been glad to have assisted that poor prince in his escape from Scotland.

Mrs. M. You shall hear how a young lady contrived to assist him. Charles was desirous to go from the Long Island, now commonly called the isle of Lewis, where he had been for some time concealed, to the isle of Skye; but he was in some difficulty how to get there, on account of the troops that were everywhere ranging the country in search of him. Miss Flora Macdonald offered to conduct him, if he would put on woman's clothes, and pretend to be her maid. The prince readily agreed, and assumed the name and dress of Betty Bourke, an Irish girl. He embarked with Flora in an open boat, and they landed safely in Skye. After they got on shore they had some distance to walk; and the prince, who was very tall, and looked excessively awkward in woman's clothes, drew the attention of every one who passed, and was every moment in danger of being discovered. At last they arrived at Kingsborough, a house belonging to one of the clan of Macdonald. Here the prince enjoyed the luxury of lying on a bed, a luxury he had not experienced for many weeks; and he slept so soundly that he did not awake till the middle of the following day. The next day he and Miss Macdonald proceeded to Portree: but before they reached that place the prince changed his dress, and putting on a Highland plaid and a Scotch bonnet over his wig, was metamorphosed from Betty Bourke into a Highlander. At Portree he was joined by Dr. Macleod, and Malcolm Macleod, the young laird of Rasay; and then parting with his female guide, he accompanied these gentlemen to Rasay.

George. Pray, mamma, go on, and tell us the rest of his adventures?

Mrs. M. The party concealed themselves in a small hut, with only a bed of dry heath to lie on, and they had great difficulty in procuring any provisions. But it was unsafe to remain long in this wretched place, and they returned to Skye. Landing at Strath, they took shelter in a cow-house. From this place, if I mistake not, the prince went with only young Malcolm Macleod to the house of a Mr. Mackinnon, where Charles passed for Macleod's servant. The next day he got a boat that took him to the mainland. On

parting with Macleod, he gave him his stock-buckle as a remembrance.

Mary. How he must have wished that he had never come to Scotland!

Mrs. M. His hazards and escapes were very great. He was traced by the soldiers as far as Portree, but there they lost sight of him, and they could not get any further trace of him during his wanderings in the Hebrides. He was afterwards concealed for nearly six weeks in a cave where seven Highlanders had previously taken refuge. While he was here, he lived on the venison which these Highlanders contrived to kill by night. Being at length obliged to quit this concealment, he and his new associates made their escape into the mountains by walking along the rocky channel of a torrent. They remained a whole day without food. Charles was now so much exhausted that he could walk no farther; and two of the men carried him over the rugged paths they had to pursue, to a place where their friends had provided some food for them. On August 29 the prince reached a place of concealment which had been prepared for him, and which was called the Cage, a habitation formed in the hollow of a small cluster of bushes, which grew out of a high rock. The floor was composed of trunks of trees, and was made level by having earth and gravel laid on it. The trees which grew at the sides were interwoven with ropes made of heath, and the top was thatched with long grass. This singular dwelling was capacious enough to hold seven persons; and here the prince, with Cameron of Lochiel, stayed till September 13, when he received information that two French ships were arrived off the coast. He got safely on board one of them, and landed, September 29, in Bretagne, after having wandered for about five months amongst the poor inhabitants of the Highlands, not one of whom was seduced by the offered reward of thirty thousand pounds to betray him.

Richard. What fine faithful fellows they were! But it seems very odd that in so many months he was never found out by any of the other party.

Mrs. M. And it appears the more extraordinary because his face was so remarkable a one that he found it almost impossible to disguise it. When he assumed the character of Mr. Macleod's servant, he tied a handerchief round his head, and put a nightcap over that, and tore the ruffles of his shirt, to make his appearance the more forlorn and shabby; but all this hardly answered his purpose of concealment.

Richard. Pray, mamma, what became of him at last?

Mrs. M. Soon after his return to France, Louis, in consequence of one of the conditions of peace in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, withdrew his protection from him. He then retired into the

territories of the pope. He for a long time kept up a secret correspondence with the English Jacobites, and once, if not oftener, he came privately to London. But after a time he disgusted his friends by his misconduct, and they totally abandoned his cause. This prince, who excited so much sympathy in his youth, and seemed then to possess many hopeful qualities, degenerated afterwards into a vicious character. He assumed the name of Count d'Albany, and died in 1784, unpitied and unlamented.

Mary. Is there any Pretender now?

Mrs. M. No. Charles Edward married a foreign lady of good fortune, and left no children. He had an only brother, the cardinal of York, who, after his brother's death, sometimes assumed the name of Henry IX. He lived to be an old man; and he and his brother's widow, who lost her fortune in the French revolution, were maintained during the latter part of their lives by pensions allowed them by our late King George III. The cardinal died in 1807, and in him the unfortunate family of Stuart became extinct.

Richard. I am very glad they none of them came back to reign in England.

Mrs. M. There is an involuntary sympathy which one feels for the unfortunate; and the sufferings of the exiled family naturally raised them many friends: but when we reflect what undeserving men both the late Pretender and his father were, we ought to consider it a signal mercy towards this country that Providence frustrated every attempt to restore them.

Mary. I think you said that the Pretender, when he disguised himself as a Highlander, wore a wig under his Scotch bonnet? I think he must have found all those flowing curls very inconvenient, when he was scrambling about amongst the mountains.

Mrs. M. The prince's wig was not one of those full-bottomed wigs that had been worn in Charles the Second's and in King William's reign. That fashion had been in a great measure left off, and a snug kind of tie-wig was worn.

Richard. That, I should think, was a great improvement.

Mrs. M. In other respects the style of dress was by no means improved; and the pictures of this period show us that both ladies and gentlemen dressed in a very tasteless, irrational manner.

Richard. Pray, mamma, how can dress be irrational?

Mrs. M. When it is ugly and inconvenient. Ladies wore, at this time, very long waists, and laced so tight that they suffered great pain from their endeavours to acquire what was esteemed a fine shape; and they wore such enormous hoops that they could not without difficulty go through a moderately wide doorway; and their heads and shoulders looked exactly as if they were rising out of a tub. The gown was commonly of rich silk, ornamented with a

variety of trimmings. The head was dressed exceedingly high, and the hair drawn tight up off the face. At the elbows hung long ruffles, something like the ears of a poodle-dog, which were often catching fire at the candles, or dipping in the dishes at table.

George. I think it seems, mamma, as if the ladies of those times must have tried to make themselves uncomfortable.

Mrs. M. I met, not long since, with a diverting description of a lady of fashion's dress in the early part of the last century, some years before the time we have been now speaking of. In the first place she had on a black silk petticoat, trimmed with a red and white calico border, and a cherry-coloured boddice, trimmed with blue and silver. She wore, in addition, a yellow satin apron, and a train of dove-coloured silk, brocaded with large trees.

Mary. She must have been a droll figure!

Richard. Did not people formerly visit in a very dull, formal sort of a way?

Mrs. M. I should suppose that in some respects society was not on so pleasant a footing as at present. The ladies visited one another very ceremoniously. The gentlemen, those at least who lived in town, generally spent their evenings at clubs and coffee-houses; and drinking was so much the custom amongst them, that they rarely met without becoming intoxicated; besides which, smoking was then a fashionable practice. A foreigner, who visited London about the end of the reign of George I., has given us the following account of his way of spending his time there: "We rise by nine, and either attend great men's levees, or tea-tables, till about eleven or twelve the beau monde assembles in several chocolate and coffee-houses. We are carried to these places in sedan-chairs. If it be fine, we take a turn in the park till two, when we go to dinner commonly with a party at the tavern, where we sit till six, and then go to the play. After the play the best company commonly go to Tom's or Will's coffee-houses, and spend the time till midnight in conversation, cards, or politics; but party runs so high here, that Whigs and Tories have each their respective coffee-houses, and would not on any account be seen at any other. If you like the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most houses of people of quality."

I must not forget to tell you of the change of style, or the change in the method of reckoning the year, which took place about the middle of the last century.

George. I don't understand what you mean, mamma.

Mrs. M. I fear I shall find it difficult to make you perfectly comprehend the subject. I will, however, try. I must go back as far as Julius Cæsar, who corrected the old calculations that had been made as to the number of days and hours in the solar year. He calculated the year to consist of three hundred and sixty-five days

and six hours. But astronomers have since discovered that this reckoning is eleven minutes too much. These eleven minutes at length accumulated to the same number of days. In the year 1572, Pope Gregory the Thirteenth effected the Reformation in the calendar which this error rendered necessary, and reduced the year to its exact length. All the nations of Europe, except I believe England, Russia, and Sweden, adopted the new mode of reckoning thus introduced, which is called the *new* or the *Gregorian* style. England persevered in following the *old* or *Julian* mode of computation till 1752, when it was found to be so great an inconvenience, particularly to merchants who had foreign correspondents, that an act of parliament was passed to adopt the Gregorian calendar in England. The eleven overplus days were taken out of the month of September; the day after the 2nd of September being called the fourteenth instead of the third. The year also, which till that time had been reckoned to begin on the 25th of March, has since been always computed from the 1st of January.

Armorial Bearings of George III.

CHAPTER XLII.

GEORGE III.

(PART I.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1760—1785

Dresses of the first thirty years of the reign of George III.

GEORGE III. had completed his twenty-second year when the death of his grandfather placed him on the throne. He had resided with

his mother, the princess dowager of Wales, between whom and George II. there existed no cordiality; and having thus been in a manner excluded from court, and not interfering in any of the political parties of the time, he had led what might be called a retired life, associating only with the small but select circle which was collected round the princess. This was in some respects a disadvantage to him, as it gave him an awkward and diffident manner, which an earlier introduction to general society might have remedied. His usual way of speaking was hurried and confused; but when he was called on to speak in public, his delivery was remarkably graceful and impressive. He was tall, with a good air, his features well formed, his complexion fair, and his countenance open and cheerful, with a great expression of goodness. He had a solid understanding and much penetration into men's characters. He had indeed much more of this penetration than those who judged from his hurried manner could have supposed. The ruling principle of his mind was religion. His greatest happiness was in the tranquillity of domestic life; and I believe I may confidently affirm that a better father, husband, son, and brother, never existed. His heart was open not only to kindly affections towards his own family, but also to a general good-will towards mankind. His charities were extensive and judicious, and there is not one cruel or unfeeling action recorded of him during the course of his long life. He may have committed errors in regard to politics, and maintained his opinions with a degree of pertinacity which some called obstinacy; but it was his judgment, not his heart, which on these occasions was in fault; and he always acted conscientiously. He married August 7, 1761, Charlotte, princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The last public service which the veteran admiral Lord Anson performed was that of bringing the new queen to England,

The war was for some time continued with vigour, though the nation was become weary of the great expense at which it was carried on, particularly of the expenses which were lavished in Germany. Proposals were made for a general peace: but the French, having acquired a preponderating influence in the court of Spain, and entertaining the project of drawing that country into open hostilities against England, do not appear to have been sincerely desirous of putting an end to the war.

Of this ascendancy of the French interest in Spain, and that a breach with that country would soon become unavoidable, Mr. Pitt was fully aware, and he earnestly advised to lose no time in declaring war against Spain, in order to take this new enemy unprepared. This proposal being rejected, he resigned his office as minister. On his resignation he was created earl of Chatham.

In Jan., 1762, war with Spain was declared: and France and

Spain declared war against Portugal, because it refused to desert its alliance with England. Some British forces were sent to the defence of Portugal, and the Spaniards who made an invasion of that country were repulsed.

Amongst the events of this busy time it is difficult to select for you the most important; and you know that I am far from attempting to give you a chronicle of them all. It must suffice for me now to say that the British arms were everywhere successful. Several valuable islands in the West Indies were taken from France. The rich town of the Havannah, in Cuba, and also Manilla, and the rest of the Philippine Islands, in the East Indies, were taken from Spain; and many considerable prizes were made at sea, which enriched a number of brave and fortunate individuals. France and Spain became at last anxious to put an end to a war which had proved so disastrous to them, particularly to the latter; and a general peace was concluded at Paris, on the 10th of February, 1763.

By this peace, Canada, the islands of Minorca, Grenada, and the Grenadines, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, were ceded to Britain: Belle-Isle, on the French coast; the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, near the coast of Newfoundland; those of Martinico, Guadaloupe, Marie-Galante, Desirade, and St. Lucia, in the West Indies; and Goree, in Africa, were restored to France. The settlements on river Senegal were given up to England. In the East Indies all the forts and factories taken from the French were restored. The Havannah was restored to Spain, and the Spaniards in return ceded Florida to the English, and agreed also to make peace with Portugal.

So far nothing could be more prosperous than the new reign. The war had been most successful and glorious, and the country was manifestly increasing in wealth and power. But there were in its bosom many seeds of internal dissension, which, though they never attained a sufficient growth to cause any serious infringement of the public peace, were continually giving birth to an excessive animosity in men's political opinions, and to the most violent party disputes.

About the time of the conclusion of the peace of Paris, Mr. Wilkes, member of Parliament for Aylesbury, first became notorious. He had published, and particularly in the forty-fifth Number of a paper called *The North Briton*, much extravagant abuse of the government, and especially of Lord Bute and other Scotch favourites, who were supposed to have an undue influence with the king. Wilkes was arrested in consequence of this publication, and was committed for some days to the Tower, but was set at liberty on account of an illegality in the warrant under which he had been

seized. Other proceedings against him were adopted afterwards. Though he was a man of the most profligate character, the mob regarded him as a martyr to liberty; and the cry of "Wilkes and liberty" was, for a time, the watchword of the London populace. But I must refer you to other histories for the whole detail of the many vehement broils and disturbances in which he and his adherents were concerned.

In 1765 to ease the burden of taxes in England, the ministry came to the dangerous resolution of levying taxes in the American colonies; and an act for this purpose, which levied a duty on stamps, was carried through parliament. The news of this measure caused a great ferment in America. At Boston, the colours of the ships were hoisted half-mast high, the church-bells tolled a funeral knell, and every means was taken to express the general dissatisfaction. When ships arrived from England with stamps, every effort was used to prevent their being brought on shore, a combination was entered into to forego the use of them, and, indeed, the council of Massachusetts declared it lawful to transact business without them. But notwithstanding this active resistance of the colonies, the possibility of their being led to throw off their dependence on the mother country seems never to have occurred to the English ministers, who took no measures to secure their fidelity.

The obnoxious stamp act was, however, repealed in 1766. But this concession proved unavailing. All the measures of the English government were at this period greatly enfeebled by the frequent changes of ministry. The king, on coming to the crown, had supposed that he had nothing to do but to study the welfare of his people; but he soon found that he had also to study the tempers and jealousies of his ministers, who though they were his ostensible servants, were, in fact, his masters.

In the mean time a union was formed by thirteen of the colonies, the chief bond of which was a congress or body of representatives from the several states of which it was composed. It was now become plain to all reflecting persons that, if the English government should persevere in measures which were so unpopular in America, an appeal would soon be made to the sword. But though the storm was long brewing, it did not actually break out till 1775. In the month of April, in that year, a party of the king's troops, finding some Americans exercising in a green at Lexington, near Boston, summoned them to throw down their arms and disperse. They retreated, but refused to part with their arms; and some of them turned back and fired on the soldiers. The soldiers returned the fire, and several of the Americans were killed. This is said to have been the first blood that was shed in a war which lasted between seven and eight years, and ended in the establishment of the inde-

pendence of the American states. In the same year, George Washington, a Virginian gentleman of fortune, of high character and great abilities, who, as I have before told you, had distinguished himself when very young in the war with France which began in 1755, was chosen commander-in-chief of the American army. He proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Prudent in council, brave in fight, and humane in victory, he was venerated by his own countrymen, and cannot but be respected and admired by ours.

In the campaign of 1776 the English troops had, on the whole, the advantage over the Americans; but the distance from the parent country, and the delays occasioned by conveying soldiers and military stores across the Atlantic, turned the tide at length in favour of the Americans, who were engaged heart and hand in a cause on the result of which they felt that everything dear to them depended. The war was in itself of a very distressing kind to those who were actually engaged in it. The nature of the country, full of extensive woods and morasses, made the marches of the English armies hazardous and fatiguing. There arose also additional difficulties and dangers from the native Indians, whose wild and savage character made them capricious and troublesome as friends, and very terrible as enemies. It was another distressing circumstance of this war, that it was carried on against the descendants of our own countrymen, and against a people who spoke our own language, followed our customs, and professed in general the same Protestant religion. It thus partook of the afflicting nature of a civil war, and in the greater degree, because the states of Canada and Nova Scotia refused to send delegates to the congress, and remained firm in their attachment to England. Many also of the inhabitants of these provinces enlisted among the king's troops.

In 1777 an English army under the command of General Burgoyne, after enduring extraordinary hardships in marching through a country where the bridges had been destroyed, and the roads obstructed by huge trees which were felled and thrown across them, was at last surrounded by a part of the American forces commanded by General Gates, and obliged to surrender.

The intelligence of this surrender of Burgoyne's army infused spirits into all the enemies of England. At the head of these was the government of France, which, from the commencement of the disputes in America, had given indirect assistance to the colonies, and which now thought that an opportunity had arrived of striking an effectual, though most unfair, blow at the greatness of its ancient rival. The court of France accordingly signed a treaty with the United States on the 7th of February, 1778; and a French fleet was soon after sent to America, under the command of the Count

d'Estaing. It is due to the memory of Louis XVI., the late unfortunate king of France, who was at this time recently come to his throne, to say, that he is believed to have disapproved entirely of this ungenerous interference in the contest between the colonies and the mother country. He wanted, however, either the ability or the resolution to oppose the schemes of his ministers.

You may suppose that, all this time, the people of England watched with intense anxiety the progress of this great contest. The debates in parliament were carried on with extreme warmth, and the conduct of the ministers was much censured for frittering away so many lives, and so much treasure, in sending to America only feeble expeditions, instead of despatching at once an overpowering force. Their conduct was blamed by no one more vehemently than by Lord Chatham, who, venerable from his age and experience, and respected for his wonderful powers of mind, which remained unimpaired amidst bodily disease, was looked up to as the greatest statesman of the time.

On the 2nd of April, 1778, the duke of Richmond having declared his intention of bringing forward a motion for an address to the king, praying him to withdraw all the troops from America, Lord Chatham, though he was suffering from severe illness, roused himself from his sick bed, and was conducted, being unable to walk without assistance, into the house of peers, and there made one of the most animated, and, at the same time, one of the most touching speeches ever heard in that house. He began in a feeble tone, expressing his thanks to God that he had been enabled once more to perform his duty. "I rejoice," said he, "that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy." His voice getting stronger as he became more animated, he detailed at length, while the attention of every person present was riveted to his words, all the circumstances of the war, and ended by saying, "Let us at least make one effort, and, if we must fall, let us fall like men." The duke of Richmond spoke in answer, and Lord Chatham rose again with a countenance animated with disdain, and eager to reply; but, while he was attempting to speak, he sank down in a fit, and was carried out of the house apparently lifeless. He, however, revived afterwards; but it was only to linger out a few weeks longer. His death, under these affecting circumstances, was greatly lamented, and made a great impression throughout the whole country. The expense of his funeral was defrayed by the public, and every possible respect was shown to his memory.

In the month of June, 1780, London was thrown into consternation by the violences of a mob which had taken an alarm about Popery. This mob, which was led on chiefly by Lord George

Gordon, a gloomy fanatic, burnt several Roman Catholic chapels; it also broke open many of the prisons, and set at liberty both the felons and debtors. But this alarming state of things lasted only a few days. The rioters were quelled, and Lord George Gordon was committed prisoner to the Tower.

The war in America was now drawing towards a close. In the month of October, 1781, Lord Cornwallis, by much the ablest of the British generals in that country, surrendered himself and his whole army to General Washington. From this time it was apparent to every one that the attainment of the original object of the English ministers, namely, that of effecting the subjugation of the colonies, could not be any longer hoped for. But great efforts still remained to be made in many different parts of the world, before tranquillity could be obtained. France, by her indefatigable intrigues, had contrived to enlist both Spain and Holland as her allies in the war. Russia, also, Sweden, and Denmark, though they did not actually take part in the war, yet were manifestly indirect enemies of England, and united to form what was called an *armed neutrality*.

England, nevertheless, amid all these disadvantages, maintained the contest upon at least equal terms. At sea, not to make mention of other indecisive or less important engagements, her fleets, under the command of Lord Rodney, gained great victories; one over the Spaniards on the 16th of January, 1780, in which the Spanish admiral, Don Juan de Langara, was taken; another over the French fleet in the West Indies, in which the admiral, the Count de Grasse, was also taken. Some islands were taken, and others lost, in the West Indies. Minorca surrendered to the French in 1782. In the East Indies the British arms were successful.

Of all the exploits by which the conclusion of the war was signalized, none is more memorable than the defence of Gibraltar against the efforts made by France and Spain to reduce it. The Spaniards had long been very anxious to regain that most important fortress. They rigorously blockaded it for two years, and, at last, with the assistance of a very considerable and well-appointed French army, made preparations for taking it by storm. They erected batteries on the isthmus of sand which joins the rock to the main land, and supported these batteries by an army of 40,000 men. In the bay they had forty-seven ships of the line, and ten battering ships on a new and formidable construction, besides innumerable smaller vessels. The town was defended by a garrison of 7000 men, under General Elliot.

On September 13, 1782, a grand attack was made by land and sea. The besieged, as soon as the attack began, commenced an incessant firing of red-hot balls on the enemy's ships and floating

batteries, and this was continued without intermission the whole of the day. The Spaniards also kept up a furious cannonade; but the garrison perceived, as night approached, that the enemy's cannonading abated, and could see that the whole fleet was in confusion, and that some of the battering ships had taken fire. The darkness of the night was soon dispelled by the flames arising from the burning vessels; and the cries and groans of the Spaniards on board them were dreadful beyond description.

Amidst this scene of horror, General Curtis and Sir Charles Knowles, assisted by the marine brigade, ventured to the rescue of these miserable men, whom they no longer considered as enemies, but as suffering fellow-creatures; and they succeeded, though with considerable hazard to themselves, in saving many of them from the accumulated dangers by which they were surrounded. The whole of the battering ships were destroyed, which was chiefly owing to the thickness of their timbers, in which the red-hot balls lodged, and could not be got out. In this engagement the Spaniards lost 3000 men, while the English had only sixteen killed; and the damage done to the fortress was so small that, in a few hours after the attack was over, the whole of the sea-line was again put in serviceable condition.

But, though this formidable attack was repelled, Gibraltar continued in a state of blockade, sixty-four Spanish ships of war still lying before it. A few days, however, after the attack, Lord Howe, with a fleet of thirty-four ships of the line and some frigates, arrived to the relief of the town. A storm arose, which dispersed some of the Spanish ships, while the English weathered it safely. The remainder of the Spanish fleet, though superior in number to the English, declining an engagement, Lord Howe threw reinforcements into the town, and the blockade was raised soon after.

In January, 1783, peace was concluded at Versailles between the belligerent powers. England acknowledged the independence of the United States; gave up to France the islands of St. Lucia and Tobago, in the West Indies; the settlements on the Senegal, and a few ports in Africa; and made some cessions also to the same power in the East Indies. Minorca and Florida were surrendered to Spain.

The United States, after the ratification of the treaty, sent Mr. Adams, one of their most eminent statesmen, in the capacity of envoy to the English court. The king, who had previously declared to some of his attendants that he looked forward to his first interview with this new minister as to the most critical moment of his life, received him very graciously, and said to him, with that honest candour which was a conspicuous part of his character, "I was the last man in the kingdom, sir, to consent to the inde-

pendence of America; but now, it is granted, I shall be the last man in the kingdom to sanction a violation of it."

I have already observed to you that in the beginning of this reign there was a continual change of ministers. Lord Chatham, the duke of Newcastle, Lord Bute, Mr. G. Grenville, the marquess of Rockingham, the duke of Grafton, Lord North, Mr. Fox, and Lord Shelburne, held successively the chief offices in the administration. In 1783, Mr. Pitt, second son of Lord Chatham, was made prime minister, and, with only one short interval, retained that high office twenty-two years.

In 1787 an attempt was made on the king's life by a poor insane woman named Margaret Nicholson, who, while she was with one hand presenting him a petition, attempted with the other to stab him with a knife. She was instantly seized by the attendants; and the king, forgetful of the danger his own life had been in, only exclaimed, "Don't hurt the poor woman; she must be mad." This, on enquiry, proved to be the case, and she was sent to Bedlam for life.

In the summer of 1788 the king was advised, on account of his health, to try the waters of Cheltenham, and went there accompanied by the queen and royal family. They all appeared to have a real enjoyment of the easy disengaged life they led there, totally free from all courtly parade. But unhappily the waters disagreed with the king, and brought on a brain fever, which ended in a total mental derangement, which lasted several months. During the time of the king's illness the parliament was incessantly engaged on the subject of appointing a regent. The prince of Wales, who was now twenty-six years old, was manifestly the most proper person who could be invested with this important office; but there were many doubts concerning the extent of the powers with which it was fit to intrust him. Before the question could finally be adjusted, the king recovered his reason, and of course the necessity for a regent was at an end. The 24th of October, 1788, was the last day on which, previously to his illness, the king had appeared in public; and on the 23rd of April following, being then perfectly recovered, he went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to return public thanks to God for his restoration to health and reason. When the procession arrived at St. Paul's the church was crowded to excess. An appropriate service for the day was performed; and there could not be imagined a more impressive scene than that of the king and people lifting up their hearts in devout gratitude to the Almighty for a mercy which, though bestowed personally on the king, was felt by almost all his subjects as a great and common benefit.

The king, though now restored to health, was advised by his physicians to abstain for a time from the fatigue and stress of

public business. He therefore indulged himself, more than he had before allowed himself to do, in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life. He loved to have his children about him, and they had the advantage of being brought up almost entirely under the eye of parents who set them the example of the most perfect family harmony. The queen was a woman of strong sense and of superior acquirements. Her manners, perhaps, were not engaging, and she did not enjoy that general popularity to which her virtues fully entitled her. But as a wife and mother her conduct was exemplary. She constantly opposed herself to every kind of immorality and vice, and the character of her court was more irreproachable than that of any other court in Europe.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XLII.

Mary. Don't you wish you had been at St. Paul's on the day on which the king went there to return thanks?

Mrs. Markham. I should have liked exceedingly to have witnessed that sight. I have been told by those who were present that it was indescribably impressive, and particularly so when the 6000 charity-children who were in the church joined in the choruses of the psalms and anthems.

George. It must almost have comforted the king for having been ill, to see how glad everybody was when he got well again.

Mrs. M. The king was frequently heard to express the same feeling. The time of his illness was an anxious period. Many people thought he would not recover; but Dr. Willis, who was called in to attend him, was always of opinion that he would.

Richard. That Dr. Willis was, I suppose, a very famous physician?

Mrs. M. He was a country clergyman in Lincolnshire, who had studied attentively the disorders of the mind, and devoted himself to their cure with so much success, that his fame spread not only all over England, but also throughout Europe. When a calamity befell the queen of Portugal, similar to that with which George III. was afflicted, Dr. Willis was sent for to attend her; but, finding her case an incurable one, he soon returned home.

Mary. Pray, mamma, how many children had the king and queen?

Mrs. M. They had seven sons and six daughters, who lived to grow up.

Mary. Did you ever see them?

Mrs. M. I have, but not all together. I have been told that it was a very fine sight to see all the royal family, when they were in the bloom of youth, assembled, as they frequently were, round their

parents. They were all handsome, most of them were fair, and all had open, cheerful countenances.

Richard. What became of the king's brothers and sisters?

Mrs. M. The duke of York, the king's favourite brother, died in 1767. The other two, the dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, had greatly displeased him by marrying persons not of royal birth, in consequence of which an act of parliament was passed forbidding any of the royal family from marrying in future without the consent of the king or the parliament.—The king's eldest sister, the duchess of Brunswick, after she became a widow, came to reside in England, and died not many years ago. The youngest had a short but unhappy life. She was very beautiful and engaging, and married, when I believe only seventeen, the king of Denmark, Christian VII., a man of unamiable temper and defective intellect. It is not certainly known whether this young queen actually conducted herself ill, or whether she owed her misfortune solely to the dislike which the king's step-mother took to her. A few years after her marriage she was imprisoned in the fortress of Cronenburg, where she continued till her brother, the king of England, obtained permission to have her placed under his protection. She was then removed to the castle of Zell, in Hanover, where everything was done that could contribute to her comfort. She died in 1775, when only twenty-four years old.

George. I wish you would tell us some more anecdotes about that good old king of ours.

Mrs. M. I could recollect as many as would fill a volume. I will tell you an anecdote which is very expressive of his thoroughly right way of thinking and acting. Soon after he came to the throne, a clergyman introduced some high panegyrics upon him in a sermon preached before the court. The next day the king sent a message to the clergyman, desiring him to forbear in future from doing so: adding, that he went to church to hear God praised, and not himself.

Richard. I heard the gentlemen who dined here yesterday talking about some person who was killed in the American war, and who was to be brought over to England to be buried. They could not mean the same American war you have been telling us of, because that, you know, was forty years ago.

Mrs. M. You will be surprised to hear that it was the same. They were speaking of Major André.

Richard. I recollect that that was the name: but pray tell us what they were talking about.

Mrs. M. Major André was an officer in that division of the English army which was commanded by General Clinton. General Clinton was in secret treaty with General Arnold, the second in

command in the American army, for betraying some important posts to the English. In this negotiation Major André was employed. He met Arnold on the banks of the Hudson river, and went with him to his quarters in the American camp. Unforeseen difficulties then preventing the major from returning by water the way he had come, Arnold advised him to return by land, and persuaded him, much against his will, to exchange his regimentals for a suit of plain clothes, and to assume the name of John Anderson. In this disguise André got on very well till he came to a place called Tarrytown, where he fell in with some of General Washington's soldiers, who questioned him as to who and what he was. Being a bad dissembler, his answers excited suspicion, and he was detained a prisoner. He had been very guarded in not saying anything that might betray Arnold; but Arnold, as soon as he heard that a person named John Anderson had been taken up, immediately concluded that the whole transaction was known, and fled without making any effort to rescue poor André from the unhappy situation into which he had fallen, and fallen too through Arnold's own bad advice: for, had he not put on a disguise, he would have been considered only as a prisoner of war, and have been detained till he could be exchanged; but being found disguised and under a false name, he was looked upon as a spy, and treated accordingly.

George. And pray, mamma, what was done to him?

Mrs. M. I grieve to say that he was condemned to be hanged. The execution of the sentence occasioned real grief to General Washington, who lamented the hard necessities of war which compelled him to put in force so severe a measure. General Clinton did everything in his power to save his gallant friend, but without success. His body was interred near the place of execution. On the 11th of August, 1821, some English gentlemen, finding it likely that his bones would be disturbed by some alterations to be made in the ground where they lay, had them removed to England, and they have been re-interred in Westminster Abbey.

George. I suppose, mamma, that, if ever I should be a soldier or sailor, I should be willing to do anything that may serve my country; and yet I think I had rather be fired upon by Governor Elliot's red-hot balls than go skulking about on any underhand secret plot.

Mrs. M. I trust that, whatever profession you may embrace, your path of duty may always lie before you plain to be seen, and easy to be followed. For Major André I believe there were many excuses: but had he been of my way of thinking, he would have been convinced that no country, and no good cause, can be benefited by tampering with an enemy's servant to betray his trust.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GEORGE III.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1789—1820.

Ruins of Hougoumont, after the battle of Waterloo.

WHILE England was, for some time after the king's recovery, enjoying a more than usual share of tranquillity, France became the scene of a frightful revolution, which so much affected England, that it may be necessary to tell you a few particulars of it.

In that great country the government was become exceedingly poor, chiefly in consequence of its officious interference in the American war; and the necessity of making many reforms in the system of conducting public affairs was strongly felt. Even the king, Louis XVI., a virtuous and well-meaning man, conceded everything he could to promote this end. But a gradual reform was too slow a measure to suit the impetuosity of the French populace, who burst through all restraint, and, confounding the innocent with the guilty, rose on the nobles and clergy, and satiated themselves with every kind of cruelty. The government was assumed by a sort of parliament, which took the title of the National Convention. This body, becoming at length intoxicated with the almost unlimited power which it possessed, began to thirst after foreign conquest; it openly avowed principles utterly subversive of all established authorities; it promised alliance to the revolutionists of

other countries, and even announced that "France had declared war against all the world." One of its acts was to put to death the king, who after a mock trial was beheaded, or, to speak more properly, was *guillotined*, on the 21st of January, 1793. The *guillotine* was a machine for beheading which was brought into use by the revolutionists. The queen, who was for many reasons peculiarly obnoxious to the populace, was dragged from her children, and confined seven months in a damp cell, with only straw to lie on. She was then tried for various alleged offences, and guillotined. The scaffold streamed with the blood of all those who were suspected of favouring monarchy, and this period of the revolution has been aptly termed the reign of terror.

The many atrocious and sanguinary proceedings to which the fury of this revolution gave birth, and more particularly the murder of the king, caused a general consternation amongst all good men in every country in Europe. Prussia and Austria had already taken up arms, and had invaded France in the summer of 1792, with the intention of restoring the king's authority. The duke of Brunswick had the command of the allied army, and gained some slight successes at first; but he was soon compelled to retreat. The army of the revolutionists then pressed its advantage, and took possession of almost all the Austrian Netherlands.—Such was the commencement of a most unparalleled contest, which, with little intermission, ravaged Europe for above twenty years, and was attended with a series of more signal events than any other, perhaps, in the history of the world.

The English government could not behold this ferment on the continent without much alarm and perplexity. It was anxiously desirous to avoid a rupture; but at length thought it necessary to oppose a serious resistance to the offensive proceedings of the Convention. In the month of January, 1793, the English ministers refused to acknowledge the French ambassador in London by the title of the ambassador of the French republic, as he now styled himself; and on the 1st of February the Convention declared war. About the same time a French army invaded the Dutch territories; and the duke of York, the king of England's second son, was sent from England to the assistance of the Dutch, with a considerable army under his command. In this campaign he had some partial success; but in 1794 he was compelled to retire. He effected, with much difficulty, a retreat to some of the fortified towns of the United Provinces, and returned to England in the following winter.

The frost of this year was very intense, and permitted the French to cross the Waal on the ice. It also gave them other unexpected advantages, which they followed up with so much zeal and ability,

that they were enabled to take possession of Amsterdam on the 16th of January, 1795. The rest of Holland, and the other provinces, then submitted, and, taking the title of the Batavian republic, entered into an alliance with France. Prussia also soon afterwards deserted her coalition with Austria.—But, while the French arms were thus successful by land, a signal victory was obtained at sea by Lord Howe, who, on June 1, 1794, defeated the French fleet off Brest. Several French islands in the West Indies were also taken.

In the year 1795 the internal affairs of France began to assume a more settled appearance.—Robespierre, Danton, and other sanguinary monsters, who had been the authors of the worst excesses of the revolution, had in their turns fallen sacrifices to popular fury; and an executive directory was established, with which it seemed possible to treat for peace. In 1796, Mr. Wickham, the English minister in Switzerland, was instructed to make overtures for a negotiation, but the attempt was fruitless. Lord Malmesbury was afterwards sent to Paris, for the purpose of making another effort, but his mission proved equally ineffectual. I shall not think it necessary to particularize other overtures of the same kind which were made afterwards in the following years of the war.

The campaign of 1796 on the continent was extremely active and important. The French generals, Moreau and Jourdan, entered Germany. They were ultimately repulsed by the Archduke Charles. The retreat which Moreau effected is much celebrated. On the side of Italy the command of the French army was given to Buonaparte, who acquired his first great distinction in this campaign. This extraordinary man was a native of Corsica, and had been educated in a military academy at Paris. He entered the army as an inferior officer, but was always remarkable for his penetration and capacity.

The beginning of 1797 held out a gloomy prospect for England. The national finances appeared unequal to cope with the expenses of a lengthened war. Even in the navy, which was considered the best bulwark of the island, an alarming mutiny broke out. The sailors on board Lord Howe's fleet at Portsmouth peremptorily refused to weigh anchor and put to sea, unless an increase of pay, and some other indulgences, were granted to them. On receiving the promise that these demands should be acceded to, they were pacified, and returned to their duty. Another mutiny broke out afterwards at the Nore, but this, too, was at length happily quelled. The ringleaders were executed, and the crews of the several ships returned to their duty.

During this year, however, two great naval victories were gained: one over the Spaniards, who had been prevailed on to declare war against England; the other over the Batavian republic, which, as I

have before told you, had entered into alliance with France. The first of these actions was fought off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February. The Spanish fleet, amounting to twenty-seven sail of the line, was attempting to join a French armament, but was attacked and completely defeated by Sir John Jervis, afterwards created Earl St. Vincent. The battle with the Dutch was fought off Camperdown, Oct. 11. Admiral Duncan, who commanded the English fleet on this occasion, was also raised to the peerage.

On October 17th a definitive treaty of peace between France and Austria was signed at Campo Formio in Italy; and thus England was left alone in the great contest which she was carrying on against her powerful enemy.

On the meeting of parliament in January, 1798, the king intimated that he had received intelligence of a design entertained by the French government to attempt the invasion of England. Whether the enemy had any real intention of carrying into effect so daring a project is a point which, perhaps, cannot easily be ascertained. It is certain that a flotilla was assembled at Boulogne, and equipped for the conveyance of troops. But whether this danger was real or only imaginary, it had the effect of uniting men of all parties in England in one common bond for the public safety.

In the summer of the same year a serious rebellion broke out in Ireland, which raged chiefly in the counties of Wicklow and Wexford. This rebellion, was, however, soon suppressed, chiefly by the prudence of Marquess Cornwallis, who on this occasion was appointed lord-lieutenant; and a body of about one thousand French troops, who disembarked at Killala on the 12th of August, surrendered on the 8th of September.

In the mean time Buonaparte had sailed from Toulon with an armament consisting of thirteen ships of the line, six frigates, and transports containing an army of 30,000 men. He took Malta, and thence proceeded to Egypt, with the view of forming a settlement there, which might afford means for making some future attack, by way either of the Red Sea or of the Persian Gulf, on the British dominions in India. He was pursued to Egypt by Admiral Nelson; who, on his arrival, found the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay. An engagement followed, in which the skill and valour of the English obtained a signal victory. The battle lasted through the night. L'Orient, the French admiral's ship, a vessel of 120 guns, was blown up at midnight with a terrible explosion; and when the morning arrived, only two ships of the line and two frigates remained of the whole French fleet. All the rest were either taken or destroyed. Admiral Nelson was created a peer, by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, on the occasion of this great achievement.

The war on the continent was renewed in 1799, and in the

autumn of that year an English army, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was disembarked at the Helder point in Holland. The duke of York afterwards took the command; but the enterprise finally miscarried, and the troops re-embarked, and returned to England.

The French government, at the close of this campaign, underwent a new and remarkable change, the more remarkable from its direct connexion with the extraordinary fortunes of Buonaparte. That general, though the fleet which conveyed him to Egypt was entirely destroyed by Lord Nelson, had conquered Egypt, and had invaded Syria; but found his career stopped at Acre by Djezzar, the Turkish pasha, assisted by some English troops under Sir Sidney Smith, who distinguished himself greatly in the defence of that town. Buonaparte, thus repulsed from Acre, returned to Egypt, and then ventured on a step, the singular success of which must always be ranked among the most extraordinary parts of his history. Having received intelligence of great discontents in France, he resolved even to forsake the army he commanded, in order to try his fortune at home in this troubled state of public affairs. He escaped from Egypt in August, 1799; and, immediately on his arrival in Paris, was able to effect a dissolution of the government. The directory was abolished, and the executive administration was committed to three consuls, of whom he procured himself to be made the chief.

In the year 1800 was accomplished a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland; nearly on the same principles on which, in the reign of Queen Anne, the union had been framed between England and Scotland. Twenty-eight peers, and one hundred commoners, were admitted from Ireland into the English parliament; or rather, into the Parliament of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the title which was now formally adopted as the proper designation of the British Isles.

On the continent the events of the campaign of 1800 were most unfavourable to the Austrian arms, and the emperor was obliged to sue for peace, which was soon afterwards concluded at Luneville. The emperor of Russia also, from being the vehement adversary, became one of the warmest friends of France, and took possession of the British shipping in his ports. Denmark and Sweden, either by force or persuasion, seemed to be on the point of joining with Russia in a confederacy against the maritime power of England. On this an armament under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, but of which Lord Nelson was the efficient commander, was despatched against Copenhagen in the month of March, 1801. Lord Nelson, on arriving before that capital, instantly made the attack. After an exceedingly severe engagement, the severest, it is said, which was fought during

the whole war, several Danish ships were destroyed or captured, and the town itself was thought in the utmost danger. At this moment Lord Nelson offered terms of an armistice, which were accepted by the prince of Denmark. The English fleet then proceeded to Carlscroon; but its further operations in the Baltic were interrupted by the death of the emperor (Paul) of Russia. His son and successor, Alexander, immediately disclaimed all hostile intentions, and entered into an amicable convention with England.

The French still kept possession of Egypt. A British force, which was sent to drive them out of that country, about this time effected its purpose, though with the loss of its brave commander, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was mortally wounded in the first engagement.

While these events were taking place abroad, the public attention was excited at home by the unexpected resignation of Mr. Pitt, who had so long been prime minister. This celebrated statesman, finding himself unable, through the resistance of the king, to fulfil the promises as to the removal of Catholic disabilities which he had made at the time of the union with Ireland, resigned his post in the commencement of 1801. He was succeeded by the duke of Portland and Mr. Addington, afterwards created Viscount Sidmouth. These ministers opened a negotiation with France, which was at length concluded by a definitive treaty, signed at Amiens, March 27, 1802.

All England rang with joyful acclamations at the attainment of this long wished-for object. But the public joy was of short continuance. Buonaparte, who was now made first consul for life, and was completely despotic in France, showed a disposition so evidently unfriendly, and made many such unreasonable demands with regard to the fulfilment of the conditions of the peace, that a new war became unavoidable.

Hostilities were renewed in 1803. The English government having laid an embargo on all French ships in British ports, great numbers of English, who had taken the opportunity of the peace to visit France, either for business or pleasure, were by order of Buonaparte made prisoners of war, and kept for many years in captivity.

In 1804 Buonaparte was proclaimed emperor of France. He had now acquired an unlimited sway, not only in that country, but also over great part of Europe. Holland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal crouched before him. England alone stood erect and independent.

On the 21st of October, 1805, Lord Nelson, with a fleet of 27 ships of the line, encountered the combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to 33 sail, off Cape Trafalgar. It was the practice in the French ships, and, I believe, in the Spanish also, to place men aloft in what are called *the tops*, whose business it was to single out the officers in the English ships. To this practice (which, as being in-

human and dishonourable, was not permitted in the English fleet) their gallant commander fell, on this occasion, a sacrifice. He received, during the action, a mortal wound by a ball fired from the mizen-top of a French ship. When he found himself wounded, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and concealed the stars and orders that decorated the breast of his coat. He took this precaution that he might not be known, fearing lest his crew should be disheartened by knowing that their admiral had fallen. He was carried down to the surgeon's room, where he lived three hours, long enough to know that his fleet was victorious. Twenty of the enemy's ships had struck. His last orders, given almost with his dying breath, were that all the ships should be anchored. These orders, however, in the confusion of the moment, were not followed. In consequence of this neglect most of the prizes were wrecked in a gale which sprung up in the night. Four only were saved and brought to England. By this victory the navy of France was destroyed, and Britain established more completely than ever her decisive superiority at sea.

In the same year hostilities recommenced on the continent. Russia and Austria entered into a new alliance, for the purpose of resisting the ambition of France; but Buonaparte, making a rapid march into Germany, at the head of a very powerful force, took uncontested possession of Vienna, and afterwards defeated the combined Russian and Austrian army in a bloody battle at Austerlitz. The emperor of Germany, soon after this defeat, consented to a humiliating treaty of peace, which was signed at Presburg on the 26th of December.

Mr. Pitt, who had come again into administration in the year 1804, died on the 23rd of January, 1806, and was succeeded as prime minister by his great political rival, Mr. Fox. But the new administration did not last long. Mr. Fox died on the 13th of September; and on the 25th of March, in the year following, another ministry was formed, of which Mr. Perceval was usually considered the head.

In 1807 expeditions were sent to the Dardanelles, to Egypt, and against the Spanish settlements on the river Plate, in South America; but none of them were attended with any advantage. The expedition to the river Plate was the most disastrous, and is supposed to have failed through the great misconduct of General Whitelocke, the commander. Another expedition was despatched against Copenhagen, which succeeded, after bombarding the town, in gaining possession of the whole Danish fleet, which was safely brought to England.

This attack on Denmark was much resented by the emperor of Russia, who, a few months before, had made peace with France, and now recalled his ambassador from London.

In 1808 nearly the whole continent of Europe was under the control of Buonaparte. Russia was alienated from England. The emperor of Germany had been compelled to surrender a large portion of his territories. Many of the German princes retained their dominions only as tributaries of the French emperor. The king of Prussia had felt his power, and had seen him make a triumphant entry into Berlin. He reigned over all the north of Italy. He drove the king of Naples from his throne, on which he placed Murat, one of his own generals. He made the king of Spain a prisoner in France, and placed his brother, Joseph Buonaparte, on the throne of Madrid. Portugal was also reduced under the dominion of this great conqueror, and the royal family of that country had emigrated to their South American territories. Holland was erected into a monarchy and bestowed on Louis Buonaparte. The papal power was also overthrown, and the pope became an unwilling resident in France. Louis XVIII., the brother of the late king of France, who (on the death of the dauphin in prison in Paris, some time after the murder of his unhappy parents) had become the representative of the Bourbon family, had at this time but little prospect of being ever restored to his rank. He was living in great retirement in England, and called himself the Count de Lille. Thus had Buonaparte, by a series of successes unparalleled in the history of the world, made himself the despotic master of almost all Europe.

In the spring of this year, the Spanish people, exasperated by the cruelties committed by the French in Madrid, roused themselves to exertion, declared war against France, and sent deputies to England to implore assistance. An expedition of about ten thousand men was sent to their assistance, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and arrived at Corunna on the 20th of July. On communicating with the Spanish leaders in that district, it was thought best to proceed in the first instance to Portugal, for the purpose of expelling General Junot, who had the command of a French army in that country, and was in possession of Lisbon. The English landed in Mondego Bay, and defeated the French in a battle at Vimeira, which was fought on the 21st of August; after which the French army retired to a strong position near Lisbon; and a convention, much criticised at the time, was subsequently entered into at Cintra by Sir Hew Dalrymple, to whom Sir Arthur Wellesley had surrendered the command of the English army, for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops.

In the month of November Sir John Moore, who had arrived with a reinforcement of 12,000 men, led the British army into Spain. The history of his short but eventful campaign will always be read with extreme interest. He was at length compelled to retreat; and

after a most severe and calamitous march, through a difficult country, and in most inclement weather, he arrived at Corunna, Jan. 16, 1809. Soult, the French general, hung on his rear, and overtook and attacked him when on the point of embarking. The British, though suffering under extreme fatigue and anxiety, fought on this occasion with their usual bravery, and beat off the French, though with great loss. Sir John Moore was amongst those who fell. His friends were able to spare a few moments, amidst the confusion of the night succeeding the battle, through the whole of which the troops were embarking, to inter the body of their lamented commander on the ramparts of Corunna.

In the month of April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley, having been again appointed to the command of the British army in the Peninsula, landed with reinforcements in Portugal. He obliged the French to abandon Oporto, and soon afterwards entered Spain; but he was eventually compelled to withdraw into Portugal.

On the 8th of April, in this year, Austria had again declared war against France; but Buonaparte, with his usual rapidity, appeared before Vienna on the 10th of May, and after two great battles, the battle of Asperne, fought May 21, which proved indecisive, and that of Wagram, fought on the 6th of July, in which he gained a decisive victory, compelled the emperor to sue once more for peace.

In the end of July, an expedition from England was sent to Walcheren, under the command of Lord Chatham; but the unhealthiness of the climate, and other causes, combined to bring it to a disastrous termination.

In December, Buonaparte astonished France and all Europe by one of his most extraordinary acts, that of divorcing the Empress Josephine, who had been his wife for a period of twelve years, and who, by her good conduct, had made herself respected and beloved throughout France, and to whom he was apparently greatly attached. His ambition now made him aspire to an alliance by marriage with the royal family of Austria, and in the March following he married the archduchess Maria Louisa; the emperor, to his infinite disgrace, permitting his daughter thus to unite herself to the usurper.

In the campaign in Portugal of the year 1810, Sir Arthur Wellesley, now Lord Wellington, was obliged to remain on the defensive.

In the month of November the public was grieved and agitated by the recurrence of that afflicting calamity with which the king had been visited in 1788. His youngest daughter, Amelia, a most estimable and amiable princess, had long been alarmingly ill, and died November 2 in this year. The king, who was tenderly at-

tached to all his children, was perhaps particularly so to this his youngest child. He was frequently with her during her last illness, and employed himself in administering religious consolation to her during these interviews. But these interviews, though dear to the king at the moment, were in the end too much for the shattered state of his nerves and spirits to sustain. He had long laboured under a defect of sight, and grief and anxiety now increased this defect into total blindness. All these afflictions brought on a return of his former complaint; and, immediately after his daughter's death, he sank into a state of incurable insanity. The Prince of Wales was appointed regent. He retained the same ministers whom his father had placed in office, and no material change was made in the system of conducting public affairs.

On the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Perceval, who had been made prime minister on the breaking up of Mr. Fox's administration, was shot as he was entering the lobby of the House of Commons, by a man of the name of Bellingham, who appeared to have been chiefly actuated by motives of private revenge against the ministry, on account of their having slighted an application which he had made.

In this year the United States of America, now become a powerful state, declared war against England. The chief events of this war with the United States consisted in some engagements between single ships, and in various operations on the frontier of Canada. The war in Europe was of such momentous importance, that this rupture with America appears to have been but little thought of in England; though it is particularly to be regretted that any contest should have arisen with a country which, although independent, is still connected with us by the powerful ties of language, institutions, and interests.

The tide of success on the continent of Europe was now beginning to turn. Buonaparte, on arriving at the pinnacle of greatness, alienated all his allies, and ruled arbitrarily all the nations he had subdued. He at length pretended to give law to Russia. June 24, he passed the Niemen at the head of an immense army, and entered the territories of that extensive empire. September 15, after sweeping all before him, he entered Moscow, with the intention of taking up his winter-quarters in that city; but the town had already been set on fire in several places, by the order, it is supposed, of the Russian governor, who had abandoned it, and who took this terrible, but effectual method of depriving the invaders of the shelter, and the supplies of all kinds, which they had expected to find there. The conflagration was dreadful. The houses being chiefly of wood, the flames spread with so much rapidity, that two-thirds of the city were burnt down.

Buonaparte was now in a state of the greatest difficulty. His stores were exhausted, his supplies were intercepted by the Russian armies in the neighbourhood; his soldiers were dispirited and discontented, and enfeebled by the fatigue and distress to which they had been exposed. A retreat was all that remained to him. The horrors of this retreat, or rather flight, are past my powers to describe. The route of the army might, in many places, be traced by the dead bodies of those who perished from cold, hunger, and fatigue. It has been calculated that of the 400,000 men who had composed the invading army, not more than 50,000 recrossed the Russian boundary on its return. On the 5th of December, Buonaparte himself left the army, and set out on a rapid journey to Paris.

These reverses of the French army in Russia roused the other nations of Europe from their state of subjection to the power of Buonaparte. Prussia was the first to shake off the yoke, and to join the advancing arms of Russia; Bernadotte, the crown prince of Sweden, allied himself to the same cause. Austria also declared war against France; and Denmark joined the allies in the following January. Several great battles were fought in this campaign. That of Leipzig, on the 18th of October, 1813, was completely decisive against the French, who were rapidly driven back to their own country, pursued by the immense armies of the allies, who had now no fear for the success of the war, and were eagerly contemplating the invasion of France. In the month of November, in the same year, the Prince of Orange was recalled by the Dutch from his long exile, and entered the Hague amidst the acclamations of the people. Early in the winter the allies crossed the Rhine. On the 30th of March, 1814, they gained a victory before Paris, and the next day entered that city in triumph.

While I have been hurrying through these great events in the north of Europe, which thus terminated in the capture of Paris, I have, perhaps, been too long silent on the progress of the contest in Spain. In the campaigns of the year 1811 and 1812 there had been much hard fighting in that country, and the English gained many splendid victories. But the French army was so superior in number, that Lord Wellington, after having advanced to Madrid, was obliged, in November, 1812, to retreat to the Portuguese frontier.

In the following year, however, 1813, his success was complete. He drove the French entirely out of the Peninsula, and on the 7th of October entered France. The concluding achievements of this gallant army, in the spring of 1814, were—to pass the Adour, a hazardous operation, which was effected with the assistance of a naval squadron, under the command of Admiral Penrose; to enter

Bordeaux, which had declared its attachment to the Bourbon cause, while the great contest in the neighbourhood of Paris was still undecided, and where the British troops were welcomed as deliverers from a situation of imminent jeopardy; and finally, the defeat of Marshal Soult in a severe battle at Toulouse, on the 10th of April.

On the 2nd of April, the French senate declared that Buonaparte had forfeited his throne: on the 4th, he signed an act of abdication: on the 28th, he embarked at Frejus, on board an English frigate, and was conveyed to Elba, a little island on the coast of Italy, which was assigned to him by the allied powers. The empress Maria Louisa, and her infant son, to whom Buonaparte had given the title of King of Rome, had previously gone to Vienna.

On the 6th of April, a decree of the senate had been passed for the recall of the Bourbon princes; and Louis XVIII. made, on the 3rd of May, a solemn entry into Paris. All these extraordinary events passed so rapidly, that they seemed more like the winding up of a romance, than like realities.

May 30th, peace was concluded between the allied powers and France. The limits of France were reduced by this treaty nearly to those which she had possessed in 1792. Her colonies, with a few exceptions, were restored. England retained Malta, and the Cape of Good Hope, and the small island of Heligoland. The adjustment of many complicated questions, which remained to be settled between the continental powers, was reserved for a congress, appointed to meet at Vienna.

In the beginning of June, the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia paid a visit to England. They were accompanied by Blucher, a veteran Prussian general, and by Platoff, hetman of the Cossacks, men who had borne a distinguished part in the late achievements of the allied army. The visit of these illustrious strangers was celebrated in London and other parts of the kingdom, with extraordinary rejoicing and festivity. Peace with America was soon afterwards restored.

Early in 1815, a general alarm was spread throughout Europe by the escape of Buonaparte from Elba, who landed, March 1, in the south of France, and was everywhere received with joy by the soldiery. Louis XVIII. fled from Paris early in the morning of the 20th of the same month, and Buonaparte entered that capital in the evening of the same day, and resumed the government without opposition.

His first attempt was to conciliate the allies, to whom he proposed to maintain the peace on the terms which had been lately settled with Louis. But the allies unanimously rejected the propo-

sition, and began immediately to put their armies in motion, with the resolution of once more displacing this unprincipled disturber of the world.

The English and Prussians were first in motion. To prevent their entrance into France, Buonaparte, at the head of 150,000 men, marched to the Netherlands. June 15th, the French and Prussians had the first rencontre at Charleroi. The engagement was renewed on the 16th; and on the same day another division of the French army had a severe conflict with the English at Quatre Bras. On the 17th, the British army retreated to an advantageous post near the village of Waterloo. Early on the following morning, Buonaparte reconnoitred them, and exclaimed with great satisfaction, "I have them at last, these English!"

About ten o'clock began one of the hardest fought battles recorded in history. It raged furiously during the whole day. At about seven in the evening, the Prussian army under Blucher, which had been occupied during the whole day in coming up to the assistance of the English, made its appearance on the right flank of the French. Buonaparte then brought up his guards, the flower of the French infantry, in the hope of breaking through the centre of the British army; but the English guards, not waiting the charge, rushed to meet them, and they instantly fled in confusion. The duke of Wellington immediately led on the charge of the whole British army, and the enemy gave way at all points. When he saw his guards give way, Buonaparte exclaimed, "It is all over; we must save ourselves!" And, so saying, he quitted the field of battle attended by five or six officers, and arrived at Paris on the night of the 20th of June. Seeing no prospect of being able to retrieve his ruined fortunes, he proceeded, a few days afterwards, to Rochefort, with the intention of making his escape to America. He actually embarked with that intention; but the Bellerophon, an English man-of-war, being in sight, from which it would have been impossible to escape, he resolved to surrender himself to the English captain. The Bellerophon, as soon as he came on board, sailed for Torbay, where he continued till it could be concerted between the English government and the allies what would be the best and securest place of confinement for so important a prisoner. The island of St. Helena was at last determined on; and in this island he continued a prisoner till his death, which took place May 5, 1821. We are told, and we may readily believe, that during this whole period he was a wretched prey to discontent and chagrin, the natural consequence, and no less just punishment, of his restless projects and unprincipled ambition.

The victorious English and Prussian armies advanced rapidly

after the battle of Waterloo, and invested Paris on the 29th and 30th of June. A few days afterwards the city capitulated. The Austrians and Russians had now crossed the Rhine. On the 8th of July Louis XVIII. re-entered his capital; but the English and Prussians retained military possession of it till the final restoration of peace. The terms of the peace were settled in October. Its chief provision was, that several French fortresses, which were situated on the side of the Netherlands, should be put in possession of the allies for five years. The duke of Wellington was made generalissimo of the army appointed to occupy these fortresses. Thus finally terminated that long contest in which Europe was involved by the French revolution, a contest which had raged with unexampled fury, and with few and brief intermissions, for a period of more than twenty years.

The remaining years of this reign, since the restoration of peace in 1815, were not marked by many striking events. Many changes, indeed, took place in the prices of commodities and in the wages of labour, arising out of the transition from a state of war to peace. These changes unhappily occasioned much temporary distress, and led to popular tumults in different parts of the kingdom.

The prince of Wales had married in 1795 his cousin, the princess Caroline of Brunswick. They had an only daughter, the princess Charlotte, born January 7, 1796, who, on May 2, 1816, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. To the unspeakable grief of the whole nation, this young princess, who was of an engaging appearance, and possessed many popular qualities, died, after giving birth to a dead son, Nov. 7, 1817.

In 1818 the queen died, after a lingering illness.

The king's mental calamity spared him the knowledge of these afflictions of his family, and the time drew near when he was to be united in the grave to those beloved objects from whom in life he had been so long separated. He died January 29, 1820, in the 82nd year of his age, and the 60th of his reign; during the last nine years of which he had been in a melancholy state of blindness, deafness, and mental incapacity. He married, September 8, 1761, Sophia-Charlotte, princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and had nine sons and six daughters:—

George, prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., who succeeded him, born August 12, 1762; died June 26, 1830.

Frederick, duke of York, born August 16, 1763; died Jan. 5, 1827. He married the Princess Frederica-Charlotte of Prussia, who died August 6, 1820, having had no children.

William Henry, duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV., born August 21, 1765; married July 11, 1818, to Adelaide, princess of Meiningen; he died June 20, 1837,

Charlotte-Augusta, born September 29, 1766; married the duke of Würtemberg, May 1, 1797; and died October 6, 1828.

Edward, duke of Kent, born November 2, 1767; died January 23, 1820. He married Victoria, princess dowager of Leiningen, sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and left one daughter, Alexandrina Victoria, our present queen, born May 24, 1819.

Augusta-Sophia, born Nov. 8, 1768; died Sept. 22, 1840.

Elizabeth, born May 22, 1770; married April 7, 1818, Philip-Augustus, prince of Hesse-Homburg; died 1840.

Ernest-Augustus, duke of Cumberland, born June 5, 1771, died 1851. He became king of Hanover on the death of his brother William IV.; he married May 29, 1815, the princess dowager of Solms, and left a son George Frederick, born May 27, 1819, who succeeded him as king of Hanover, until dispossessed in 1866. He died in 1878.

Adolphus Frederick, duke of Cambridge, born February 24, 1774, died 1850; married, 1818, Augusta Wilhelmina, niece of the landgrave of Hesse; and left a son, George William, the present duke of Cambridge, born March 26, 1819; and two daughters, Augusta, born 1822, who married the duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Mary Adelaide, born 1833, married the Prince of Teck.

Mary, born April 25, 1776; married her cousin the duke of Gloucester, July 23, 1816, died 1840.

Sophia, born November 3, 1777, died 1848.

Octavius, born February 23, 1779, died May 3, 1783.

Alfred, born September 22, 1780, died August 20, 1782.

Amelia, born August 7, 1783, died October 1810.

The king's brother, William-Henry, duke of Gloucester, who died August 25, 1805, married, September 6, 1766, Maria countess dowager of Waldegrave, by whom he left one daughter Sophia, born May 29, 1773; and one son, William-Frederick, the late duke, born January 15, 1776, who married, as I have said above, the Princess Mary, and died November 30, 1834.

The king's other brother, the duke of Cumberland, died September 18, 1790. He married a daughter of the first earl of Carhampton, but left no children.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XLIII.

Richard. So now, I suppose, our history is finished; but I think, mamma, there are a great many things which you have left out.

Mrs. Markham. Had I recorded every memorable circumstance of our late king's long and eventful reign, I should have swelled our history to too great a size.

Richard. But you should not have left out the bombardment of Algiers, when all the Christian slaves were set free.

Mrs. M. How came you to know so much about it?

Richard. Because I remember very well when my cousin John came home wounded from the battle, and gave us the whole account of it.

Mary. Do, pray, mamma, tell me about it, because you know I was too young, when my cousin John was here, to know anything about the story that Richard talks of.

Mrs. M. The Algerines, and the other Barbary states, have for many centuries been accustomed to treat as slaves all the unhappy persons whom they take prisoners. After the conclusion of peace in 1814, when the hostilities which had so long raged in Europe no longer fettered the navigation of the Mediterranean, their depredations on the trading vessels of some of the Italian states increased, and became seriously alarming. They captured the vessels and made slaves of the crews. In the spring of 1816, Lord Exmouth was sent from England to remonstrate with the dey of Algiers on these depredations; and the dey in consequence released some Christian slaves, and made fair promises for the future. Soon after this, and, as it is said, without the permission or even knowledge of the dey, a body of Algerines attacked some Italians who were engaged in fishing for pearls at Bona. When this news reached England, the people were much exasperated at the apparent want of faith of the dey, and Lord Exmouth was again sent out, with orders to compel the Algerines to keep their promises. Lord Exmouth's first act was to send a frigate, the Prometheus, commanded by Captain Dashwood, to bring away the English consul and his family from Algiers. The dey, aware of the intention of the English, had already put the consul in prison; but his wife and daughter, disguising themselves, contrived, with much difficulty and hazard, to get to the English frigate. The consul's youngest child, a little infant, was, for better concealment, put in a basket, which one of the English seamen was to carry on board, as if it were only a basket of clothes; but the poor little baby began to cry, and thus betrayed itself to the Moors, who seized upon it.

Mary. Oh, the poor mother! what did she do?

Mrs. M. She passed, as you may suppose, some wretched hours

in terrible uncertainty for the fate of her child; but the dey had the humanity to send it to her the next morning, and thus her grief was changed to transport.

Mary. Well, I do like the dey for that!

George. But what was Lord Exmouth doing all this time?

Mrs. M. On the 27th of May, 1816, he came in sight of Algiers, with a large armament, and sent to demand of the dey to set all his Christian slaves at liberty. Receiving no answer, after having waited some hours, he began to fire upon the town. There is, I believe, no record in the history of naval warfare of so tremendous a firing as took place on this occasion. The dey's magazines, arsenals, and shipping were destroyed before his eyes, and great damage done to the town. The next morning the dey sent to inform Lord Exmouth that he would agree to the terms demanded; and before noon most of the Christian slaves were released, and the English fleet in a few days sailed from Algiers.

George. But did the Algerines sit quietly to be fired at?

Mrs. M. No, indeed, they did not. They for a while poured from their batteries a tremendous fire upon our ships. Many of their guns were loaded, perhaps from the want of better ammunition, with broken bits of iron instead of ball; and the wounds which this broken iron inflicted were peculiarly severe and painful.

George. However, the thoughts of setting so many slaves free must have been some consolation even to the poor fellows who suffered from those terrible wounds.

Mrs. M. We may also have the satisfaction of reflecting that a long and noble struggle was carried on, during this reign, for the abolition of the negro slave-trade between Africa and the West Indies. In this great struggle Mr. Wilberforce took the lead; and an act was at length passed, during the period of Mr. Fox's administration, to suppress the trade. It was thought unadvisable, or rather, the strong interests opposed to this measure would not consent, to give their freedom at the same time to the slaves then in the colonies. [But this has been done since as you will be told hereafter, in the account of the reign of William IV.]

Richard. And it is a comfort if one had only to reflect that no more poor creatures are to be taken away from their homes and friends, and stowed like lumber in the holds of those slave-ships, of which you once showed us such a shocking picture, and then sold like sheep in the market.

Mary. What a happy man Mr. Wilberforce must have been, whenever he thought of the good he had done?

George. But as the English were always such great people for liberty, I wonder they should any of them have made any opposition to the giving freedom to the poor blacks.

Mrs. M. It does indeed seem very extraordinary that the whole country was not united in that one cause. Most people, however, who had any sense of moral justice, were ardently desirous of its success. You may, perhaps, remember to have heard your papa speak of a Mr. Clarkson, who devoted his whole life to this great end, with a zeal and intrepidity of which there are but few examples.

Richard. Was there not another very good man, a Mr. Howard, who used to go about visiting prisons?

Mrs. M. Mr. Howard first turned his attention to the state of prisons at the time when, on being made sheriff of Bedfordshire, he became officially acquainted with the condition of prisons and prisoners in this country. Thinking that their condition required a great deal of amendment, he visited most, if not all, the gaols in England, that he might take the best measures for improving the management of them. He afterwards extended his researches into other countries. He had gone through part of Russia, and was proceeding into Turkey, when at Cherson he caught a malignant fever, and died, January 20, 1790.

George. Ah, mamma, the more I think about it, the more I find out that you have cheated us very much. You have never told us one word about Captain Ross, and his voyage amongst the ice.

Mrs. M. If you expect me to give you an account of every circumstance that occurred in the reign of George III., I must set about writing another volume: for I have said nothing of Captain Cook and his voyages of discovery; nor of Lord Macartney's embassy to China; nor of Lord Amherst's embassy there, and his shipwreck; nor of the jubilee in 1809, to celebrate the fiftieth year of the king's reign. There also remains much to be said about the various discoveries and improvements which were made during so long a period in almost every branch of art and science: balloons, steam-boats, telegraphs, machines for spinning and weaving, &c. There never was any former period in which human talent and ingenuity were exercised so much or so well.

George. Then do, dear mamma, write another volume, and give us the history of all these things.

Mrs. M. No, indeed, my dear, I must refer you to some of the books which give particular accounts of them—accounts which you will find infinitely more instructive than my abridged relations of them could be.

Mary. But I hope you will tell us something more of that good old king who was so fond of his children?

Mrs. M. I could tell you a great deal more of him; but as it grows late, I must not expatiate on his virtues as I should like to do. One of the most striking parts of his character was his personal courage.

George. I did not know that he had ever been in a battle!

Mrs. M. There are many other ways of showing courage besides fighting. The life of George III. was often attempted, but he never could be persuaded to take any precautions against danger, always saying that no precautions he might take could secure him from the attempts of a determined assassin, and that he would not give up his custom of mixing fearlessly, and without attendants, amongst all ranks of people. His courage was derived from the highest source, for it arose from his entire reliance on the Almighty. Once when a shot was fired into his carriage, and his attendants were thrown into the utmost agitation, the king was the most tranquil person of the party, and said to them, "One is *supposing* that, and another is *proposing* this, forgetting that there is One above everything and on whom alone we depend, who *disposes* of all things." The king not only set the example of regular attendance at church, but was also very exact in his private devotions. He was a sincere and humble Christian. In the Prayer-book which he was accustomed to use in private, he had scratched out the words "sovereign lord" before his own name, and wrote instead, "thy servant;" and in another place he had put the word "sinner." Some person, observing that the duke of Kent's Bible had many passages marked, observed to him that he was a very attentive reader of the Scriptures: to which the duke replied, "What would you say if you saw my father's Bible?"

Richard. Pray, did you ever see George III.?

Mrs. M. Yes, I have seen him. The last time I saw him was not long before the Princess Amelia's death. He had attended divine service at St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and was returning to the castle. He was then nearly if not quite blind, but still did not like the dependent feeling of being led about, and he carried a stick, with which he struck the pavement before him as he walked. He leaned on the Princess Elizabeth's arm; and I recollect that when he came to some steps which he had to descend, and in descending which he did not like to be assisted, the duke of York walked backwards before him, with his arms extended, ready to catch him if he should fall. The sight of our blind and aged monarch thus attended was a very affecting spectacle.

George. Did he look very old?

Mrs. M. No, indeed: considering he was then seventy-two years old, he was a wonderfully well-looking man: he was upright, and walked with a firm step. His heart being then heavy with grief, his countenance had lost that bland and cheerful expression with which it had formerly glowed: in other respects he looked well.

Richard. Had he any returns of sense during those nine last dismal years of his life?

Mrs. M. He had a few lucid intervals. During one of these he heard a passing bell toll, and asked who it was for. On being told

it was for a tradesman's wife in Windsor, he said, "I remember her well: she was a good woman, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She is gone to heaven; and I hope I shall soon follow her."

George If the poor king heard the bell toll, I don't think he could have been entirely deaf.

Mrs. M. Of deafness there are very many degrees, so that I see no reason to discredit the story. Little is known, however, of the latter years of his life; for the queen, with true feeling and delicacy, could not bear that his calamities should be exposed to the public gaze, and by her particular desire he was only seen by his physicians and necessary attendants. Everything that could be thought of was done to make his situation comfortable. He inhabited a long range of apartments on the north terrace of Windsor Castle, and we are told that he passed his time chiefly in roving from room to room. In these apartments were placed several harpsichords and pianofortes, and he would occasionally play a few bars of Handel's music on them as he passed. Sometimes he would hold long dialogues with imaginary persons, and the recollection of past circumstances which he displayed in these dialogues was surprising. At other times he would suppose himself to be dead, and to be conversing with angels, and would talk of what he imagined the queen and his children were doing in this world. His piety was continually gleaming through all his wanderings, and he would often pray with a fervour of devotion at once edifying and affecting to those who overheard him.

Mary. Then I hope his time did not pass away very unhappily!

Mrs M. I trust not: he continued in some degree his active habits till within a few days of his death; and notwithstanding his want of sight, he constantly dressed himself without assistance. At last the powers of life seemed quite worn out, and he died without any apparent suffering.

George. Was not his reign longer than that of any other king of England?

Mrs. M. It was so: it was longer than Henry the Third's. George III. also not only *reigned* the longest, but also *lived* to a greater age than any other of our monarchs.

George. Well, I will hope that this poor old king was a happy man after all!

Mrs. M. I hope so too; and I trust he was so. Nor do I think it possible that a man of a naturally cheerful disposition, and an habitual reliance on the goodness of God, can possibly be unhappy on the whole, even though his station be encompassed with all the harassing vexations to which a king must necessarily be subject.

May we not hope also that this splendid example of a man who, amid all the distractions of royalty, kept his heart always fixed on that great Being who values none for his rank, and despises none for his insignificance, will prove a lasting benefit to us all?

CHAPTER XLIV.

GEORGE IV.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST, 1820—1830

Suspension Bridge over the Tees, 1741.

AFTER an interval of many years since the publication of my little History of England, I am desired to take up my pen to give some account of the two last reigns. It is difficult to join a broken thread, and to resume a long-discontinued train of thought; but in the hope that my young readers may be willing to receive me as an old acquaintance, I will endeavour to overcome this difficulty.

George IV. was, at the death of his father, fifty-eight years old, and his talents and character had been sufficiently shown to the world during the preceding ten years of his regency. His constitutional disposition seems to have been good. Nature had given him warm feelings, more than ordinary abilities, and not a bad heart. He often, in the course of his life, performed kind actions; but he also allowed himself to be easily offended, and, when he was offended, he seldom forgave. His mind was cultivated; his manners graceful and dignified; and he could assume, when he chose, an urbanity

quite irresistible. He was very fair, and in his youth had a fine face and person. Personal vanity was one of the weaknesses of his old age.

The king, his father, had often felt and lamented the disadvantages of his own limited education, and was anxious that his son should have nothing to regret on that score. Dr. Markham, the late archbishop of York, Dr. Cyril Jackson, afterwards dean of Christchurch, and Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester, were his chief preceptors. It has been said that the two former, in their great zeal to fulfil the important duty committed to them, did not sufficiently study the temper and character of their royal pupil, nor the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and that they subjected him to too great a degree of restraint. On being emancipated from his pupillage, he surrounded himself with gay and unprincipled companions, and launched into an excess of folly and extravagance. It was said, by way of apology, that the young prince had chosen Henry V. for his model, and that he meant only to divert himself awhile with his Nyms and Bardolphs; and that, when the time should come for assuming a more elevated character, he, too, would cast away his follies, and rise superior to his former self. But, unfortunately, this time was so long in coming, that he at last became confirmed in frivolity and dissipation, setting at nought good precepts, good example, and even good report. He is said to have declared to a friend, a short time before his death, that he found too late that he had made a fatal mistake; and that, were his life to come over again, he would be a man of business, instead of aiming to be a man of pleasure. Nothing can be more certain than that, if he had made his duty his first business, he would have been not only a better, but also a happier man.

When the prince was about twenty-two, he became attached to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a lady some years older than himself, but of great beauty and agreeableness. She was a Roman Catholic, and had been twice married, but was now a widow. It was strongly rumoured at the time that the prince privately married her, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and that he really did so is now ascertained. The report of this marriage caused great agitation throughout the kingdom, and became a matter of parliamentary discussion in the year 1787. Mr. Fox, then one of the prince's most confidential associates, and speaking with his express authority, denied the marriage in the most unequivocal terms, calling the rumour of it "a monstrous calumny." The common surmise that the ceremony had taken place, was by no means removed by this contradiction. But, at all events, the marriage was invalid in law.

At this time and for some years afterwards, the personal expenses of the prince were enormous. His debts amounted, in 1794, to little

less than 700,000*l*. This thoughtless extravagance brought upon him, in spite of his otherwise popular qualities, the contempt of the public, and the serious displeasure of his father, who, however, in the hope that his character would be benefited by his forming new ties, promised him that his debts should be paid if he would marry. The prince reluctantly consented, and in 1795 married his cousin, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick. This marriage, as might have been expected under such circumstances, was not a happy one; and, after the birth of the Princess Charlotte, a separation took place. The Princess of Wales resided for some time at Blackheath, and led a secluded life, almost wholly shut out from the court by the personal dislike of the queen. The king, nevertheless, continued to show her unvaried kindness, until, by his great calamity, the princess lost in him her best and almost only friend. In 1814 she left England, and, at the time of her husband's accession to the throne, was living in Italy. From the time of his marriage, and, indeed, for some time previously, the prince of Wales withdrew himself almost wholly from public affairs, until they were forced on him by his becoming regent in 1810. Some account of the regency is given in the latter part of the reign of George III.; but it may be well to notice here some circumstances, which, in my haste to wind up the history of that reign, I may have too briefly passed over.

The great victory at Waterloo, in June, 1815, had liberated England from the fear of a foreign enemy, and the nation was for a time in a delirium of triumph. But when the exultation of success was abated, the pressure of the late long and expensive war began to be felt, and popular discontents appeared in many parts of the kingdom. In the spring of 1816 these discontents assumed a formidable aspect, and riots broke out in several places. In London itself a plot was formed to surprise the military, by a sudden rising in the night; to take possession of the barracks, the Tower, and the Bank; and to set fire to the town. A meeting of the populace, on the 2nd of December, in Spa-fields, showed a disposition to proceed to open violence: but the meeting was dispersed, and some of the most active of the ringleaders were taken up. At Manchester, on the day after the meeting, the London road was crowded with persons who had been in secret communication with the disaffected in the metropolis, and who were awaiting the arrival of the mail, in the hope and expectation that it would bring the news that the town was in flames, and the government overturned. In this state and temper of the times, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, many persons taken up and imprisoned in different parts of the kingdom, and two or three were tried and executed.

In 1817 a new silver coinage was issued, in which the intrinsic value of the coin was somewhat lessened, for the sake of guarding

against all temptation to melt it down for its value as metal. A gold coinage was also issued, and most of the guineas were melted down, and re-issued in the form of the sovereigns and half-sovereigns now in circulation.

In 1819 the spirit of disaffection, which had been stifled, but not subdued, in the manufacturing districts, again began to show itself. Numerous meetings of a most intemperate character were held at Leeds and at Glasgow; and on the 16th of August a mob collected at Manchester of not less than 80,000 persons of both sexes. The yeomanry cavalry were called in, and dispersed the assemblage, but not without four persons being killed and forty-four wounded. The magistrates were exceedingly blamed for calling in the aid of the military before any actual violation of the peace had occurred. The tendency to riot was, however, quelled for the time. In the beginning of the following year, a man of broken fortunes, of the name of Thistlewood, who had been a party in the disturbance at Spa-fields, found persons to join with him in a desperate scheme to destroy all the cabinet ministers while at dinner. The plot was discovered, and the conspirators were apprehended in a stable in Cato-street, an obscure place near the Edgware-road, where they were accustomed to hold their secret meetings. Thistlewood and four of his associates were hanged and afterwards beheaded.

The two questions which at the period of the king's accession were looked to with most eagerness by the public eye, were, first, the question whether he would now call into the administration of public affairs any of the opposition, or Whig, party in politics; and secondly, what his conduct would be towards the queen. With regard to the first of these points, I ought, perhaps, to have told you before, that in early life he had connected himself intimately with the opposition, and that almost all his personal friends were of that party. When he became regent, it was expected by many that he would place that party in power; and it was still thought probable that, though he might have been prevented by filial respect from displacing, during his father's life, the old servants of the crown, yet he would now revert to his own principles or predilections. All those, however, who looked or wished for his so doing were now disappointed: no ministerial changes took place.

The affair of the queen was not either so soon or so easily settled. This unfortunate princess, when the news of the death of George III. reached her, immediately resolved to return to England, and assert the rights of her station. The king, whose dislike to her, instead of being softened by time and absence, was only increased, did all in his power to prevail on her to remain abroad, and offered her an increase of income, provided she would not return, nor assume the title of queen. This offer she indignantly rejected. She

landed at Dover, June 5, 1820. She was met on her landing by multitudes dressed in their holiday clothes, who all seemed determined, partly out of sympathy for her, and partly, it may be, in order to show dislike to the king, to make up, as far as lay in their power, for the slights put on her; the king not only refusing to receive her as queen, but having even ordered that her name should be omitted in the Liturgy. At every place to which she came in her progress to London, the inhabitants poured out to meet her. As she approached the city, the crowd became altogether immense, and escorted her in procession to the house of Alderman Wood, in South Audley-street, where, Buckingham Palace having been refused her, she for the time took up her abode.

Thus far the popular feeling was, on the whole, praiseworthy. The multitude saw in the queen not only a princess unjustly deprived of the rightful privileges of her rank, but also a woman unfairly cast off by her husband, and whom that husband had shown, on many occasions, a desire to stigmatize, in the hope of finding a pretext for disencumbering himself of her. They failed to see, however, or, at least, would not suffer themselves to believe, that she had, in a great degree, brought this treatment on herself. Even in the commencement of her married life she had used no gentle means, none of those soft words that turn away anger, to win the prince's affections. To resent her injuries, and to vindicate her rights, had been the constant tenor of all her subsequent communications with him. Her provocations had, undoubtedly, been great, but her conduct under them had been violent and unconciliating. Latterly, also, she had allowed herself a freedom of manners, which, even if it stopped short of offences cognizable by law, was, at least, inconsistent with feminine propriety. Still, though she had her faults, and those great ones, she had also her good qualities, and such as were of a sort to win popularity. She was generous, and not extravagant. Of 50,000*l.* a-year offered her on leaving England in 1814, she accepted only 35,000*l.* She had great good nature; and was extremely affable and open, and altogether devoid of pride and stateliness. At this time, therefore, she naturally became a very general object of interest and commiseration, and not only to the populace, but also to many very wise and good people in the higher ranks, who took her part from motives of real feeling and sympathy. Meanwhile the more discriminating could not conceal from themselves that her absence of stateliness often bordered on vulgarity, and wished that she could have shown a little more of the princess.

The manner in which the queen was thus received by the people only tended to increase the king's antipathy. He caught eagerly at various rumours which had been spread of her ill conduct while

abroad. On July 5, 1821, Lord Liverpool brought a bill into parliament, to deprive her of the rights and title of queen, and to dissolve the marriage between her and the king. Witnesses were brought from Italy, both for her and against her; private investigations and public examinations took place; the whole nation looked on eagerly, and every passion, good and bad, seemed to be stirred up in every breast. But although many charges against the queen were brought forward, and the impression that remains as to her real conduct is, I suppose, very unfavourable to her, nothing was proved, and the bill was at length abandoned.

From this great vexation the king, who had a characteristic fondness for display, tried for a time to turn his thoughts to the coming splendour of his coronation, which he was about to celebrate on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. The 19th of July, 1821, was fixed for the ceremony. Unluckily, the queen demanded to be crowned at the same time. This the king absolutely refused, and refused also her demand to be present on the occasion. She, indignant at this prohibition, declared that she would attend in spite of it. It was generally supposed that this declaration was only a threat, and that she would feel what was due to her own dignity, and not expose herself, by forcing herself into the king's presence at such a time, and in such a place. Yet, this was, nevertheless, her real determination; and on the morning of the coronation she went to the abbey at a very early hour, attended by Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Anne Hamilton, who were of her household, and demanded to enter. She tried at the several entrances, but was refused admittance at all, and was obliged to retire. The mob in her train uttered loud shouts and discordant cries, which were heard within the abbey, and caused an alarm lest the ceremony should be interrupted by some popular outrage; but the populace contented themselves with breaking some of the ministers' windows, and the coronation went on without interruption. Nothing could exceed the gorgeous splendour of the scene, and the completeness of all the arrangements of the festivity. One sad heart, however, was on this day stricken even to death, and consumed by bitter and angry feelings. The queen's spirit sunk under this last mortification; her health declined, and on the 7th of August she died at Brandenburgh House, in Hammersmith, in the 54th year of her age. By her will, made a few days before her death, she ordered that her body should be taken to Brunswick for interment, and that the inscription on her coffin should be—"Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured queen of England."

On the 14th of August the corpse was removed to be embarked at Harwich. An immense mob met the funeral procession near Kensington church, and endeavoured to prevent it from taking a circuit,

as had been intended, round London, and to force it to pass through the city. The pavement was torn up, and trees thrown across the road, and finally the procession was obliged to alter its course, and to go through Hyde Park. At Cumberland-gate it attempted to take the Edgware-road. Here the mob became extremely violent, and a conflict took place in which two persons were killed. The funeral was then suffered to proceed by the Edgware to the New road, and as far as the top of Tottenham-court-yard; but there it encountered a still more numerous and determined mob than before, which finally surmounted all opposition, and compelled it to take the route of St. Giles's, Drury-lane, and Whitechapel. Thus was the most solemn of spectacles turned into a scene of uproar and confusion; and it seemed as if even death could not give peace to the unconscious remains of this unfortunate woman.

The king, a few days before the death of the queen, had set out on a visit to Ireland; and the intelligence of the event reached him at Holyhead, where his yacht, in which he had come round from Portsmouth, was detained for several days by contrary winds. He landed at Howth, August 12th, and on the 17th made his public entrance into Dublin, where he was received with a glow of joy and loyalty quite characteristic of the lively natives of our sister island. After spending a month in Ireland, he returned to England, September 13; and on the 20th of the same month he embarked at Ramsgate to visit his German dominions. He spent ten days in Hanover, where he was again crowned, amidst public rejoicings and brilliant festivals. In the year following he went by sea to Scotland, and landed at Leith on the 18th of August. Here, too, nothing could exceed the apparent joyousness of his reception. No king had visited Scotland since Charles the Second's constrained and unhappy sojourn there in 1650; and it seemed as if the Scotch were now trying to make amends to George IV. for the mortifications which their forefathers had made his predecessor undergo. The king himself, also, by the grace and graciousness of his manners, and his evident solicitude to please and to be pleased, showed himself desirous to win the good-will of his subjects, flattering on all occasions the self-love of the people he visited, by adopting some of their national or popular customs. In Ireland he wore the order of St. Patrick, and drank healths in Irish whisky. At Hanover he spoke German, and wore the Guelphic order; and in Edinburgh he appeared in the full costume of a Highland chief, and wore the Stuart tartan. It had been hoped that his visit to Ireland would have the beneficial effect of quieting the disturbances in that country; but this hope was vain. The influence of his visit scarcely survived his departure; and, in 1822, it was found necessary to pass an Insurrection Act, and to suspend the Habeas Corpus. In the

same year a famine raged in the provinces of Munster and Connaught; which was, however, relieved by liberal contributions and subscriptions from England.

The year 1824 was a year of projects and speculations, some of which might remind a satirical reader of the philosophers of Laputa in Gulliver's Travels, or still more of the similar contagion of 1720, the year of the bubble of the South Sea Company. Joint-stock companies were formed for mining in Mexico, Chili, Peru, and Brazil; and another for prosecuting the pearl-fishery on the coast of Columbia. There were companies for supplying London with milk and with fish; and others for washing all the dirty clothes of the metropolis. There was an association for cutting across the Isthmus of Darien; and another for forming a tunnel under the Thames, and innumerable projects for railroads. In short, it was calculated that no fewer than 276 companies of various sorts were set on foot, with a nominal capital among them of 174,000,000*l*. Of these projects some few have succeeded, but the greater number came to nothing, and the latter part of the year 1825 was marked by disappointed speculations, bankruptcies, and a general distress, which was felt, more or less, by all ranks and classes of the community, but more particularly by the trading portion of it. The Bank of England itself was on the very point of suspending its payments, and was reduced almost to its last sovereign.

The year 1826 was also a year of general depression. Money was scarce, credit was low, trade almost stagnant, and the summer was marked by an unprecedented drought, which lasted from the end of April to the beginning of September. The public mind was, however, in some degree cheered by accounts of the successes of the British arms in India, where a war with the Burmese, which had been begun in 1824, was terminated by an advantageous treaty, dated February 24, 1826.

On the 5th of January, 1827, the king lost his next and favourite brother, the duke of York, a man who died much lamented by his many and sincere personal friends. He had been for many years commander-in-chief of the army, and was succeeded in that high office by the duke of Wellington. Soon after the duke of York's death, Lord Liverpool, who had been prime minister ever since the assassination of Mr. Perceval in 1812, was seized with a paralytic stroke, and obliged to retire from office. His loss was severely felt, and particularly at a time when it could not be adequately replaced. Though not a man of genius, he was a man of firmness and perseverance. His reputation for probity gave him great influence both in parliament and throughout the country; and he had the power of compressing the discordant elements of which his cabinet was composed into a sufficiently steady practical union.

On Lord Liverpool's retirement, Mr. Canning, after much and intricate negotiation, was appointed prime minister. Mr. Canning died August 6, 1827, and was succeeded by Lord Goderich, who in his turn was superseded by the duke of Wellington, January 8, 1828.

Amid these fluctuations of the cabinet, the public mind was also greatly unsettled. An emancipation, as it was called, of the Roman Catholics from the disabilities by which they were precluded from sitting in Parliament, and from admission to some other civil and political offices, became every day a point of more and more eager and anxious discussion. In the reigns of Elizabeth and of James I., very severe laws, then perhaps necessary to secure the Protestants, had been passed against the Roman Catholics; and these were followed by others of the same character, in the subsequent reigns, mostly under the apprehension of a popish successor to the crown. The actual penalties inflicted by these laws had since been repealed, but the chief disabilities remained; and in Ireland, where the Catholics, who had always very much outnumbered the Protestants, had of late increased greatly in wealth and intelligence, these were now considered an intolerable grievance. At the union with Ireland in 1800, Mr. Pitt had promised the removal of these disabilities; and it is perhaps much to be wished that it had been conceded at that time, and without a contest of long duration and constant asperity. But George III. would never consent to the measure, alleging that it was contrary to the oath which he had taken at his coronation for the maintenance of the established Church. The question, however, had not slept; motions in favour of it were carried through the House of Commons in 1821, in 1824, and in 1828, and as often thrown out by the Lords. At last, in the beginning of the session of 1829, the ministry of the duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel took the matter up as a government measure, and carried it through both Houses by great majorities; in the House of Commons by 320 votes to 142, and in the House of Lords by 213 to 109. The bill received the royal assent April 13, 1829.

To the agitations of the Catholic bill succeeded the question of the reform of the House of Commons. The state of the representation had long presented many anomalies. Several of the largest towns yet continued to be unrepresented in parliament, while, on the other hand, many of the boroughs had sunk into decay, and had become the mere property of individuals, or of close corporations. There was also a general and just complaint of the expense and bribery of many elections. A change of system, by which these evils should be remedied, was a leading principle of the popular party. A rejection of propositions for transferring the franchises of two notoriously corrupt boroughs to Birmingham and Manchester gave to this feeling a great intensity: and the cause of reform was

afterwards strengthened by the contagion of the revolutions which took place in Brussels and Paris, in July, 1830. But these events abroad, and the reform in the constitution of the House of Commons at home, though they were fast ripening, did not actually take place during this reign.

The foreign policy of George IV. was essentially and almost uninterruptedly pacific, and this, generally speaking, with the apparently sincere co-operation of his allies. I may, however, observe to you, that, in one remarkable instance, the policy of England, as, indeed, the principles of her constitution, varied from that of the other courts of Europe. In September, 1815, the emperors of Austria and Russia, and the king of Prussia, had united in making a solemn declaration, that they would take the precepts of the Christian religion for their sole guide in the conduct of both the domestic and the foreign concerns of their states. This declaration, which acquired the name of the "Holy Alliance," however well it may have been intended, and although, indeed, it professed nothing but what it was the undoubted duty of all Christians to do, was yet generally supposed to have some secret and ulterior intent. It was also followed up afterwards by various other state-papers or manifestos, in which these allied sovereigns professed a resolution to exert themselves to suppress any spirit of insubordination against governments which might arise in any countries in Europe. In these manifestos, the English ministers, though certainly no government could be more truly desirous of the maintenance of general tranquillity, steadily refused to concur; partly on the ground that the crown could not act in any such matter without the advice and concurrence of parliament, and partly, and perhaps principally, on the ground that such declarations were uncalled for, and even suspicious, and seemed to indicate an undue disposition to take part in the internal affairs of foreign states.

The three continental sovereigns whom I have mentioned held conferences at Troppau in 1820, and at Laybach in 1821. In 1821 a revolution which had taken place in Naples was suppressed by an Austrian force, and the king replaced in an undiminished authority. The Austrians put down also a revolution in Piedmont. In 1822 a congress was assembled at Verona, chiefly for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of Spain, which was becoming daily more and more convulsed and disorderly, and which Ferdinand had neither the skill nor the moderation to tranquillize. The duke of Wellington was sent to this congress, and protested strongly against all interference. This protestation on the part of England held the congress in check; but in the following year France sent an army into Spain, which marched through the country to Cadiz, without encountering serious resistance, and restored the king to his power.

Portugal, like Spain, was divided between a party of constitutionalists, which desired to restrain, and another of *absolutists*, as they were sometimes called, which desired to support the absolute authority of the king. On the death of John VI., in 1826, Don Pedro, the emperor of Brazil, resigned to his daughter, Donna Maria, his own claim to the crown of Portugal. Her uncle, Don Miguel, was, on the other hand, set up by the absolutists, and Ferdinand of Spain did all he could to assist him. To repel this interference of Ferdinand, a small British force was sent into Portugal in the spring of 1827. The long and intricate contests which followed it would take me far too much time to detail. Donna Maria was sent by her father to England in 1828, and resided for some time at Laleham, in Middlesex. She afterwards removed to France.

A revolution still more remarkable took place in Greece. In a war which broke out in 1821, in the Morea and the Archipelago, between the Greeks and the Turks, the part of the Greeks was espoused enthusiastically by many individuals in England—the more enthusiastically, no doubt, on account of our knowledge of their ancient renown, through our familiarity with the classical writers. Contributions were made and volunteers enlisted in their cause, and an intestine and barbarous warfare was thus prolonged for about six years. In 1827, England, France, and Russia united to compel the Grand Seigneur to content himself with the nominal sovereignty of Greece, and the receipt of an annual tribute. Negotiation to this effect was first tried, but the sultan stoutly refused to be dictated to in any of his dealings with his revolted subjects. He put the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles into a state of defence, and ordered reinforcements from Egypt, the best governed part of his dominions, and that which possessed the greatest resources, to proceed immediately to aid in reducing the Morea. The Egyptian fleet arrived off Navarino in the end of August, 1827. It consisted of 92 sail, including transports and frigates, and was under the command of Ibrahim Pasha. But Ibrahim here found himself intercepted by a combined fleet of British, Russians, and French, which had been sent to protect the Greeks from further molestation. The British admiral, Sir Edward Codrington, insisted that the pasha should either return to Alexandria, or, if he were allowed to enter the harbour of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet also was then at anchor, that he should wait there quietly for the receipt of instructions from Constantinople. The pasha chose the latter alternative, but was not so quiet as he had agreed to be. He made many attempts to get some of his ships out of port, for the sake of ravaging other points of the coast; but the combined fleet was always at hand to prevent him. Ibrahim then landed some of his troops, and

made an almost exterminating warfare on those of the Greeks who were within his reach. The admirals of the combined fleet remonstrated in vain. They made, however, an armistice of twenty days, and, to enforce this armistice and to watch the proceedings of the pasha, entered the harbour on the 20th of October, and anchored over against the Turkish fleet, which was moored in the form of a crescent. They gave strict orders that not a gun should be fired, unless the Turks began first. In such a state of things an occasion to begin was sure to arise. A boat was sent from the English ship the Dartmouth, to a Turkish fireship. The Turks, believing, or willing to believe, that this boat came with the intention of boarding them, fired, and killed the lieutenant and some of the crew. The Dartmouth and the French admiral then fired a volley of musketry. This was returned by a cannon-ball at the French ship. Other ships then opened their fire, and thus without plan and almost without design, the action became general, and in four hours the Turkish and Egyptian fleets had disappeared. The smaller vessels escaped into the inner harbour, but all the larger were sunk, burned, or otherwise destroyed. Of the combined fleet none were lost, but some of the English ships, which had borne the brunt of the battle, were so much injured as to be scarcely able to reach Malta to be repaired.

When the news of this "untoward event," as it was called by the English ministers, reached Constantinople, the ambassadors of the three combined powers felt great apprehension lest either the Grand Seigneur or the populace should retaliate on them personally for this destruction of the whole Turkish navy in a period of what was still called peace or neutrality. The Turks behaved, however, with extraordinary moderation; and the ambassadors, throwing all the blame upon Ibrahim, continued to negotiate until the 8th of December, when the sultan having at last declared himself at war with their governments, they quitted Constantinople. A war ensued between Turkey and Russia, in which Russia finally was successful; and at length Greece was erected into an independent kingdom, and its crown, after being declined by Prince John of Saxony and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, was afterwards accepted by Prince Otho of Bavaria, who fixed on Athens as his capital.

We must now return to affairs at home. A love of seclusion had for some years been growing on the king. He held court-days as seldom as possible, and after 1827 ceased to open in person the sessions of parliament. He lived chiefly in what was called the Cottage, or Royal Lodge, in Windsor Park, in the society of a few friends, his principal amusement being that of sailing about, or fishing, in a large piece of water called the Virginia Water, or in driving round the precincts of Windsor and Frogmore in a pony

phaeton. All solitary habits gain strength by indulgence, and at last he could not bear to be seen even by casual passers-by on the road. Before he set out on his drives, outriders were despatched to see that the road was tolerably clear, and, if not, he would often turn another way. To avoid, however, as much as possible this necessity, his favourite drives were carefully planted out and screened from the public eye. In the spring of 1830 his increasing infirmities made his retirement from public life less a matter of choice than of necessity. The very slightest exertion became painful to him. His complaint was ascertained to be an ossification of the vessels of the heart, and it was evident to the physicians that his end drew near. The king, when this was made known to him, received the intimation with firmness, saying, "God's will be done." He endured his sufferings with fortitude, and even with cheerfulness, but could not bear any mention of business or politics, saying, "I have done with politics now." Early in the morning of June 26th he appeared to sink into a fainting fit: and, while his attendants were applying the usual remedies, he ejaculated, "O God, I am dying!" and faintly added, "This is death." He then expired, thus retaining the perfect possession of his mental faculties to the last moment of life.

George IV. was born August 12th, 1762, and was, at his death, in the 68th year of his age. His regency first, and his actual reign afterwards, comprised a period of nearly twenty years. He was succeeded by his next surviving brother, William Henry, duke of Clarence, who, as you already know, had married, in 1818, Adelaide, princess of Meiningen.

One of the principal features of this period was the great improvement in the streets and buildings of the metropolis. Those who have known London, or at least the west end of London, in later years, can form no idea of what it was at the beginning of the century. Narrow streets and shabby houses filled the space now occupied by Regent-street. What is now the Regent's Park consisted then only of pasture fields, with sheds for cattle, and a few mean buildings. There was then no Zoological Garden, no Colosseum, no villas, no beautiful shrubberies, no agreeable drives. St. James's Park was only a long meadow surrounded by trees, with a long and straight canal in the middle; and Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were almost the only places where the inhabitants of London could gain any respite from the smoke and noise and closeness of the town.

Steam-boats were first brought into use in Great Britain, on the Clyde, in 1812. Gas-lights began to be generally introduced into London in 1815 and 1816. The suspension-bridge over the Menai was commenced in 1819, and new London Bridge in 1824.

Gold Noble of Edward III.

Half-crown of Charles I., by Briot.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XLIV.

Mary. Since George IV. made the Regent's Park for us, I think we may forgive him for shutting himself up in his own.

Mrs. Markham. The Regent's Park was in ancient times a part of the royal park or manor of Mary-le-bone. There was a large manor-house, occasionally inhabited by our kings, but which had never been a royal residence since Queen Elizabeth's time. During the civil wars, Charles I. pawned the manor as a security for the price of some ammunition. Cromwell sold the timber and the deer to a person of the name of Spencer, to whom he also consigned the park, to provide for the payment of Colonel Harrison's regiment of horse. On the Restoration, Charles II. let it on leases. The park was divided into fields, and the manor-house, which stood somewhere near Lisson Green, was occupied as a private dwelling till 1791, when it was pulled down. In 1811 the leases had fallen in, and were not renewed; and the plan was then formed for laying out the ground as we see it at present. The park contains about 543 acres.

Mary. And the Zoological Garden—when was that made?

Mrs. M. Not till some years afterwards. The park, though planned in 1811, was not completed, that is, the houses were not built and the drives finished, till 1823. The Zoological Garden, which has been, ever since its formation, one of the objects of greatest attraction in London, was not laid out till three or four years later.

Mary. And now will you tell us something about the coronation?

Mrs. M. As soon as it was light in the morning, all the avenues to Westminster Abbey and the Hall were crowded with the full-dressed ladies and gentlemen who were hastening to take their

places in the galleries fitted up for spectators. At six o'clock most of the royal family had arrived. The king himself entered the abbey at about ten, and the whole ceremony was not over till eight in the evening. The coronation itself was followed by a grand banquet in Westminster Hall, at which covers were laid for three hundred persons, besides those who sat at the king's table. When the king was seated, the duke of Wellington, the marquess of Anglesea, and Lord Howard of Effingham, each in virtue of the office which he held in the household, rode on horseback into the hall, and waited there while the pages placed the dishes on the royal table. They then retired, backing their horses out of the hall—a piece of horsemanship not very easy, but which both they and their well-trained chargers performed admirably. The spectators were scarcely recovered from the excitement of this exhibition, when the sound of trumpet gave the signal of a new approach; and young Mr. Dymoke, as deputy for his father, the hereditary champion, who was an old man and a clergyman, rode into the hall, clothed in complete armour. He was preceded by a herald, who read his challenge, defying to single combat any who dared to dispute the king's title to the throne. The champion then threw down his gauntlet, which was given to him again; and this ceremony of reading the challenge, and throwing down the gauntlet, was repeated three times. The champion was then presented with wine in a gold cup to drink to the king's health; which having done, he received the cup as his guerdon.

George. Did he, like the knights in Branksome Castle, "drink the red wine through the helmet barred"?

Mrs. M. The delightful author of the poem from which you quote was, I am glad to say, one of the spectators of this splendid scene, and enjoyed it extremely. He observed, I doubt not, whether it was a barred helmet or not; but I can only give you the account from the newspapers. The office of king's champion was unknown amongst the Saxons, and was created by William the Conqueror, since whose time it has been hereditary in two families—first in that of Marmion, till the reign of Edward III., and secondly in that of Dymoke. A Sir John Dymoke married an heiress of the Marmions in the reign of Richard II., and the dignity was then conferred on him and his heirs.

Mary. One hears a great deal about the Habeas Corpus Act. Pray, what does it mean?

Mrs. M. The Habeas Corpus Act was passed in the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, as a security against unjust imprisonment. It provides that every person who is imprisoned may claim the right of being brought (or, to use the language of the lawyers, shall have a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring his body) before a court of law, that it may be there determined whether the cause of his

commitment be just; and it further provides that his trial shall not be put off longer than necessary. Thus the Habeas Corpus Act is a sort of second Magna Charta. If it were not for this law, a man might be thrown into prison, and kept there for an unlimited time, and this even without knowing why he was imprisoned, as is still often the case in other countries.

Mary. But what did you mean by saying that at one time the Habeas Corpus Act was *suspended*?

Mrs. M. In times of insurrection or tumult, parliament is often applied to by the ministers to withdraw for a time the protection afforded by the Habeas Corpus Act to the personal liberty of the subject. If parliament give consent, the act is said to be suspended. It is supposed that at such a time a man may be really guilty of treason or sedition, and yet that it may be inexpedient or even dangerous that he should be brought to trial immediately.

George. I should like to know, mamma, how many more people there are in England now than there were 100 years ago, and at the beginning of the present century.

Mrs. M. The whole population of England and Wales was computed, in 1730, at 5,796,000; in 1801, by an actual enumeration then taken, it was found to be 9,168,000; in 1831, 13,894,574; and in 1841, 15,906,741. The population of Scotland was estimated, in 1831, at 2,365,807; and in 1841 at 2,620,184. That of Ireland was estimated in 1831 at 7,734,365; and in 1841 at 8,175,124.

Richard. You said, mamma, that the Menai suspension-bridge was commenced in 1819. Is that the first chain-bridge which we have had in this country?

Mrs. M. Slender bridges of iron-wire had been a short time before constructed in Scotland; and a chain-bridge over the Tweed at Norham was completed in 1820. There is also a chain suspension-bridge over the Tees near Middleton, of the date nearly, if not exactly, of 1741. We may, perhaps, wonder that the hint was not sooner taken from those bridges of ropes, with roadways supported by the ropes, which have been probably at all times a common mode of crossing rivers and ravines, and which are still in use both in Hindostan and in America.

Richard. If you are not tired with answering so many questions, I should like to ask you something of the history of our English money. You spoke of the guineas being melted down, and the sovereigns issued, and I should be very glad to know something more on the subject.

Mrs. M. The annals of the coinage form a very instructive and amusing part of our history, but my limits oblige me to be very brief upon it. When Cæsar landed in our island, bits of brass and iron, and iron rings of a regulated weight, were the only money which he

found the Britons possessed of. Not long after the Christian era, money, in imitation of the Roman, was coined here. The coins of Cunobeline, a British king who lived in the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula, are still to be found in collections; but they are so rare and valuable, that no collector has yet been self-devoted enough to sacrifice one of them for the sake of ascertaining the proportions which they contain of silver and of alloy.

Mary. Alloy! Pray, what is that?

Mrs. M. Gold and silver are of so soft a nature that they require a certain quantity of harder and baser metal to be mixed with them, to give the coin sufficient firmness to take a strong impression, and to resist the wear and tear of circulation. It is also found necessary that the coin be of something less than its nominal value, to prevent its being melted down and sold as bullion, whenever bullion may be, from any cause, much in demand. Bullion is the general name for the precious metals, that is, for silver and gold. The English silver coin has eighteen pennyweights of alloy to eleven ounces two pennyweights of pure silver; and this has been our regulated standard of silver ever since the time of the Anglo-Saxons, excepting occasionally when the metal has been debased by a greater quantity of alloy, in order to satisfy the necessities of the monarch, or the cupidity of his servants. The first money that can properly be called English was coined in the seventh century, by Ethelbert, king of Kent. It was called a penny (from the Latin word *pendo*, as is supposed, which signifies *to weigh*), and contained as much silver as equalled in weight twenty-four grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear.

Mary. Ah, this then is the origin of the weight we call a grain, which is neither more nor less than a grain of wheat!

Mrs. M. The coins of Ethelbert were marked with a cross as a symbol of Christianity—a practice which was continued till the time of the Commonwealth, when it was entirely left off. Our ancestors copied also from the Romans the practice of putting the superscription of their coins in Latin. Even Ethelbert designated himself *Ethili Rex;* and this practice was also disused during the time of the Commonwealth, but resumed afterwards. It is the general opinion that the Anglo-Saxons had no other money than the silver penny, with its division and subdivision of halfpenny and *fourthing*, or farthing. These were the current coins of the country until the Conquest.

George. How much was one of these pennies worth?

Mrs. M. I have told you that originally it contained twenty-four grains of silver. The *relative* value of money it is a difficult matter to ascertain:

> "The real worth of anything
> Is just as much as it will bring."

Two pennies and one *fourthing* would, in the time of Edward the Confessor, buy a bushel of wheat; as much as would now cost 7*s.* 6*d.* The Anglo-Saxons had three kinds of nominal money, the pound, the mark, and the schilling. The pound was computed at 240 pence, the mark at 100 pence, and the schilling at 3 pence. William I. introduced a twelvepenny shilling, but still the coinage underwent little change, and the silver penny continued to be the principal currency. Henry III. was the first of our kings who coined groats, or *great* pennies, worth fourpence each; and these, with their subdivisions of half and quarter groats, if they did not supersede the circulation of the penny, at least rivalled it. Henry III. coined also the first English gold money of which we have any authentic account. It was called the gold penny, and was valued at twenty silver pennies. It was afterwards raised to twenty-four pence, and was called a ryal or royal. But the people did not much fancy this gold money, and it did not continue long in circulation. Gold coin was at this time very rare all over Europe, and there was little in circulation, except what was coined by the Greek emperors at Constantinople, and known by the name of Bezants, or Byzantine money. Afterwards a gold coin called a florin (from a lily stamped on it) came into use on the continent; and Edward III. coined, in imitation of it, a florence, so called from a Florentine artificer who was employed in the coinage. In 1346 he coined a gold piece called a noble, in commemoration, as is supposed, of the great naval victory which he in that year obtained off Sluys over the French. On the obverse is represented the king standing in a ship. The proportion, to be sure, is not very well kept, but the workmanship is exceedingly neat, and the gold remarkably pure. The value was six shillings and eightpence.

Richard. That, then, I suppose, was the time when people first gave six-and-eightpences as fees to the lawyers?

Mrs. M. One of these coins would be no despicable fee even now. They are very valuable, both from their beauty and their rarity. In the reign of Henry VI. first appeared the gold coin called an angel. It bore on the obverse the figure of an angel killing a dragon, and on the reverse a ship having a cross by way of a mast. The angel was circulated first at eight, and afterwards at ten shillings, and the half-angel was called an angelet. Henry VII. coined a magnificent gold coin called a sovereign. It was very large and was valued at twenty shillings. On one side was a full-length figure of the king, seated on his throne; and on the other was a double rose, for the houses of York and Lancaster, with the arms of England on a shield in the centre. This coin is supposed to have been struck to celebrate the King's coronation. Henry VIII. also coined sovereigns, and another large piece called a gold crown. Silver crowns, or five-shilling

pieces, and half-crowns, first appeared in his reign; and he also coined a twelvepenny piece, or shilling, which, from its great size, was often called a *teston*.

George. Good king Henry, because he was large himself, seems to have liked that everything else should be of a large size—large sleeves, large shoes, and large money.

Mrs. M. But though the money grew large in size during this reign, it was very much debased in quality, to the great injury and inconvenience of the people, who were required to take the debased coin at the value of pure. During the short reign of Edward VI. great endeavours were made to restore the coinage to its proper standard. His sister Mary, when she ascended the throne, made great professions of an intent to remedy its defects; but these professions ended in her sending forth a still baser money than had ever appeared before. The coinage improved after Mary's marriage, benefited, as it is said, by the twenty-seven chests of ingots of silver from the New World which Philip brought with him to England. The merit, however, of restoring the coinage to what was called "the old standard of England" rests with Elizabeth, who called in all the base coin, and replaced it with good money at the public cost. This measure is said to have been advised by Lord Burleigh, who said "that it was not the short ends of wit, nor starting-holes of devices, that could sustain a monarchy, but sound and solid courses." And, certainly, if ever a reform of the currency was wanted, it was wanted then. When the base money was melted down, the quantity of dross was so great, that it was carried out to mend the "foul highways." Of 631,950 lbs weight of coin, 387,534 lbs were found to be dross. The accession of James I. brought little change in the coinage, except the introduction of the Scotch thistle upon some of the reverses. A small brass piece of money, called a farthing token, appeared in this reign. The coinage of Charles I. presents a greater variety than that of any other of our sovereigns; and a review of it may almost show us the changes of his fortune. In the early part of his reign his coins were very beautiful, and his taste and skill in the fine arts may be observed in their designs. Some of his finest coins were executed by Nicholas Briot, a celebrated French artificer, who left the service of the king of France in disgust. As Charles's troubles increased, both the design and the execution of his coins were less attended to, and many of those of the latter part of his reign are little more than pieces of silver cut to the proper weight, and stamped with some rude mark: on some of them is still to be seen the pattern of the cup or salver from which they were hastily cut. This money is called "siege money," and "necessity money." There is some money of James II. which shows still stronger indications of a distressed fortune. This money was coined in Ireland,

not long before the battle of the Boyne. It is of copper, and was made to pass for shillings and half-crowns, although each piece was not intrinsically worth more than a halfpenny or a penny. This money is called the "gun money," because it was chiefly coined from old guns. It is said that, these failing, the kitchens of Dublin were also made to contribute, and that many a cook was robbed of her saucepans for the royal mint. It is to be remarked, to Charles's credit, that he never, in his greatest distress, resorted to the expedient of debasing the coin. In the civil wars, the parliament coined money as well as the king, and during his life placed his head and titles on the coin. On his death the dies were altered, and the coins of the Commonwealth are remarkable for their clumsiness and want of taste. In spite of their ugliness, they are, however, valued for their rarity, having been called in, and forbidden to be circulated, after the Restoration. Oliver Cromwell struck a very fine coinage with his own head upon it; but this, I believe, was not circulated. Great alteration was made in the coinage by Charles II., who was the first who coined copper halfpennies and farthings; and it is said that the figure of Britannia, which they bore on the reverse, was intended to represent the duchess of Richmond. To Charles II. we also owe the guinea and half-guinea,[1] which were the only English gold coins in common circulation till George III., in 1797, coined gold seven-shilling pieces. The guinea was so called because the gold which furnished the first coinage was principally brought from the coast of Guinea, by the African Company. In that coinage the figure of an elephant was placed under the bust of the king. In the reign of William and Mary the currency was in a miserable condition, in consequence partly of a practice of clipping the coin (a practice which was carried on to an extent that materially diminished its real value), and partly of an inundation of base money, made, it was suspected, in Holland. The reign of Anne is remarkable for the excellence of the coins which she issued. The accession of the house of Hanover brought the addition of the Electorate arms into the English shield. No other alteration was made in the coin, excepting that the guinea, which originally passed for twenty shillings, was in 1728 raised to twenty-one shillings. In 1801 the arms and title of the king of France, which had been first assumed by Edward III., were silently given up, and the inscription which we have now, *Britanniarum Rex*, or king of the British Isles, was adopted instead. The coinage of the last century was in general ill-executed, and the impressions soon wore away; and until the new coinage of 1817, the shillings and sixpences were little better than flat bits of silver. The copper coin too was very bad, and not only bad, but also

[1] Quarter-guineas were also coined, but were found to be troublesomely small, and the coining them was consequently discontinued.

scarce; and at several times in the end of the last century, and the beginning of the present, many tradespeople in various towns issued, for their own convenience, both silver and copper tokens, which were by far the best-looking money in circulation. In 1797 a new coinage appeared of penny and also of twopenny pieces; but many of these were soon afterwards melted down for the sake of the copper, which rose greatly in price. In the same year the gold also began to disappear, and in a short time there was hardly any such thing to be seen, except only a stray guinea or two here and there.

Richard. But what could have become of the gold?

Mrs. M. The same cause which affected the copper affected the gold also. A great deal was melted down; a great deal was sent abroad; and not a little was hoarded at home, where many people, anticipating invasion or rebellion, treasured what guineas they could get as a store against the time of need.

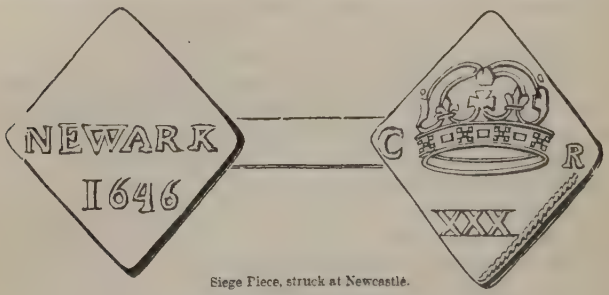
Richard. Well, I can understand that; but I do not understand how gold and silver, which are the measure of value of everything else, can ever be themselves much altered in price.

Mrs. M. Neither can they, so long as they are that measure in reality. But in 1797, in consequence of a great pressure on the Bank of England, a pressure occasioned by the great foreign expenditure of the government, its payments in specie, that is, in the precious metals, were suspended, and not resumed till 1817. On this suspension of payment in specie, one-pound bank-notes were issued; and thus a paper instead of a metallic currency, became established, and, as is usual in such cases, was carried to an excess, and the currency, therefore, for that long period, depreciated, as it is called, or lowered in value, so that the guinea became worth at one time, *in paper*, twenty-eight shillings at the least. Much of the sounder part of the silver coin is supposed to have disappeared from the same cause. To remedy the inconveniences thus occasioned, Spanish dollars, marked with a small stamp of the king's head, were circulated at 4*s.* 9*d.* each in 1797. In 1804 Bank of England dollars, which were merely the Spanish dollars new stamped, were issued at 5*s.* each; and in 1811, when the general depreciation of the currency had nearly got to its height, were raised by proclamation to 5*s.* 6*d.* Bank three-shilling and eighteen-penny tokens were also coined. But all this circulation was withdrawn on the issue of the new silver coinage in 1817, when the currency was again restored to a sound state.

Richard. Thank you, dear mother, for all these particulars. I never before thought that I could have found so much entertainment in pounds, shillings, and pence.

Mrs. M. There is always entertainment in the acquisition of knowledge: I only wish it were in my power to afford you more.

I have before told you that I do not pretend to give you complete information on any subject, but only endeavour to teach you to desire knowledge for its own sake, and to seek it for yourselves.



Siege Piece, struck at Newcastle.

CHAPTER XLV.

WILLIAM IV.

YEARS AFTER CHRIST 1830—1837.

St. Stephen's Chapel, after the Fire in 1834.

THE duke of York, George the Fourth's next brother, having died without children in 1827, William Henry, duke of Clarence, of course succeeded to the crown. He was born August 21, 1765, and was consequently nearly sixty-five years of age at the time of his accession. He is said to have been a remarkably engaging child,

and he retained through life an open simplicity of disposition and manners, which the habits, or rather the seductions, of the world tend in general too much to check or destroy. At the age of thirteen he was sent to sea; and though he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself in any action of importance, he did not fail to show many indications that he possessed the courageous spirit of his family. In the course of his naval service he had the advantage of becoming well acquainted with the gallant Nelson, then only a captain, and of being under his command; and he is said to have afterwards declared that he had imbibed from him that zeal for the naval interests of the country which he felt through life. He was made a rear-admiral in 1790; but, during the long wars which followed the French revolution, he was not employed; although his own wishes to hoist his flag were very strong. The greater part of his subsequent life he passed in privacy at Bushey Park, of which he was the ranger; often, however, taking his place, and speaking, in the House of Lords. In the end of 1827 he was appointed to the office of Lord High Admiral—an office which had been held in commission, except for one year, ever since the death of Prince George of Denmark, in 1708. In this eminent station the duke's kindness and whole conduct made him highly and justly popular with all ranks of his profession; but in the end of the following year, in consequence of a remonstrance by the duke of Wellington, who had then become prime minister, against his real or apparent thoughtlessness on some points of expense, he resigned the office.

It might, perhaps, have been expected that the duke of Wellington's conduct on this occasion would have caused some coldness towards him from the new monarch; but coldness seems to have been a quality, or rather a defect, of which this king was altogether incapable. At the first meeting of the Privy Council after he came to the throne, he signified to the duke, in a most marked manner, his entire approval of his conduct and principles. In the difficult circumstances which succeeded, and when compelled by the public voice to change his ministers, and to sanction changes in the constitution to which it is scarcely to be supposed that he could very willingly give his consent, he yet preserved towards all persons with whom he was brought into communication an invariable candour and frankness. He was not a man of abilities, and he is thought to have been often too ready to yield a good-humoured compliance with the wishes or advice of those who were immediately about his person; but his attention to business was systematic and diligent. His honesty of heart, and his possession of all those principles of mind, which we are inclined to call, and, it is to be hoped, not without some truth, English principles, were always conspicuous.

It is certain, also, that the longer he lived the more affectionately he was regarded.

At the time of William the Fourth's accession the duke of Wellington, as has been said, was first minister. Sir Robert Peel was also in office; but both he and the duke had lost the confidence of the great majority of their own party, by having at length, as was related in the history of the last reign, given way to the claims of the Roman Catholics. They did not gain in any other quarter new support which could compensate this loss of their old friends; consequently their administration grew weaker and weaker; and the popular sentiments in favour of a reform in the representation of the House of Commons, a measure to which they had declared themselves altogether opposed, became every day more loud and decided. Under these circumstances, the result of the elections for the new parliament which was summoned on the demise of the crown proved so evidently unfavourable to ministers as to render their continuance in power wholly impossible. On the 16th of November, 1830, they resigned. Lord Grey, as head of the Whig party, was made premier, and a complete change of measures, as well as of men, immediately followed. In the next session Lord John Russell, then paymaster of the forces, brought in a bill for reforming the whole representative system. The opposition, however, now encountered by the Whigs was not less powerful than that which had before been made to the Tories. The ministers therefore dissolved, in May, 1831, the parliament which had been elected only in the preceding August. The new elections, almost all of which were carried on throughout the whole country in the most tumultuous manner, gave a majority of 109 in the House of Commons in favour of the Reform Bill, when again brought in.

But the bill, though it thus passed the Commons, was thrown out in the House of Lords. This rejection by that House of a measure espoused throughout the whole country by the popular enthusiasm caused great discontent. The mob of London made assaults on several noblemen, and broke the windows of their houses, among others those of the duke of Wellington. In Nottingham, Derby, and Bristol more serious outrages were committed. In Nottingham, the castle, once a royal residence, but now become the property of the duke of Newcastle, was burned to the ground. The riot in Bristol exceeded everything of the kind that had been heard of in any part of the kingdom since the riots of the year 1780 in London. The bishop's palace, the mansion-house, almost the whole of one of the principal squares, the custom-house, the excise-office, and the gaols, were destroyed. Several lives also were lost. About the same time, and with little or no discouragement by the ministers, many political unions, as they were called, sprung up in various

parts of the country. The object of these unions was to intimidate the legislature to pass the Reform Act, and this chiefly by holding out a threat of refusing to pay the taxes. At a meeting in Birmingham, while the bill was before the Lords, 150,000 persons were said to be present; and one of the speakers observed, that if the bailiff came to seize the goods of those who refused, he should like to know where an auctioneer could be found who would dare to sell, or people who would dare to buy.

Under these gloomy circumstances the year 1831 came to its close, a period rendered the more gloomy by the breaking out at Sunderland of a disease known as the Asiatic Cholera, which first appeared in Bengal in the year 1817, and afterwards desolated a large portion of India. Spreading to the west, this fearful disorder appeared at Astrachan in 1823, and broke out there again in 1830. It reached Warsaw in April, 1831, and Hamburg in the October following. The first cases which occurred at Sunderland were on the 26th of the same month. From Sunderland it spread to Newcastle and other places in the neighbourhood, but was checked by the winter. In the beginning of the following year it made its way to Scotland and London, and into most parts of the kingdom, and in some places proved fatal to a very large proportion of the persons attacked. But by the mercy of Providence its ravages in this country have been much less than in any other in which it has shown itself. The alarm gradually died away, and the disease almost disappeared in the course of the autumn of 1832. Even in foreign countries, the English appear to have escaped this terrible visitation better than the natives. This was particularly observed to be the case in Paris, and it is said that roast beef and English porter became in consequence much in request there. On the continent of Europe the chief mortality occasioned by the cholera appears to have been in Hungary, where, between June and September, 1831, upwards of 102,000 persons are said to have died, out of 256,000 attacked by it. The suddenness of the seizure and the distressing nature of the symptoms of this pestilence recalled naturally to the minds of many the history of the great plague of London in 1666, and to others the almost forgotten accounts of those wasting epidemics of former times, by some of which, as well as by this, not only Europe, but also Asia and Africa, had been ravaged at once. And yet the cholera appeared to differ in some respects from every other malady known to or recorded by physicians. Violent spasms convulsed the whole frame; the face and the extremities, and afterwards the whole body, became livid or blue; the pulse failed: and these symptoms, if unchecked (and no one appeared to know how to treat them), usually terminated in death, sometimes within ten or twelve, commonly within twenty hours. There were some who

considered this disorder as contagious, others as arising from some noxious state of the earth or the air. Almost the only point agreed on was that a nourishing diet and habits of cleanliness proved the best and most efficacious preservative from it.

In the mean time a new Reform Bill, essentially the same with that which had been thrown out the year before, was brought in and passed. The threatened conflict with the House of Lords was evaded by the secession of the greater number of the adverse majority of that house from the further discussion of the bill; and it finally received the royal assent, June 7th, 1832. The more important features of the great change thus introduced into our representative system were, that it disfranchised altogether fifty-six of the smaller English boroughs, and reduced the number of members sent by thirty others from two to one. In lieu of the seats thus expunged, an equal number of new seats was created, of which some were assigned to the larger or more important of the unrepresented towns, and others to the more populous counties. Provision was also made for shortening the period of the elections, which is almost always in cases of contest a period of disorder, to two days at the most, and for obviating, by naming several polling-places for taking the votes, the inconvenience of bringing up all the electors to the county-town. Eight new members were given to London; namely, two to Lambeth, two to Mary-le-bone, two to Finsbury, and two to the Tower Hamlets. The franchise also was extended, in the towns, to tenants of houses to the amount of ten pounds a-year, and, in the counties, to persons paying fifty pounds a-year rent.

In the course of the autumn of 1832 the parliament was again dissolved; and in the following year an act was passed for diminishing the number of Irish bishops from 22 to 10, and for annexing the dioceses of the suppressed sees to other dioceses. Resolutions were also carried through both houses for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and for granting to the planters an indemnification of twenty millions for the loss which they might sustain by thus putting an end to a system which, odious and oppressive as it was, had yet been begun without much reflection on its real nature, and which indeed at its origin, and for many years afterwards, had, strange to say, been even encouraged by the legislature.

In July, 1834, Lord Grey resigned office and Lord Melbourne was made first minister. But in the November following, the king, to whom the conduct of the public affairs appears to have been for some time distasteful, dismissed at once all his ministers, and gave the reins of government to the duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Parliament was again dissolved, and great efforts were made by the friends of the new administration in the elections which followed. But their adversaries were still too strong for them, and conse-

quently, after holding office till April, 1835, they were compelled to resign. Lord Melbourne then resumed the premiership.

The party which seems to be most properly called the Whig party was strengthened during the whole of these political struggles by various adherents of very different classes of opinion. Of these, some were the advocates of a still more extensive reform in the representation than that which the new bill had effected, and of great changes also in the church, and in other institutions. This party had now for a considerable time acquired the appellation of Radicals. With these were united others, who, as attaching less weight to the forms of the government than to its spirit and principles, took the title of Liberals. And the Whigs had also another still more powerful body of auxiliaries in a strong phalanx of the members for Ireland, at the head of whom stood Mr. O'Connell, the celebrated member for Dublin, a man of great energy, and of an impassioned eloquence, and possessed of an extraordinary degree of personal influence with the party which he led.

An act for the amendment of the laws relating to the poor was passed in August, 1834. The object of this act was to suppress many of the abuses of the former poor-laws, and to enable the great mass of the labouring classes to take or keep a more independent station in life, and to obtain a more certain return for their industry.

In the session of 1835 an act was passed for carrying on the principles of the Reform Bill into a reform of the municipal corporations of England and Wales.

In the following year was passed a new marriage-act, together with acts for the more correct registration of births and deaths. The reason for the new marriage-act was, that many of the dissenters objected to the existing law on the subject, which required, with few exceptions, that all persons should be married in church, and always according to the form prescribed in the Prayer-book. By the new law, marriages may now be solemnized not in churches only, but also in the chapels of the dissenters, and without any restriction to any formulary of religion; or may be contracted and registered before the guardians of the poor. It has, however, been found that but few persons are so reckless as to take this important step in life without consecrating it by some religious celebration.

The relations of England with foreign countries continued throughout the whole of this reign to be altogether pacific. Charles X., the late king of France, who was expelled from his throne by the revolution called the Revolution of Three Days, in July, 1830, fled first to England, and resumed afterwards for a time his old quarters at Holyrood House. Little pity, however, was given to a reverse of fortune which he had brought on himself by his own breaches of the

charter by which the Bourbons, after the fall of Napoleon, had agreed to govern France; and the English government made no difficulty in acknowledging his successor, Louis Philippe.

The success of this brief revolution in France encouraged the Belgians, who had never assimilated with the Dutch, to sever the union with Holland, which at the pacification in 1815 had been in a manner forced on them. In Brussels the inhabitants rose on the troops, and after two days' hard fighting in the streets compelled them to retire to Antwerp. The crown of Belgium was conferred on Prince Leopold, the widowed husband of our Princess Charlotte of Wales. Leopold[1] subsequently (August 9, 1832) married Louisa, daughter of the new king of the French. Both England and France joined in enforcing these arrangements; and though the king of Holland made great efforts to recover his authority over the revolted provinces, and extorted even from his enemies a regret that he should be compelled, by the reasons of state of greater powers, to yield a dominion which he does not appear to have forfeited by any act of tyranny or injustice, he was at length obliged to give way. The Dutch troops which had retired to Antwerp were besieged there by a French army, and after a gallant defence were forced to capitulate, Dec. 31, 1831.

In the distracted kingdoms of Spain and Portugal the whole period now before us was little else than one tissue of war and disorder. In Portugal the contest with the young queen Donna Maria was still kept up by her uncle, Don Miguel. In Spain, on the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1832, his daughter, Donna Isabella, succeeded to the throne; but her title also was contested by her uncle, Don Carlos. In June, 1835, the court of London issued an Order of Council, by which British subjects were permitted to volunteer into the service of the queen of Spain. Many volunteered, and were formed into a legion under the command of General Evans, and had much hard fighting, and gained some dear-bought victories. About the same time an English naval force was sent to co-operate with the queen's troops on the north coast of the Peninsula. But in the spring of 1837 General Evans and the greater part of his officers relinquished as hopeless the cause in which they had thus embarked, and returned to England. Many of the unfortunate legionaries returned also, worn out with hardships and hunger, and even reduced to beg in our streets. The young queen of Portugal married, December 1, 1834, the duke de Leuchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnois, who took the title of Prince Augustus of Portugal. He died in the March following, of a sudden illness, and she re-married, January 1, 1836, Ferdinand Augustus, prince of Saxe Coburg.

We have now to return for a brief space to the last sad scene of

[1] Died December, 1865.

the life and reign of William IV., who was taken ill in May, 1837, of an affection of the chest, arising from a disease of the heart. He died June 20, having borne his sufferings, which were very severe, with great composure and resignation. He expired in a gentle sleep, with his head resting on the shoulder of the queen, who had watched and nursed him during his whole illness with the most unremitting care and attention. He was succeeded by his niece, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, only child of Edward, duke of Kent, who had died in 1820.

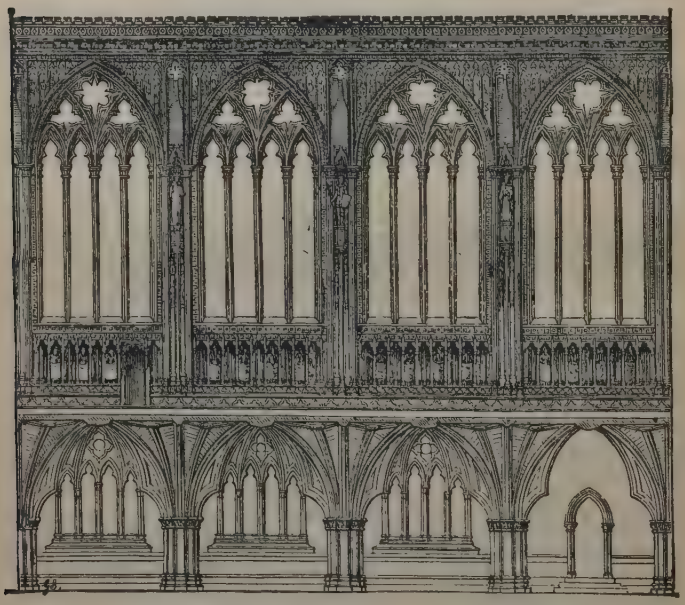
William IV. had by Queen Adelaide two daughters; but these died, the first on the day of her birth, the second at four months old.

Among the domestic events most worthy of notice during this short reign, none is more remarkable than that it is the era of the first opening of those great railways, on which the carriages are drawn by steam-engines at great speed, and which have since made so much progress in all parts of the kingdom. Wooden railways, on which the carriages were drawn by horses, are said to have been in use in the neighbourhood of Newcastle as long ago as 1680, for the purpose of transporting the coal from the pits to the rivers. The plan on which these railways were constructed did not much differ from that which is now in common use. The lines of road in their direction towards the rivers were almost entirely down hill, and consequently the carriages even when loaded were of easy draught; and they went back empty. But wood was too soft and perishable a material to be used with much advantage for rails, except for short distances. The obvious improvement of making the rails of iron, instead of wood, was introduced afterwards in various places, at various times, especially in the mining districts. An iron tramway from London to Croydon was laid down in 1801. In 1824, on some of the railways near Newcastle, the carriages were drawn by locomotive steam-engines, much on the principle of those which are used on the more recent railways, and were worked along by what are called cogged or teethed wheels, like those of a clock. But the first railway established on anything of the scale or system which is now going forward so rapidly was that between Liverpool and Manchester, which was opened, amid a great concourse of visitors and spectators, September 15, 1830. The Duke of Wellington, who was then the prime minister, was present on this occasion, and went by the first train. But the scene was rendered very painful by the fatal accident which befell Mr. Huskisson. He had got out of the carriage at the place where it stopped to take in a supply of water, and was standing and holding the door at the time when another engine was passing. The door, being open, was struck by this engine, and Mr. Huskisson fell, and had his leg crushed by the wheel. Every possible assistance was of course afforded him, but in

vain; and he died after a few hours of dreadful suffering, which he bore with the greatest and most Christian fortitude and resignation.

The railway from Leeds to Selby was opened September 22, 1834. The twenty-one miles nearest London of the railway from London to Birmingham were opened in July, 1837. The Great Western Railway was opened as far as Maidenhead, June 4, 1838; and the London and South-Western was opened as far as Woking Common May 21, 1838.

It may be added, as a curious exposition of the inducement to create these rapid methods of communication in the manufacturing districts, that the population of some of these districts, in proportion to their extent, is little less than tenfold of that of the kingdom at large. It was stated, in an official report in 1836, that, while the population of all England, with the exception of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, is only 198 to a square mile, the population on each square mile within three miles of the projected railroad from Leeds to Manchester is no less than



Portion of St. Stephen's Chapel, from Drawings published by the Society of Antiquaries before the fire of 1834.

1849. Manufactories swarm along the banks of all the streams which run into the valley through which the line is carried. Cottons and woollens of all sorts are sent continually backwards and forwards through this valley for the various purposes of spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, and printing; and it was calculated that the export to the north of Europe of the goods passing along this line amounted to no less than eighty millions of pounds' weight in the year.

On the 16th of October, 1834, at about half-past six in the evening, a fire, supposed to have originated in the flues used for warming the House of Lords, broke out, and completely destroyed both the Houses of Parliament. Great apprehensions were entertained for Westminster Hall, but by the exertions of the firemen (several engines being brought into the hall itself, and playing over every part of the building, and the wind also, fortunately, being from the south-west) that noble structure was preserved. The old House of Commons had been originally a chapel, dedicated to St. Stephen; and after the fire parts of the old ecclesiastical architecture, which had long been hid by the fittings up of the house, were observable by those who visited the ruins.

CHAPTER XLVI.

REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

(PART I.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST 1837—1865.

Queen Victoria.

THE young princess who succeeded to the throne of King William IV. was born May 24, 1819. She was consequently at her accession just eighteen years old. Even at this early age she was seen to enter with remarkable dignity and propriety on the high station which had fallen to her lot. She retained the late king's ministers in office, and went in person, July 17, to dissolve the Parliament, and read her speech on this occasion from the throne. She also opened in person, in the November following, the first session of the new Parliament. The elections of the members of the House of Commons were found to support the choice of ministers which she had made. In the following year her coronation was celebrated, June 28, and was accompanied by numerous indications of her great and general popularity. A rebellion had broken out in Canada in the preceding November, but peace was

restored after a short struggle; and in 1838 the Earl of Durham was sent out as Governor-General of the British possessions in North America. The two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were consolidated, and the seat of government transferred from Toronto and Quebec to Montreal. Various changes were also introduced into the political constitution of this colony.

At the close of the year 1839 a political association of men who entitled themselves Chartists broke out into open riot at Newport, in Monmouthshire. A body of these confederates, aided by the secrecy with which the use of the Welsh language enabled them to clothe their proceedings, collected in the neighbouring hills, and marched down at night, and by surprise got possession of the town. This disturbance was immediately quelled, by the courage of a small body of soldiers, headed by a spirited magistrate, and three of its leaders were apprehended, and tried, and condemned to death, but their sentence was commuted to transportation for life. The Chartist principles, however, were at the time and afterwards prevalent among working miners and other classes of labourers, and it is desirable to state them particularly. The Charter, as it was called, in which these principles were embodied, proposed five *points*. The first was the grant of universal suffrage in the election of members of Parliament; the second, the ballot, a system of secret voting; the third, annual parliaments; the fourth, that the members be paid for their services; and the fifth, the abolition of the property qualification which required county members to possess 600*l.* a year, and members for a city or borough 300*l.* Hardly any person of knowledge or observation can imagine that the extreme changes thus proposed could be productive of real benefit to any rank or order of men. But still this Charter was espoused, as has been said, very extensively among the working classes, and was afterwards brought the more before the public eye by the example of the revolution in France of 1848.

On the 10th of February, 1840, the Queen married her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, a nephew of the Duchess of Kent, and of Leopold, king of the Belgians. The character of the Prince Consort was admirably suited to the position which he was thus called upon to fill. Both his own habits, and those of the Queen, were of a decidedly English character. They often retired from the fatigues of their public life to the comparative quiet of a villa at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, in sight of the great arsenal of Portsmouth and the roadstead of Spithead. They had also a favourite residence at Balmoral in Scotland. It was among their relaxations to make sea excursions in the royal yacht, in which they visited both Ireland and Scotland more

than once. In September, 1843, they crossed the Channel, and paid a short visit to the King of the French at the Château d'Eu, near Treport, in Normandy; the first visit of any English sovereign to France since Henry VIII. In the October of the following year Louis Philippe returned this visit to the Queen at Windsor; and in August and September, 1845, the Queen and Prince Albert made a tour in Germany, and on their return passed another day or two at the Château d'Eu. They then doubtless little thought that before three more years should expire the King of the French would once again need that hospitality in England which he had sought amid the misfortunes of his early life, and which was renewed after the loss of his crown in 1848.

In April, 1840, war was declared by England against China. In the same year Canton was blockaded, and the island of Chusan taken possession of. In August, 1842, an invading army, under the command of Lord Gough, penetrated to the walls of Nankin, and dictated a peace. By this peace, the island of Hong Kong was ceded to England, and a large sum of money paid by way of an indemnity for the expenses of the war; and, besides Canton, the only port to which foreign traders had previously been admitted, four other Chinese ports were opened to commerce with the rest of the world. Keying, the Chinese commissioner, who was employed to adjust the treaty with the *barbarians*, as the English and other Europeans are called in China, expresses himself as follows in the report which he presented to his own government on this occasion:—"I, your servant, have examined and found what are the unwarrantable demands of the said barbarians, and they are deserving of the utmost hatred." He then, however, proceeds to argue that, as they have taken and kept possession of various places, which are not given up, and have not retired, it will be a difficult matter to get them back. "It is a difficult matter," he adds, "to contend with them on the waters. Should it not therefore be allowed them to return to us our territory, and allow them to trade, since they are willing respectfully to pay the duties? Just now they are sensible, and repent of their errors, and are as obedient as if driven by the wind; and when again in mutual friendship, benevolence, and truth, all things will go on well."

Meantime another war was entered into with the pasha, or viceroy, of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. This arose out of a long contest between the Pasha and his titular sovereign, the Sultan of Constantinople, in which all the greater powers of Europe at length interfered in the Sultan's behalf. In 1840, an English squadron, under the command of Commodore Napier, joined the

Turkish fleet, and took Beyrout, and afterwards destroyed Acre, both which places, together with the whole coast of Syria, had been for some time in the possession of Mehemet. From Acre the Commodore proceeded to Alexandria, and prepared for an attack on that city. But a treaty was then agreed on, by which Syria was restored to the Turks, and the government of Egypt secured to the Pasha, and made hereditary in his family.

Mehemet himself fell at length into a state of imbecility. His son Ibrahim was nominated viceroy in his place, September 1, 1848, but died November 10 in the same year, and was succeeded by his nephew Abbas, the eldest grandson of Mehemet. Mehemet himself died August 2, 1849. Ibrahim had visited both France and England in the autumn of 1845 and the spring and summer of 1846.

The events which took place, in the early part of this reign, in the British dominions in India, are far too intricate to be here detailed, and yet some brief notice of them must not be omitted. The vast surface of that great peninsula was in general tranquil. But, on the western frontier, the British forces which had invaded Afghanistan, a large territory to the west of the Indus, were compelled by a rising of the people to retreat from Cabul in January, 1842, under the most distressing circumstances, and were cut off in the passes of the mountains while on their retreat; one person only escaping at the time to tell the tale. In the following year another war broke out in Scinde, a district at the mouth of the same great river, the free navigation and command of which is of the first importance, both to the commerce and the security of the upper provinces. General Sir Charles Napier gained here a great victory at Meanee, February 17, 1843, and afterwards took Hyderabad: and, on March 24, gained another victory at Dubba. The tranquillity of Scinde has been, since that time, undisturbed. Another war broke out subsequently in the district entitled the Punjab, an Indian name derived from five rivers by which it is watered. These rivers take their rise on the western side of the Himalaya mountains, the highest in the world, which bound Hindostan on the north, and, after flowing through the Punjab, run into the Indus. This fine country was inhabited by the Sikhs, a hardy and warlike race, who, on the 12th December, 1845, and the following days, crossed the Sutlej, the river by which they were bounded on the south, thus invading the British territory, and on the 18th made an attack on a British army at Moodkee. In this attack they were repulsed, and they were subsequently compelled to retreat, and were afterwards defeated at Ferozeshah on the 21st and 22nd of the same month; and again, at Aliwal, January 28, and at Sobraon, February 10,

1846, when they were driven back across the Sutlej with immense slaughter. In 1848 the war was renewed. A bloody but indecisive action was fought at Chillianwallah, January 13, 1849, in which the British army was commanded by Lord Gough. This indecisive battle, though called a victory, was, in England, at first regarded as almost a defeat; and Sir Charles Napier, whose great success, a few years before, in the war in Scinde, had acquired for him an exceedingly high reputation, was appointed to succeed Lord Gough as commander-in-chief. The disappointment, however, which arose from the battle of Chillianwallah [1] was soon relieved by the intelligence of the capture of Mooltan, and of a decisive victory obtained by Lord Gough at Goojerat, February 21. The result of this victory was the unconditional surrender of the Sikhs, and the annexation of the Punjab to the British dominions.

The Sikhs being once conquered, and treated with the respect due to so brave a race, seven years afterwards were so completely pacified, that on the outbreak of the great Indian mutiny, almost all the British troops which were in the province, together with a Sikh contingent, were sent to Delhi, and this may be justly considered the turning point in the suppression of the Rebellion.

During the course of these events in distant lands, the peace of England was happily not interrupted by any hostility either with the powers of the continent of Europe or with the United States of America. The strong feeling of the desirableness of peace, and especially with that great country, which took its origin from our own shores, appears to acquire, every day, a more and more powerful influence in subduing those occasional asperities and jealousies which, in the intercourse of nations, are apt to arise.

The changes, however, in the commercial and manufacturing policy of our country have not been less, or less important, during these peaceful years, than the changes might have been from war to peace, or from peace to war. The Parliament which had been elected on the Queen's accession was dissolved in June, 1841, and the new elections appeared to show that the administration of Lord Melbourne had lost much of its hold on the country. Consequently Lord Melbourne resigned, and Sir Robert Peel came into office at the head of a new ministry, September 1st in that year. The study to remove, as far as possible, all legislative fetters on both commerce and manufactures was among the first principles of the new government. Almost all the import duties

[1] Nearly the spot, as is supposed, where Alexander the Great gained his victory over Porus.

on foreign goods were greatly diminished—a measure which has been followed by a great increase in the export of British manufactures, which are sent abroad in exchange for these goods, and by which, in fact, they are purchased. The most important bearing of this policy was on the heavy duties which, for the sake of protecting the British agriculturist, had been levied, ever since the peace of 1815, on the importation of foreign corn. An Act for modifying these laws was passed in the Session of 1842; and in order to compensate the loss of revenue, necessarily consequent on these changes, a new property or income tax of sevenpence in the pound was imposed on all incomes above £150 a year. A subsequent Act for the nearly absolute repeal of the corn-laws was carried through Parliament in 1846, and received the royal assent June 26 in that year. The contest which arose on that occasion was unusually bitter and vehement. Most of the county members in particular, who had previously been among the minister's chief supporters, now took part against him, and accused him of deserting the conservative principles on which he had come forward in public life. Hence another change of ministry. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and a new administration was formed under Lord John Russell, July 4.

Amid the agitations arising from these causes in England, the failure of the crop of the potato in 1845 and 1846 plunged the Irish, who have long been greatly dependent on this plant for food, into the deepest distress. This distress was also aggravated by a deficiency of the corn crop of 1846, not in Ireland only, but also throughout England and almost the whole of Europe. It was partially relieved in 1847, by an abundant harvest, by a grant of ten millions from Parliament, by a vast private subscription, and by emigrations to America and other countries. It has also been attempted, by the enactment of a Poor-law for Ireland, and by measures intended to promote the agriculture and encourage the industry of this fertile island, to render its great natural resources available to the support of its inhabitants. But the benefit to be derived from these attempts has as yet been very imperfect, and has been, moreover, seriously impeded by various tumults and even insurrections. These have been headed by vehement orators, who clamoured for a repeal of the union with England, and thought, or pretended to think, that they might look to political changes for remedies only to be found in social tranquillity, and in promoting the sympathies of all ranks with one another. Mr. Smith O'Brien, a man of an old family in Ireland, took the lead in a riot in Tipperary, in which two or three lives were lost, in June, 1848; but this riot was instantly suppressed; and he and some of his followers were subsequently arrested and tried for

high treason and found guilty, but their lives were spared, and they were transported for life.

In the following year, 1849, Queen Victoria visited Ireland, and was received with the greatest demonstrations of respect and regard.

There is not anything for which we have to be more thankful than that neither those most painful calamities which have taken place in Ireland, nor yet a great distress which has prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, nor any agitation of parties, or opposing interests, in any other parts of the empire, have appeared to blind any considerable number of the inhabitants of our own island to that wisdom which seeks its good in tranquillity; or, it may be hoped, to that spirit of religion which submits in hope and faith to Almighty God.

Far less happy in this respect have been the fortunes of France, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Portugal, and Spain. In France, where an undercurrent of vehement democracy had subsisted all through the seventeen years of the reign of Louis Philippe, a new and sudden revolution broke out February 2, 1848. On the 24th the prisons were thrown open, the palace of the Tuileries was taken possession of and plundered by the mob, and the King and Queen forced to fly to England, where they found an asylum at Claremont—a place the property of their late son-in-law, Leopold, King of the Belgians, whose first wife had been the short-lived Princess Charlotte of Wales.

In this new revolution in France, which was followed immediately by the proclamation of a Republic, many of the watchwords and theories of the Revolution of 1789 were brought forward over again. *Liberty*, *equality*, and *fraternity* were proclaimed in every street and by all its orators, as their maxims or principles; and many declarations put forth that an organization, as it was called, of labour might be formed which should abolish poverty, and that it was the business of the State to find work for all who could labour, as well as to support the old and infirm.

These doctrines and this example could not be without some effect in England and Ireland. In the spring of 1848 strong efforts were made by the Chartist leaders to organize a formidable display of physical force. On April 10 a procession, supposed to amount to about 24,000, marched through the streets to Kennington-common, whence it was intended to proceed to the House of Commons to present a petition. Much apprehension was entertained that some serious disturbance, similar to those which at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other capitals, had produced such bloody and disastrous events, might on this occasion take place. Intimation was consequently given that the procession, if attempted,

would be stopped by force. The shops were shut in all the great thoroughfares. Bodies of horse and foot police were posted at the approaches of the several bridges over the Thames. A large force of regular troops was stationed, by the sagacious provision of the Duke of Wellington, in commanding situations, but studiously kept out of sight until they might be called upon to act. That great commander watched in person on this day over the safety of London, and ordered the measures taken for its security. Also a very large body of special constables volunteered their services in all parts of the town. Under these circumstances the meeting on the common passed off quietly; the crowds which had assembled and paraded through the streets in other parts of London dispersed without tumult; and the general feeling that the principle of order and respect for property is far too strong in England to be assailed with success, or with any possible advantage to any rank or class of society, is thought to have received a very strong and useful confirmation from these events. The riot in Ireland, which was headed by Mr. Smith O'Brien in the month of June in this year, has been mentioned already. A meeting in which the same Mr. O'Brien had taken part, and in which very inflammatory speeches were made, and an address voted to the French Republic, had previously been held in Dublin, March 20. This address was presented in Paris April 3.

We must touch lightly upon the consequences of the French Revolution of 1848 to other continental countries, as not immediately affecting English history. Movements in favour of constitutional freedom were attempted in Germany and Italy, which at first carried everything before them. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Pope, and several other princes, fled from their capitals. But the new liberal governments were all in a short time overthrown, and Europe returned to nearly the condition in which it had been left after the long wars of the first Revolution.

The Dowager Queen Adelaide died, after a long decline, at the age of fifty-seven, December 2, 1849. No person in any rank of life was ever more loved for quiet virtues or more conspicuous for kindly and liberal charities. No one ever felt more sincerely that worldly greatness is as nothing in the sight of God; and she had desired, a short time before her death, that much of that state which is ordinary at royal funerals should be set aside at her own.

In the beginning of 1851 the public mind was violently agitated on the subject of what was popularly called the Papal aggression. This aggression consisted in the issue of a Brief from the Pope, giving to the Roman Catholic prelates in this country, for the first

time since the Reformation, titles taken from places in England. The leader, and probably the adviser, of this measure was a Bishop Wiseman, who had been lately raised to the dignity of a Cardinal, and who was now placed at the head of the English Roman Catholics, with the title of Archbishop of Westminster. This step was highly resented throughout the country. A bill was carried through Parliament declaring all such titles illegal, and the indignant sense of the nation expressed itself also strongly in various other ways in opposition to it, so as to prove that the court of Rome had been greatly mistaken in believing that there existed any growing feeling in the country in favour of Papacy.

The year 1851 will be long remembered as the year of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. The design of this Exhibition, if not suggested, was at least supported from the first, and energetically and successfully carried through, by Prince Albert. The building in which it was held was remarkable as well for the novelty of its design as for its great extent. It was erected in Hyde Park, and covered nineteen acres of ground. This vast building was constructed of glass and iron, and was found admirably suited for the display of the immense variety of objects of every description of interest which were there brought together from all parts of the world. The contents of this fragile edifice were valued at more than two millions sterling, and this open display of so great wealth was a proof of the security which England enjoyed. The undertaking was completely successful. The Exhibition was kept open for twenty-three weeks, and the number of persons admitted to it during that time was more than six millions. Thousands of visitors were conveyed from all parts of the country by cheap excursion trains on the various railroads: and altogether it may be safely said that never before was an equal amount of gratification and instruction so widely diffused.

This splendid work has since been copied in other buildings of great extent raised for purposes of exhibition at Paris, New York, Dublin, Manchester, and many other places, and the original edifice, having been bought by a company, was removed and re-erected at Sydenham, with some alterations of design, as a permanent structure, which still retains the fanciful title, popularly bestowed on its predecessor, of the Crystal Palace.

The close of the following year was marked by the death of the Duke of Wellington. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral (Nov. 18) with every demonstration of national sorrow and respect. Not many days later (Dec. 1) the re-establishment of the French Empire under Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew of Bonaparte, the Duke's old antagonist, was proclaimed by the

Legislative assembly of France. The new Emperor was immediately acknowledged and congratulated on his accession by the English ambassador at Paris. He, happily, maintained throughout his reign a close alliance with England and exchanged friendly visits with Queen Victoria.

In the year 1853 a war broke out between Russia and Turkey, in which England and France were speedily called upon, as allies of Turkey, to take a principal share. This memorable and important war arose out of an attempt on the part of the Russian Emperor Nicholas I. to take advantage of the weakness of Turkey for the purpose of extending his own influence and dominions in the direction of Constantinople. His whole design extended to a complete dismemberment of the Turkish empire. He even ventured to propose to Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, that our own country should connive at his project, seizing Egypt, or some other important possession, as our share of the spoil.

In pursuance of these ambitious projects, the Emperor Nicholas ordered Prince Menzikoff, his Ambassador at Constantinople, to make various demands which the Sultan could not possibly grant, and in short to pick a quarrel with him. On the refusal of these demands the Ambassador left Constantinople, May 22nd. On the 2nd of July the Russian army crossed the Pruth, the boundary between Russia and Turkey, and took possession of Wallachia and Moldavia, these being the whole of the Turkish territories north of the Danube. This was the real beginning of the war, which was formally declared against Russia by the Porte in September, 1853, and by France and England in the March following.

The first heavy blow was struck by Russia. A powerful fleet from Sebastopol surprised a small and undefended Turkish squadron in the harbour of Sinope, and totally destroyed it, slaughtering almost the whole of the crews. This disaster occurred November 30.

The early spring of the following year was occupied by a campaign on the Danube, in which the Turks under Omar Pacha displayed unexpected courage and steadiness: with very inferior numbers they repulsed the Russians in many engagements, and concluded a successful campaign by the brilliant defence of Silistria, from which the Turks, aided by two British officers, drove back the enemy with great loss. Shortly afterwards the Principalities in which the war had broken out were occupied, at the request of the Turkish government, and with the acquiescence of Russia, by Austrian troops; and these provinces thus became for the time neutral, and the war was removed to another scene.

For many years the Russians had been engaged in fortifying the harbour of Sebastopol in the Crimea, in building extensive docks and arsenals, and in collecting a large fleet and warlike stores of every kind. The whole of the Crimean peninsula was a comparatively recent acquisition of this great power, having been taken from Turkey in 1783, and this military establishment on its shores was now manifestly designed for aggression upon the Turkish dominions. Accordingly the English and French generals, who had arrived at Varna, resolved to attempt its destruction, and an allied army of 56,000 men was transported across the Black Sea, and safely landed on the 14th of September, 1854, on the shore of the Crimea, a few miles south of the small town of Eupatoria. The British were commanded by Lord Raglan, who had served as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, under the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular war, a division being under the orders of the Duke of Cambridge, and the French by Marshal St. Arnaud. The united army immediately began its march towards Sebastopol. On September 20th they came in presence of the Russians under Prince Menzikoff, who had taken up a strong position on a range of heights on the southern bank of the river Alma. After a short but bloody contest the English and French stormed the heights, and the enemy retreated in confusion to Sebastopol. The victors continued their march, and by a detour to the left arrived on the 25th at the village of Balaklava, of which they took possession, together with the small but safe harbour of the same name. A few days later commenced the siege of Sebastopol, a siege memorable for its length, for the endurance and pertinacity shown both in the attack and in the defence, for many acts of heroism on both sides, for the great scale on which the operations were conducted, and it must be added, for the unparalleled sufferings of nearly all who took part in it. The first grand attack took place on the 17th of October, with a general bombardment both by sea and land. This attack produced little impression, but the fire of the Russian forts and of the newly raised intrenchments inflicted considerable loss on the allies, especially on the English ships and the French batteries.

Among the incidents of this great siege were the disastrous action of Balaklava (Oct. 25), in which the British light cavalry brigade made a charge, from which not one-third of the whole body returned; and the desperate fight of Inkerman (Nov. 5), in which the British were surprised under every disadvantage by an overwhelming force. On that day the Coldstream Guards crossed bayonets with fresh bands of the enemy eleven times; and the British infantry having exhausted their cartridges were defending

themselves with stones, and the butt ends of their muskets, when a French division under General Bosquet came to their support, and the Russians were driven back with heavy loss. Throughout the whole winter the privations endured by the British were most severe. The inclemency of the weather, the severity of the labour entailed by the great extent of the trenches, and the insufficient supplies of food and clothing—all these causes produced an excessive mortality among our troops, especially among the new recruits and fresh regiments. All this time the Russians also were suffering very great losses and privations, chiefly in the long and arduous land march, by which alone reinforcements could be sent to the besieged.

During the whole of this trying time intense anxiety was of course felt at home. The management of the war became the subject of great agitation throughout the country, and a violent attack was made in parliament on Lord Aberdeen's government. The result of this movement was the fall of that minister, and the establishment of a new administration under Lord Palmerston.

With the beginning of spring, the efforts, private and public, made for the comfort and relief of our troops, began to tell; the condition of the army rapidly improved, and the besiegers gained ground. Among the efforts here referred to, several were complete novelties in the annals of war. A railway was constructed from Balaklava to the camp for the conveyance of stores and artillery. A submarine telegraph was laid under the Black Sea, bringing the allied camp into immediate communication with Paris and London. Least of all should it be forgotten that during the progress of this siege a number of English ladies went out as nurses in the military hospitals, at Scutari and elsewhere, under the superintendence of Miss Florence Nightingale. The ministrations of this devoted band were completely successful. The influence and example of Miss Nightingale and her companions introduced many salutary reforms into the treatment of the sick and wounded soldiers, while their personal attention to the sufferers touched their feelings and cheered their spirits in the very highest degree. At this period the alliance was strengthened by the accession of Sardinia, from which kingdom a small but effective army was sent by the influence of Count Cavour to join the besiegers.

As the spring advanced the siege was pushed with great vigour. Repeated bombardments inflicted terrible loss upon the garrison. Still the defence was conducted with the utmost obstinacy. An assault made simultaneously by the English and French on the 18th of June was repulsed with loss, and it was not till the 8th of September that a decisive success was gained. On that day the Malakhoff tower was taken by assault by

Marshal Pelissier, who had now succeeded to the command of the French troops. At the same time a part of the defences called the Redan was assaulted by the British, entered, and held for nearly two hours. At length our brave troops, too few to advance further, and exposed to a destructive fire from the interior defences, were compelled to retreat to their own lines with heavy loss. However, the success of the French was decisive. The whole town was commanded by the Malakhoff, and was now no longer tenable. The Russians retreated in the course of the night across the harbour to the fortified heights on the Northern side. At the same time they destroyed the remnant of their own fleet, of which the greater part had been sunk across the mouth of the harbour, as a bar to the entrance of the allied ships, at the very commencement of the siege. On the next day the allies took possession of Sebastopol. No further change of importance took place in the position of the contending forces in the Crimea until the peace. The interval was employed by the French and English engineers in blowing up the docks and fortifications, and removing the cannon and other military and naval stores.

The throne of Russia was now occupied by the young Emperor Alexander II. His father, Nicholas, the originator of the war, had died on the 2nd of March in this eventful year (1855) of a broken heart. Both the English and French generals who had led the allied forces in their first invasion of Russian territory were also dead; Marshal St. Arnaud having survived the victory of the Alma only a very few days, and Lord Raglan having died just ten days after the bloody repulse of the 18th of June.

The taking of Sebastopol was the turning point of the war. In other parts operations were less decisive, because there were no means of bringing the enemy to action. In the North, in the two years 1854 and 1855, our fleets, throughout all the months during which the Baltic is unfrozen, swept that sea unresisted, the Russian fleet sheltering itself behind the fortifications of Cronstadt. The only events of importance in that quarter were the taking of the strong fortress of Bomarsund in the Aland Isles in 1854, and the bombardment of Sweaborg in 1855. On the latter occasion steam gunboats were employed with great success.

Vessels of the same class were also found highly effective in a series of operation in the Sea of Azoff and at the mouth of the Dnieper. In these quarters the English and French inflicted great loss on the enemy by the destruction of stores and magazines, upon which their armies depended for support.

The only considerable success obtained by the Russians, to set off against so many reverses, was on the side of Armenia, where the important town of Kars was surrendered to them (Nov. 26th, 1855). Even there the Turkish troops, though wretchedly appointed and provided, made a most gallant defence, and were reduced at last only by famine. The honour of the defence is principally due to an English officer, General Sir William Fenwick Williams of Kars, and to a Hungarian, General Kmety, who conducted it.

In the beginning of the year 1856 a negotiation for peace was set on foot at Vienna, and a suspension of hostilities agreed on. This negotiation happily proceeded to a successful conclusion, and a treaty was signed at Paris (March 30). The attainment of the great object of the war, the security of Turkey, was aimed at by several articles of this treaty, especially by one in which the navigation of the Black Sea is forbidden to the ships of war of all nations. And we may reckon among the results of the war the correction of the very exaggerated estimate of the military power of Russia, which had prevailed ever since the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow in 1812. The total loss to the British army during the war was stated at about 4000 who were killed or died of their wounds, 15,000 who died of disease, and 3000 disabled.

In the year 1852 a war took place with the Kaffir tribes in South Africa, and another with the Burmese Empire. In 1856 hostilities broke out with Persia in consequence of the seizure by that power, influenced as was supposed by Russian intrigues, of the city of Herat. These were brought to a speedy and favourable conclusion by the capture (Dec. 9) of Bushire on the Persian Gulf by a force which had been despatched from Bombay under General Outram.

In the same year a dispute arose with China on the subject of an alleged breach of treaty by the seizure of a small vessel, called a "lorcha," trading under the English flag in the Canton river. This trifling question grew into a serious contest in consequence of the obstinacy of Yeh, the Chinese viceroy of Canton. Several attacks were consequently made on Canton and the neighbouring forts, but these operations afterwards slackened, owing to the sudden and urgent demand for troops occasioned by the breaking out of the great mutiny in India, presently to be related. Hostilities were however resumed in the spring of 1858. Canton was stormed, and Yeh taken prisoner. Later in the season an expedition was sent up the river Peiho, and in a subsequent expedition a combined English and French force marched to Pekin, and dictated terms of peace

to the Emperor. The Chinese Government, thus pressed, consented to the toleration of Christianity, and to a large increase of intercourse between Europe and that vast territory.

In 1857 a most formidable insurrection broke out in the Indian army. For many years the East India Company had maintained a large force of native troops under British officers and armed and disciplined in the European manner. These Sepoys, as they were called, were a fine body of men, and had done excellent service in many wars; and, notwithstanding several instances of insubordination, very great confidence was placed in them generally.

The outbreak is ascribed to a strange, unfounded suspicion on the part of the Sepoys, both Mahomedan and Hindoo, that an attempt was about to be made by the British for their forcible conversion to Christianity. This alarm was founded, or pretended to be founded, on the issue of new cartridges adapted to the improved fire-arms now used by all our infantry, and which it was supposed were greased with the fat either of the cow, which is a sacred animal with the Brahmins, the highest caste of Hindoos, or of swine, which are an abomination to the Mahomedans, as to the Jews.

The first very serious outbreak of this mutiny took place early in May, at Meerut, a military station about thirty miles to the north of Delhi. The insurgents murdered their officers and their families, and marched to Delhi, where they were joined by the garrison, consisting entirely of native regiments, and the atrocities committed at Meerut were here repeated. They also took the nominal king of Delhi, the lineal descendant of the Mogul sovereigns, a feeble old man, who was then living in that magnificent capital a pensioner of the East India Company, and proclaimed him Emperor of India.

Throughout the vast plain of the Ganges the native regiments mutinied one after another, till the great Bengal army absolutely ceased to exist. In some stations the British officers were sufficiently forewarned to enable them to escape: in others they were ruthlessly murdered, with their wives and children, by the troops they had lately commanded. Those who escaped either took refuge in a few hastily fortified places, or joined the only force still able to keep the field for the British government. This force, though far outnumbered by the trained soldiers composing the rebel garrison of Delhi, was yet boldly posted in the attitude of a besieging army in front of that great capital, and held its ground till joined by reinforcements of both British troops and Sikh auxiliaries, whom Sir John Lawrence, governor of the Punjab, had despatched to its succour. This little army, thus

strengthened, assaulted and took Delhi, capturing the king and his family, on September 20, before a single soldier from England had arrived on the scene of action.

In the mean time, at Cawnpore on the Ganges, and at Lucknow, the capital of Oude—a turbulent district, which had been annexed only the year before to the East India Company's dominions—parties of English were surrounded by the insurgents. At both places a large number of women and children had taken refuge. At Cawnpore the means of defence were soon exhausted, and the garrison was reduced to the greatest distress. A native chief, Nana Sahib, in whom the British thought that they had reason to place confidence, had taken command of the besiegers. To this traitor General Wheeler, the commanding officer in Cawnpore, in an evil hour capitulated, under a solemn pledge of safe conveyance by water to Allahabad. On the faith of this agreement, men, women, and children all gladly went on board the boats provided for them, but were scarcely afloat when they were fired on and massacred (June 27th), with the exception of about 150 women and children who were taken back into Cawnpore as prisoners. But these also were murdered in cold blood a short time afterwards (July 16). The occasion of this savage deed was the victorious approach of General Havelock. This brave man, the very pattern of Christian chivalry, with no more than 2000 followers drove the rebels through Cawnpore, defeated them again at Bithoor, and immediately set out on the desperate attempt to raise the siege of the Residency at Lucknow.

About half way between Cawnpore and Lucknow this little band of heroes, now sadly reduced, gained its ninth victory over a force of rebels many times exceeding their own in numbers. But they were now too much weakened by their very successes to be able to proceed farther, and found it absolutely necessary to return to Cawnpore, there to await that help which they knew was coming. Happily this arrived before it was too late. General Havelock was joined by Sir James Outram with fresh troops; and these two brave men then immediately advanced, and after desperate fighting, and with terrible loss, led their troops into the Residency of Lucknow (Sept. 25), where they found its defenders reduced to the last extremity. Even then it was impossible to withdraw the garrison, incumbered as it was with numerous sick and wounded, besides several hundred women and children, in the face of an enemy so many times superior in numbers: they therefore joined their forces to those of the garrison, and after repairing and extending the fortifications of the place, remained on the defensive.

At this time the troops which had been sent from England

began to arrive. Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards created Lord Clyde, who had been appointed to the command, reached Lucknow in November, and by a series of most skilful operations and brilliant victories broke through the lines of the besiegers, and finally rescued the brave defenders of the Residency with all the women and children, and brought them off in perfect safety, after a siege of no less than five months' duration. Not many days after this happy deliverance the brave General Havelock died from the exhaustion consequent on his long exertions and anxieties. With his name must be mentioned those of Niel, Nicholson, and many other heroes whose loss their country had to deplore during this disastrous struggle. Sir Colin Campbell's flood of good fortune did not desert him. He rapidly followed up his great success, defeating and dispersing the mutineers on every side, taking their towns and reducing them to a mere mass of fugitives.

Thus, by the firm attitude assumed by the British in India, though surprised and outnumbered, and placed in the utmost peril, by the prompt and powerful support sent out from home, and by the distinguished talent and valour of their commanders, and of many other most able men in every rank and of all conditions, the most formidable military revolt which has ever been known was crushed into mere fragments in less than a year. It is likewise to be observed that throughout the whole of this critical period, neither the mass of the population of India nor the princes of the country evinced any sympathy with the mutineers. The insurrection was confined to the Bengal Presidency, the Madras and Bombay troops having, with few exceptions, proved trustworthy.

An important change in the government of India was hastened by the events which have been now related. The great East India Company was abolished as a political power, and its vast empire transferred to the direct dominion of the Crown, Sept. 1, 1858.

The history of Great Britain for the seven years following the suppression of the Indian Mutiny may be shortly described. The period exactly coincides with the duration of the Parliament elected in 1859. Lord Palmerston continued in power throughout, but died in his 81st year, before the assembling of the Parliament elected in 1865. It was a period of great national prosperity at home, amidst wars and rumours of wars amongst our neighbours. Steady determination not to be drawn into the quarrels of others, in which we ourselves have no interest, had become the fixed foreign policy of our country.

The short but fierce struggle in Northern Italy in 1859,

between Sardinia—with her powerful allies the French—and Austria, was nearly the first important continental war in which we had taken no part for many years. The sympathy of England was freely expressed in favour of the cause of Italian unity, though not without some jealousy of the influence gained by the French Emperor and nation by their successful interference in so popular a cause, and disapproval of the cession of Savoy and Nice to the French as the price of their co-operation.

The result of the Italian war of 1859 was to unite Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena to Piedmont. In 1860 the famous Garibaldi landed with a small band in Sicily. The Sicilians, who had long been exasperated by the tyranny of the Neapolitan Government, flocked to his standard. The royal forces were quickly driven out of the island. The patriot leader crossed the Straits of Messina, and pursued his successes till he was enabled to transfer the whole kingdom of Naples and Sicily—a splendid gift—to the crown of Italy. The Sardinian troops had in the mean time driven the Papal forces out of the duchies of Ferrara, Bologna, and Ravenna, one of the most ancient possessions of the Papal See, having been originally conferred upon it by Pepin, the father of Charlemagne. Thus all that famous peninsula, except Venetia, which was still occupied by the Austrians, and Rome, with the immediately adjacent territory, which was held for the Pope by the aid of a French army, was united under the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel; and subsequently: though it was not until July, 1871: he entered Rome as the capital of his new dominions. This creation of the kingdom of Italy was mainly due to the genius of the Count Cavour.

A strong feeling of indignation was felt against the Prussians and Austrians when, in 1864, they invaded the continental dominions of Denmark. The dispute arose out of the somewhat anomalous condition of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The German powers claimed a right to interfere between the Danish crown and the people of these duchies—who were chiefly of German race and language—not unlike the claim set up by Russia in regard to the Greek Christian subjects of Turkey. Much sincere sympathy was felt in our country in behalf of our ancient ally, the more so on account of the happy connection then recently formed between our Prince of Wales and the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The brave Danes, being entirely unsupported, were completely overmatched, and after a stubborn resistance were obliged to submit to the separation of the two duchies from the Danish crown and their annexation to the German Confederation.

A far more important event than any of these was the civil

war in America. In that, also, England remained neutral, though not without considerable difficulty. The war arose on questions of internal politics in the United States. One question at issue in the beginning of the quarrel was that of the extension or restriction of the Slave States. On the election of a President, Mr. Lincoln, of the Northern party, in 1860, the Southern, or cotton-growing states, seceded from the Union. The Northern, or Federal states, immediately went to war to compel them to return. After between four and five years of most obstinate and bloody contest, the seceding or Confederate States were exhausted and overcome: the question of slavery was settled by the summary emancipation of all slaves, and we may hope that in time (though it cannot be without much intermediate suffering, especially to the poor negroes themselves) freedom, harmony, and returning prosperity may bless those rich and beautiful regions. The close of the war was marked by an extraordinary crime, more like a passage in European history of the 16th century than a modern event. President Lincoln was shot in a theatre at Washington by an assassin named Wilkes Booth, an actor. The murderer then leapt on the stage, brandishing his pistol as if acting a part in a play, cried "Sic semper tyrannis," and, in the suddenness of the catastrophe, made his escape from the theatre. A few days afterwards he was discovered, and shot dead while attempting to escape.

During the war several very delicate questions arose, greatly endangering our neutrality. On one occasion, two Confederate agents had taken a passage for Europe in a British mail steamer —the Trent. The steamer was stopped, and the two obnoxious passengers arrested by a Federal war-steamer. If the Government at Washington had not disclaimed the act, and set the prisoners at liberty, war must have ensued. Bitter complaints were made against our Government by both sides during the struggle in America. The Federals accused us of partiality in recognising their enemies as belligerents, and in allowing cruisers to be fitted out for the Confederate service, and in part manned, in British harbours. The Confederates complained that we did not recognise them as a government, and that we allowed private merchants to supply the Federals with arms, ammunition, and other warlike stores. There is no doubt, however, that both our rulers and the people desired to be truly neutral, and that interference with private shipbuilders and manufacturers was generally impracticable, from want either of legal authority or of the necessary evidence as to the destination of the vessels or stores in question. This matter was not finally settled till the year 1872, when a court of arbitration met at Geneva, which awarded the Americans an in-

demnity of three millions for injuries inflicted upon them, during the war, by the cruiser Alabama. This transaction is memorable as the first practical attempt to settle the differences of states by arbitration.

One event of great importance was hastened by the American civil war. Measures were taken for the consolidation under one federal government of all the British North American possessions.

The narrative of domestic history during the existence of the Parliament elected in 1859 comprises less striking, though, perhaps, not less important events than those already related. The wealth of the country grew steadily from year to year, taxes were diminished, and speedily became even more productive in their lighter than they had been in their heavier shape. In 1860 a commercial treaty was made with France, by which heavy duties on several important productions of both countries were taken off, particularly French wines and British coal.

One result of the American war was the immediate stoppage of the supplies of raw cotton from America. This was borne by the manufacturing districts with far less suffering than could have been anticipated. Much was done to relieve the distress of those who were at first thrown out of work, but the rapidly increasing imports of cotton from other countries, had enabled most of the mills to resume work long before the conclusion of the war. At the same time, the demand for cotton grown in India, and the high price obtained for it, increased the prosperity of that, the most splendid colonial possession of the British Crown.

The natural, and most happy result of the high and beneficent character of our Queen has been a strong universal feeling of personal love and sympathy towards her and her family. Thus the nation mourned as one man for the death of her consort the Prince Albert, which took place, after a very short illness, on the 14th of December, 1861. He was a man of true wisdom and enlarged benevolence. His diligence in promoting social improvements was unwearied. He filled his high but difficult station for twenty-two years most usefully and honourably. Since his death the Queen has appeared in public but rarely; but she has relaxed in none of her labours for the good of her people; she has never lost an opportunity of doing a kind action or of showing that her sympathy with the afflicted has become even more true and earnest than ever. As one instance of this, out of hundreds which might be quoted, immediately on hearing of the assassination of President Lincoln, she wrote a letter of condolence to his widow—a most touching and graceful tribute of tenderness and fellow-feeling. Rather more than two years after the death

of the Prince Consort, the country universally rejoiced on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The prince and princess entered London, and passed through the streets amidst cheers and signs of rejoicing such as were probably never displayed on any similar occasion. On the following day (March 10, 1863), they were married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On that night London and every considerable town was brilliantly illuminated, and scarcely a parish in the kingdom failed to celebrate the event with hearty tokens of rejoicing. There are at the present time two sons of this marriage; so that we may hope, with God's blessing, that the crown of this great kingdom, and the people's love, which is its brightest jewel, will descend to the children's children of our beloved Queen, and to their children's children after them.

The following are the children of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort:—

The Princess Royal, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born Nov. 21, 1840; married in 1858 to Prince William Frederick of Prussia.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841; married in 1863 to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and has two sons and three daughters:—

Albert Victor Christian Edward, born Jan. 8, 1864.
George Frederick Ernest Albert.
Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar.
Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary.
Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria.

Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843; married in 1862 to Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt; died Dec. 14, 1878.

Alfred Ernest Albert, born Aug. 6, 1844; married in 1874 to Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846; married in 1866 to Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein.

Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 8, 1848; married in 1871 to the Marquis of Lorne.

Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1,[1] 1850; married in 1879 to Princess Louise of Prussia.

Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853.

Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 14, 1857.

[1] The 81st birthday of the Duke of Wellington, who was the young prince's godfather, and after whom he was named.

The only surviving grandchildren of George III. are the Queen, the Duke of Cambridge, and his sisters the princesses Augusta and Mary.

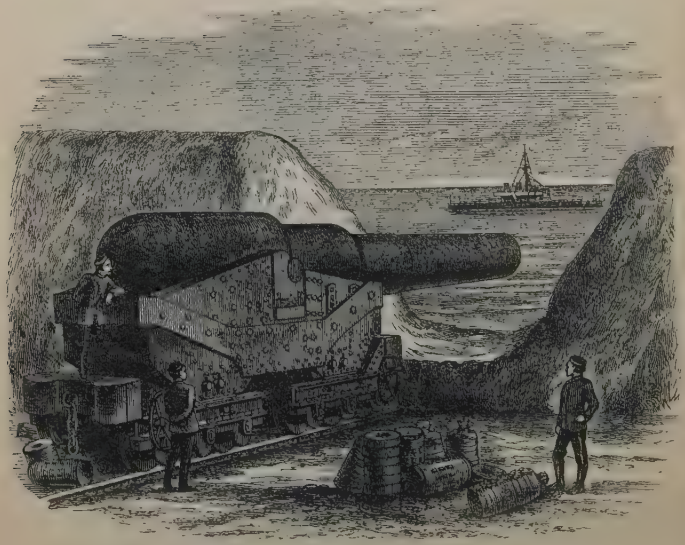
The Prince Consort.

CHAPTER XLVII.

REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

(PART II.)

YEARS AFTER CHRIST 1865—1880.



Eighty Ton Gun and Ironclad.

THE parliament of 1859, after having sat for its full term of seven years, came to an end in the summer of 1865. The general election was on the whole favourable to the Liberals (by which name the old Whigs have become generally known); but Mr. Gladstone, who had formerly been a member of the Duke of Aberdeen's government, but had now joined this party, was rejected by the University of Oxford, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy elected in his place. In October occurred the death of the aged premier, Lord Palmerston; to whom succeeded Earl Russell, the Lord John Russell of the first Reform Bill. The administration of the government of Ireland was made about this time more difficult than ever by the spread of the revolutionary agitation propagated by the Fenian Society. The leaders of this movement, some of whom were Irish-Americans who had borne arms

in the civil war just terminated, avowed their design of making Ireland an independent country, peaceably if they could, but else by force. Vigorous measures of repression were resorted to, and the principal conspirators were arrested; the chief of these, however, one Stephens, succeeded in making his escape from prison, and getting away to America.

When the new parliament met, in February, 1866, the Government lost no time in introducing a new Reform Bill, the object of which was to give votes to a great number of persons, not enfranchised by the Act of 1832. But it soon appeared that there was a division in the Liberal ranks, in which there were many members who thought that the extension of the franchise was a matter which did not press, there being no general enthusiasm or interest felt in the country on the subject. Thus, as had happened in 1846, a temporary intermediate party, called in derision "the party of the cave" (of Adullam), was formed between the two great parties, to the no small embarrassment of the Government. A member of the cave moved that, not rental, as proposed by the Government, but *rating*, should be the basis of qualification. The whole Tory, or as now generally called Conservative, party supported this amendment, which was carried against the Government by a small majority. This defeat led to the immediate resignation of the Russell-Gladstone ministry; upon which the Queen sent for Lord Derby, as the head of the Conservative party, and commissioned him to form a ministry. Under the new arrangements Lord Derby became premier, Mr. Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Stanley went to the Foreign Office. No other business of much importance was done during the remainder of the session.

A war conducted on a great scale, but happily of short duration, broke out this year on the Continent between Austria on one side, and Prussia and Italy on the other. Substantially, the object fought for by the two first-named powers was supremacy in Germany; the Italians went to war for the possession of Venetia. The Prussians entered Saxony on the 15th June, and after a series of brilliant engagements, crowned by the great victory of Königgrätz or Sadowa, they forced the Austrian emperor to conclude peace. The Italians on their side were defeated both by land and sea; nevertheless, the disasters which had befallen Austria in Germany were so overwhelming, that by the treaty of Vienna (August 23), she consented not only to retire from the German Confederation, but also to cede Venetia to Italy. The real head and contriver of these events was the great statesman Prince Bismarck, who thus secured for Prussia the leading position on the continent of Europe.

Early in the session of 1867, Mr. Disraeli brought in his Reform Bill, the principle of which was, that every householder who was rated to the relief of the poor, should be admitted to vote. In counties the qualification of occupying tenants was reduced from 50*l.* to 12*l.* Both parties worked hard at this measure to render it as perfect as possible, and it was passed with little difficulty. An immense accession of voters, mostly working men, has thus been made to the constituencies of the United Kingdom.

A few events of domestic interest which occurred in the years 1865—1867, remain to be noticed. A new disease, familiarly known as the cattle plague, which swept away great numbers of cattle, and spread dismay among the farmers, made its appearance in 1865. King Leopold of Belgium, uncle to our Queen, died in December of the same year.

In 1865, the negroes in Jamaica revolted against the government and massacred many of the white inhabitants; but the insurrection was speedily quelled.

The forcible detention of some British and other captives by Theodore, the ruler of Abyssinia, led us to make war upon that country (1867). The only memorable action in that short but skilfully conducted campaign was the storming of the fortress of Magdala, where Theodore fell by his own hand after the last defences were carried.

The elections in the following year gave such a large majority to the Liberal party, that Mr. Disraeli, who had become premier on the resignation of Lord Derby, resigned without waiting for the opening of Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister. The latter lost no time in bringing forward a bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, which was passed after a long debate. By another important measure, the Irish Land Act, he sought to adjust the relations between landlord and tenant, which had hitherto been regulated by ill-defined custom. Mr. Forster introduced an Education Bill, which enacted that schools should be managed by locally elected Boards, with power to compel attendance. Large government grants were to be given to poor districts. Among the important reforms introduced by this Government, were the Ballot Bill and the Army Regulation Bill, which abolished the purchase of commissions.

In June, 1871, an Act of Parliament was passed for the purpose of regulating the associations of workmen called Trades Unions. Some of these in their origin were merely provident clubs, others had long existed as secret societies which the legislature had in vain attempted to put down. The principal repressive enactments were however repealed in the time of George IV.;

but the Associations themselves still remained under the ban of the law. Since the beginning of the present reign the Trades Unions had become very active, and had to a great extent succeeded in dictating the terms to be observed between capital and labour. In pursuance of this object, illegal means were sometimes resorted to, and a very flagrant instance of the kind which occurred at Sheffield in 1867 led to the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission and finally to the Act referred to.

But soon all eyes were turned to the Continent by the outbreak of the war between France and Prussia, of which the ostensible pretext was a dispute about the Spanish succession. The French army was unable to defend the frontier, and after suffering several defeats, was obliged to surrender unconditionally at Sedan. When the news of this disaster reached the Parisians, they deposed the Emperor and proclaimed a Republic. Paris, after a siege of four months, during which it suffered all the horrors of famine, capitulated, Jan. 28, 1871, to the newly proclaimed Emperor of Germany. By a treaty, concluded at Versailles, the French ceded Alsace and Lorraine, and paid an indemnity of 200 millions sterling. The French Emperor, who had been a prisoner of war since Sedan, then regained his liberty, and joined the Empress in England, where she had found a refuge on the proclamation of the Republic.

Russia took advantage of the helplessness of France to re-open the Crimean question, and announced her intention to withdraw from the treaty of 1856. At a conference of the Great Powers in London, that clause of the treaty which forbade Russia to keep a fleet in the Black Sea was abrogated; but it was recorded as an essential principle of the law of nations, that no Power can liberate itself from the engagement of a treaty without the consent of the other contracting Powers.

The strong sympathy expressed by the whole nation during a serious illness of the Prince of Wales, gave the fullest assurance of the loyalty and deep-seated attachment of the English people to the Queen, in spite of a few republican demonstrations inspired by the example of France. No one who witnessed it will ever be able to forget the impressive ceremony of the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral for the Prince's recovery, and the enthusiastic reception which greeted the Queen and Royal Family in their procession through the streets of London.

In the autumn of 1873, an expedition was sent to the Gold Coast, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, against the Ashantees. After a campaign of a few months, during which more men were lost from the fatal effects of climate than in battle, the troops entered

and burnt Coomassie, King Coffee's capital, and concluded a treaty with him, 1874.

Early in the session of 1873, the Ministers were defeated on an Irish University Bill, and in consequence tendered their resignation; but as Mr. Disraeli, who had led the Opposition, declined to undertake to form a Government with the existing House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues resumed office. They were more fortunate with regard to the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill, which united in one great tribunal all the higher courts of justice with a view to putting an end to complications involving great annoyance and expense. But a Conservative reaction had been going on throughout the country, and after the elections in the following year, the Liberals found themselves in a minority, and Mr. Gladstone's Ministry resigned without waiting for the opening of the Session.

Mr. Disraeli, the new Premier, purchased in 1875 the shares held by the Khedive of Egypt in the Suez Canal. The end of the Session of 1876 saw the close of his career in the House of Commons on his being raised to the Peerage as Earl Beaconsfield.

On the 1st of Jan., 1877, the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, not without opposition at home, but with great solemnities at Delhi, partly in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's recent tour in India, on which occasion, his progress through the peninsula had been welcomed with enthusiasm by the native princes. The sympathy felt for India by Englishmen at home was strongly shown by the large sums subscribed to the Famine Relief Fund, the failure of the rice crops having occasioned wide-spread misery among the natives.

But now the public attention was once more engrossed by the affairs of Turkey. The misrule of the Porte was notorious. For several months, the northern provinces of Turkey in Europe had been in a state of insurrection. Count Andrassy, the Austrian minister, with the hearty co-operation of the British Government, endeavoured to reconcile the two parties, by recommending the introduction of proper reforms; but his efforts were fruitless, as the agitation was promoted by the Pan-Slavonic[1] party, of which the head-quarters was in Russia. The disorders at length culminated in some serious revolts in Bulgaria, which the Turks put down with relentless severity. These were the Turkish "atrocities" which filled Europe and especially England with indignation. The protests of Europe were in vain. Promises, only, were not to be trusted; and at a conference at Constanti-

[1] By the word Pan-Slavonic is meant the entire race of the Slavs, a people distributed over various parts of the East of Europe.

nople, Turkey refused to grant guarantees for the carrying out of reform. On the final rejection, by the Porte, of a subsequent appeal, signed by all the great powers, Russia took upon herself to declare war, protesting that she was not influenced by motives of self-aggrandisement, but merely by deep sympathy with those who professed the same religion as herself.

The Russians crossed the Danube, and carried the Balkan mountains in spite of a stubborn resistance on several occasions, especially the memorable siege of Plevna, which was defended with so much obstinacy and gallantry, under Osman Pasha, that the Russians were obliged to have recourse to the assistance of the Roumanians. They were also finally victorious in Asia, after various alternations of success and defeat, the latter due to the skilful conduct of Mukhtar Pasha, and succeeded in taking Kars, the main object of their attack in that quarter. As further resistance was hopeless, the Turks were obliged to sue for peace. A preliminary treaty was signed at San Stefano, Mar. 3, 1878.

Meanwhile England had not looked on without some doubts as to the sincerity of Russia's disinterestedness, and some apprehensions as to her ulterior designs. And when the terms of the treaty of San Stefano became known, Parliament voted £6,000,000 for military preparations, the British fleet was ordered into the Sea of Marmora, the reserve forces were called out, and some of the Indian troops despatched to Malta. A difference of opinion in the Cabinet, upon these measures, led to the resignation, first of Lord Carnarvon and then of Lord Derby.

According to the principle agreed to in the Black Sea Conference, Russia was summoned to submit the treaty of San Stefano to the consideration of an European congress, which, after much diplomatic correspondence, met at Berlin, where a treaty was signed, July 13, 1878. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were recognized as independent; Bulgaria, with the Balkans as its southern boundary, was made an independent principality, and the Christian populations to the south of that range were formed into the province of Eastern Roumelia, with a Christian Governor General; but under the political authority of the Sultan. Bosnia and Herzegovina were ceded to Austria. Russia gained chiefly Bessarabia in Europe and Kars and Batoum in Asia. The Porte undertook to pay a war indemnity, the navigation of the Straits remaining as in the Treaty of 1856. By a separate treaty, known as the Anglo-Turkish convention, Cyprus was assigned to Great Britain.

While peace was thus secured to Europe, events in the East determined the Government to make war against Afghanistan.

The neutrality of that country, which has been called the key of India, is considered to be of the greatest importance to England, and since the first Afghan war, successive governments have jealously watched its relations with Russia, whose continued conquests have gradually brought her nearer to the British frontier. When Shere Ali, the Ameer, though ostentatiously receiving a Russian envoy, turned back a British embassy in 1878, war was declared and the British forces advanced in three columns. Jellalabad and Candahar were occupied before the winter. Shere Ali fled to Russian Turkestan, where he soon afterwards died, and his son Yakoob Khan took the reins of government. After an interval of suspense, a treaty of peace was signed at Gandamak, May 1879, and Sir Louis Cavagnari entered Cabul as British envoy. The war was apparently at an end; but in September, the Afghans revolted and killed the Envoy and his suite. General Sir Frederick Roberts immediately marched upon the city, which he entered, Oct. 12, but military operations are continued and the country is still in a very unsettled state (1880).

Affairs in South Africa had for some time been unsatisfactory. A Kaffir rebellion had been quelled in 1878; but a more formidable enemy was found in Cetewayo, or Ketchwayo, the Zulu king. War was declared against him, Jan. 1879, and Lord Chelmsford, with a British force, entered Zululand. Almost immediately, the invasion encountered a severe check at Isandlhwana, where a detachment of 800 of our troops was cut to pieces by the impetuous onset of a multitude of savage but disciplined warriors, who were fully prepared to follow up their victory, if they had not been stopped by the gallant defence made by a handful of soldiers at Rorke's Drift. Reinforcements were instantly despatched from home and from all the neighbouring colonies, and Sir Garnet Wolseley appointed to the supreme command; but before he could join the army, Lord Chelmsford had brought the war to a practical conclusion by the victories of Ginginglhovo and Ulundi. Ketchwayo was subsequently taken prisoner (Aug. 20) and the Basutos and other hostile tribes reduced to submission by Sir Garnet Wolseley. Louis Napoleon, only son of the ex-emperor of the French, who had joined the British army as a volunteer, was surprised and slain during the campaign.

The last two years have been marked by attempts, happily unsuccessful, to assassinate nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. These have probably been made at the instigation of the Secret Societies, which exist in nearly all the continental nations, such as the Nihilists in Russia, whose attempts have

lately been so frequent and daring that a temporary dictator has been appointed.

Parliament was dissolved in 1880, after a very short session, and the General Election gave an unexpectedly large majority to the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone becoming the new Premier.

Under the head of the preceding reign, a brief account has already been given of the commencement of that great system of Railways which has since produced most important changes throughout our whole land. The greediness of gain and the extravagant expenditure into which adventurers, who thought that they were about to obtain enormous profits, imprudently plunged, brought on at length in some cases ruinous losses, and in others an alarming panic. In the year 1847 many of these undertakings were ruined and all of them depreciated. A gradual but steady recovery however ensued. Railways multiplied all over the island, and the habits of the people and the whole commercial system have been changed by them. New lines of railway have also been opened all over our principal dependencies, Canada, India and Australia. But even the railway system is a less marvel than the Electric Telegraph, and the more recently invented Telephone, by which messages may be sent, answers received, and information of every kind transmitted from one end of England to another with the speed of thought. Lines of wires have been laid in a few years over a great part of the civilized world, means having been found for carrying them under the sea, imbedded in a cable ingeniously contrived, which protects them from injury. The first Submarine Telegraph, crossing the Straits of Dover, was successfully laid Sept. 27th, 1851; and, after many fruitless attempts, the Atlantic cable was laid, July 1866, from Valentia in Ireland to Heart's Content in Newfoundland.

But the Electric Telegraph is only one of the instances in which the powers of nature have been brought into the service of man. There is scarcely anything for which the reign of Queen Victoria is so remarkable as the cultivation of all the branches of science. These studies are now prosecuted all over the world; but it is not too much to say that this country has led the way, and it is to be hoped that she will at least continue to hold her own. But whilst the arts of peace have in many instances gained in power and perfection from the discoveries of science, the wars which unhappily have arisen since the middle

of the century have encouraged an extraordinary amount of invention in developing the powers of the engines of destruction.

Of these improvements every one appears to be more expensive than the last. Rifled cannon are now made to carry a shot of 2000 lbs., whereas perhaps Nelson never even thought of a heavier projectile than one of 68 lbs. Ships and forts are plated with iron armour, in some cases 20 inches in thickness. Our troops of every class, including the militia, are constantly trained in firing at a mark. The volunteers have become a permanent force. The English nation probably excels in the use of the rifle no less than our forefathers excelled with the bow, and it would not be too much to say that an enemy could have presented himself with more safety at half a furlong's distance in front of a company of the Guards who fought at Waterloo than he would now enjoy within half a mile of most volunteer companies. Missiles filled with explosive matter, called torpedoes, are now much used in marine warfare; the fish torpedo swims through the water at any required depth and strikes a ship in the most vulnerable point. Balloons are now used for war, the "look-out" speaking to the general by means of a telephone; and by reflecting the sun's rays, signalling is kept up readily as far as sight will allow. The tendency of these remarkable changes is in favour of the maintenance of peace, nations being reluctant to rush into an action that would be so different from anything that has ever been experienced, and certain to entail heavy losses on both sides.

The whole system of the Post-office has also been subjected during the present reign to great alterations, and received essential improvements, introduced chiefly at the suggestion of Sir Rowland Hill. The charges for the postage of letters had long been felt to be much too high, and were known to check in an injurious and unkindly degree the communications both of the middle and of the poorer classes with one another. Those who could best afford to pay these charges were relieved from them by the privilege of franking. The postage of a letter from London to Oxford was eightpence, and to Edinburgh a shilling, and so in proportion for other distances. Instead of this expensive scale, we have now had, ever since Jan. 10, 1840, the gratification of receiving our letters from any part of Great Britain or Ireland at the cost of one penny. Franking has been abolished and many other alterations have been made. A cheap money-order office has been established, by which all postmasters, except in small villages, may transmit to each other orders for the payment of moderate sums. The effect of this transition from a dear to a cheap system is highly remarkable. In less than ten years from the change, the number

of letters passing through the Post-office increased fourfold, and the number and amount of money-orders more than a hundredfold.

The new Houses of Parliament, destroyed by fire in 1834, were rebuilt from a grand design by Sir Charles Barry, and opened in 1847. The Custom-house, also, and the Royal Exchange, which were destroyed by fire, the one in 1837 and the other in 1838, have been rebuilt; and the new Exchange was opened by the Queen in state in October, 1843. The tunnel under the Thames, begun in the preceding reign, was completed in March, 1843. The British Museum, which had been constantly increasing its treasures of antiquity, art, and science, and attracting a larger number both of readers and visitors, was rebuilt at great expense and on a most extensive scale. The Xanthian marbles, brought from Lycia by Sir Charles Fellowes, were opened to public view February 6, 1843. The still more remarkable sculptures discovered at Nimroud, the supposed site of ancient Nineveh, by Sir H. A. Layard, were placed in the Museum June 21, 1847, and these are not the only contributions to archæology and especially to the illustration of the sacred histories made by this intelligent and enterprising traveller. The South Kensington Museum, with its ever-increasing branches, was opened in 1857, and a museum was also erected at Bethnal Green for the dwellers in the East End of London. The National Gallery of Pictures, which began with the moderate nucleus of the Angerstein collection, has been very much increased by bequests and judicious purchases, and is now worthy to rank with most of the famous Continental galleries.

Neither yet have the improvements in London been confined to the restoration and enlargement of public buildings, or to the accumulation of new stores in the museums. Victoria Park on the N.E. and Battersea Park on the S.W. afford much wanted breathing places to the inhabitants of those quarters.

A commencement has been made of extensive efforts to remedy the want of suitable dwellings for the poorer classes, and to supply them with better means of comfort and cleanliness than are attainable in the narrow courts and unhealthy neighbourhoods in which they are commonly crowded. To this end many model lodging-houses, and baths and wash-houses, some of them on a very large scale, have been constructed in London and other places. A bill also was introduced, in April, 1850, into Parliament, by which the burial of all persons who die in London must be transferred to cemeteries at some distance from town.

The urgent necessity for such measures was forcibly brought before the public mind by the reappearance in the Autumn of

1848, of that alarming disease the Asiatic cholera, after an interval of sixteen years. This disease, which lasted nearly a year, was even more fatal on its later visitation than on the former. It is aggravated by nothing more than by want of cleanliness; and the great majority of its victims has always been found among the ill-drained and ill-ventilated habitations of the poor. The last visitation in London of cholera was in 1866. To Lord Palmerston is due the chief credit of the sanitary improvements above mentioned.

Previous to this reign, the sums spent upon new churches or the repair of our ancient structures was very inconsiderable. But almost dating from her Majesty's accession, these works have taken an extraordinary development both in the number and the beauty and costliness of the new works, and in the restoration (often perhaps to an extent regretted by the antiquary) of the ecclesiastical buildings inherited from our forefathers.

The pacific and commercial intercourse of England with her colonies, and with foreign nations, during the period here spoken of, has steadily increased, and the resources of emigration and colonization have appeared to become more necessary every year to furnish the means of employment and support for the increased multitudes of our countrymen. Upper Canada, notwithstanding the distractions of which that colony has been the scene, has attracted a perpetually augmenting number of settlers. The United States, and especially its immense western territory, has absorbed many more. Australia, though with some reverses, has yet rapidly increased both in population and wealth; and the islands of New Zealand have not taken the less hold of English enterprise and industry because placed at the very opposite extremity of the globe.

At the same time our means of communication with both America and our Indian empire have been almost as much facilitated by the increase and improvement of steam navigation, as our intercourse with the different parts of our own island by the introduction of railways. Steam navigation, which had been brought very generally into use between the several ports of the United Kingdom, and some of those of the continent of Europe, in the reign of George IV., was opened to America in 1838; the Great Western steamship to New York reaching that port April 23, in that year, after a passage of fifteen days. The communication with India, which used to occupy in the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, a period of from four to five months, is now effected in about three weeks. This is owing to the cutting of the Suez Canal, first proposed by M. Lesseps, 1857, and prosecuted under his direction until it was opened Nov. 1869.

On the continent, communication with Italy has been greatly improved by the boring of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, 1870, followed by one through the St. Gothard in 1880.

It remains to be added, that in 1848 discoveries of gold were made in California, which carry back the mind to the early history of the settlement of the Spaniards in Mexico, and which have excited scarcely less cupidity. Subsequently a discovery was made of extensive goldfields in Australia, which led to a great increase of emigration to that colony; and still later of diamond-fields in South Africa.

In 1845 two ships, under the command of Sir John Franklin, left England to return no more. The object of the voyage was the discovery of a north-west passage from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits. Sir J. Franklin had greatly distinguished himself in a similar enterprise in 1819–22, and again in a land journey from Canada to the northern shores of America in 1825–27, in which extraordinary hardships were surmounted. As time went on anxiety began to be felt on account of the expedition. It was remembered that Sir John Ross, who sailed in 1829, had been unheard of for four years and almost despaired of. Ships were sent year after year in search of Sir J. Franklin and his companions. They were traced to Cape Riley, at the head of Baffin's Bay, where they had passed the second winter, but no farther.

Every year, however, added to the conviction that it was impossible that they could still survive, and in 1854 evidence was obtained which set their melancholy fate beyond all doubt. An enterprising traveller, Dr. Rae, while engaged in making a survey of the shores of Boothia, fell in with some Esquimaux who told him of the death by famine in the year 1850 of a company of white men about forty in number. Dr. Rae was unable to attempt to reach the spot at which this event occurred; but he obtained from the Esquimaux, in confirmation of their story, many articles known to have belonged to the lost voyagers, which had been found on the scene of the sad tragedy, near the mouth of the river Back. The final confirmation resulted from the expedition of Capt. M'Clintock, one of whose officers, Lieut. Hobson, discovered, May 6, 1859, on the dismal shore of King William's Land, a record in the handwriting of Capt. Crozier, the second officer of Franklin's expedition, stating that Sir John Franklin had died in June, 1847, and that the officers and men then living had left the ships in the ice, in April, 1848, and landed with the intention of making their way to the river Back, beyond which the report of the Esquimaux prove that none of them ever advanced.

In 1850 the long-sought North-West passage was at length

found to exist, though for the purposes of commerce it can never be of any real service. The Investigator, commanded by Capt. M'Clure, entered the Arctic Seas by Behring's Straits in the summer of 1850. After taking up his winter quarters on the shore of Baring Island he proceeded to explore the neighbouring regions by parties travelling over the frozen sea. On the 26th of October he discovered a passage leading into Barrow's Strait, and thus communicating through Davis's Strait with the Atlantic Ocean.

During the whole of the next season (that of 1851) the ice never broke up sufficiently to enable the voyagers to extricate themselves from their position; but eventually, though compelled to abandon their vessel, and to seek a different route for their return, and after encountering difficulties too long to be here detailed, they returned to England.

Another Arctic expedition was despatched in 1875, the Alert and Discovery, under the command of Captain Nares. He advanced a few miles farther north than had been attained by Captain Parry, who had reached the highest northern latitude up to that time, but was unable to discover the North Pole. The disabled state of his crews forced him to abandon the idea of spending a second winter, and he returned home in 1876.

Extensive discoveries, in a very different region, and it is hoped of much more practical utility, have been made in the interior of Africa. Dr. David Livingstone, an adventurous missionary traveller, returned to England in the winter of 1856, after a period of more than sixteen years spent in the heart of that great continent. In that time he traversed about 11,000 miles, the greater portion of that long distance through a country never before visited by any European. In the vast tracts of Africa south of the Equator, Dr. Livingstone found flourishing tribes and an intelligent population, inhabiting a fertile country situated in a not unfavourable climate. This territory is traversed by a fine navigable river, the Zambesi, flowing into the Mozambique Channel. In 1862, two other African travellers, Captains Speke and Grant discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and in 1865, the Albert Nyanza was discovered by Sir Samuel Baker. In these two lakes the famous river Nile has its source. In 1871, Mr. Stanley, an American traveller, was sent out to look for Dr. Livingstone, who had returned to Africa in 1866, and had not been heard of for some time. He discovered him at Ujiji in great destitution, and after spending some months together in exploration, Mr. Stanley left him well supplied with stores, and returned to England, where he was cordially thanked for his services. The great African discoverer died in May, 1873, having in his second

expedition discovered the sources of the river Lualaba. This river was traced to its mouth by Mr. Stanley in 1877, where it was identified with the Congo.

Many interesting geographical and zoological discoveries were the result of the voyage of the Challenger, which returned home in 1875 after a voyage of more than three years; but it is out of the scope of this work to enumerate all the branches of science which have been prosecuted and extended during Her Majesty's long and prosperous reign.

Some mention, however, must be made of the improvements which have taken place in the science of medicine. The power of producing insensibility to pain, and other improvements in surgical treatment greatly increase the chances of ultimate recovery, even from operations which formerly the most skilful surgeons feared to attempt.

Education is a subject which now engrosses a large share of attention. Since the beginning of the reign great reforms have been made in the universities and public schools both in the subjects of education and in the general system. Latin and Greek then formed the almost exclusive basis of study; whereas now scientific subjects receive a large share of attention. As late as the earlier part of the reign, public appointments were for the most part secured by interest rather than by merit. It has now become the almost invariable rule to award them to the successful candidates in public examinations. This dates from about 1854, and though the practice has given a great impetus to education, it has a tendency, which requires to be guarded against, to refer all studies to what will be of use in examination; and thus superficial acquirements may take the place of that thorough knowledge of different subjects which can only be obtained by more systematic and leisurely application. The education of the poorer classes has not been neglected, as we have seen in the Act of 1870.

The young people who are reading this present edition of Mrs. Markham are, many of them, the grandchildren of those who read the first editions. It is difficult for them to understand how great a change has come over England in the years between. Probably there has never been any time in the history of this country in which so great a change has come about in the same number of years, unless at the time of the Reformation and reign of Elizabeth. The outward look of the

country has changed. Not only have towns, which were then thought large, grown much larger, but new towns have been built where there were then none at all, coal or iron having been found there. Some, at that time, quite rural districts, are now covered with tall chimneys and the refuse of mines, and long streets of houses for the workmen. There has also been an extraordinary increase in the number of watering places along nearly the whole sea coast. Thus, by far the greater part of the people of England have become dwellers in towns. The population of England and Wales, which in 1820 was under 12 millions is now not less than 25 millions, and none of this increase has been shared by the rural districts.

Railways were then unknown; people travelled either by post-horses or by coaches, in either case at a cost very much greater than by railway. Many persons never travelled at all. The expense of carrying goods was very great, heavy goods could be sent only by sea or by navigable rivers and canals. This made many things, especially coals, extremely dear. Lighter goods were conveyed by huge broad-wheeled waggons, often drawn by six horses. Much land, now highly cultivated, was then waste, and that which was cultivated was not nearly so well farmed as now. No steam-engines were used in agriculture. Traffic by sea has increased in the same proportion as by land. Enormous swift steam-ships carry on trade with every part of the world. A voyage to America is now a matter of no more time and much greater certainty than a voyage to Spain or Portugal was to many persons still in middle life.

All this has been attended with a great increase in wealth, especially in the case of persons engaged in trade and manufactures. There is far more comfort to be found in the houses of all classes, to some extent even amongst the poorest, but to a remarkable degree in the case of those who are wealthier. These outward changes have naturally greatly affected the social life and habits of the people. Manners have softened, some things common in the reign of George IV., such as bull-baiting, are not known now, and similar changes could be noticed nearly everywhere in the general commerce of life.

It is difficult to say whether things are better in every respect. It may be feared that what is called "commercial morality" may not be so good as it was fifty or sixty years ago—and that the prodigious increase of trade which has encouraged so much and dishonest speculation, may have lessened too frequently the sense of duty; although we have been gaining in many other important respects.

Thus, when we look forward to the future of England, it is on

the whole with hope, yet not without an element of fear. It is certain that the future will be very different from the past; but all the young readers of this history will like to think that they may be able in their day, in however small a degree, to help to make England a good and happy country.

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